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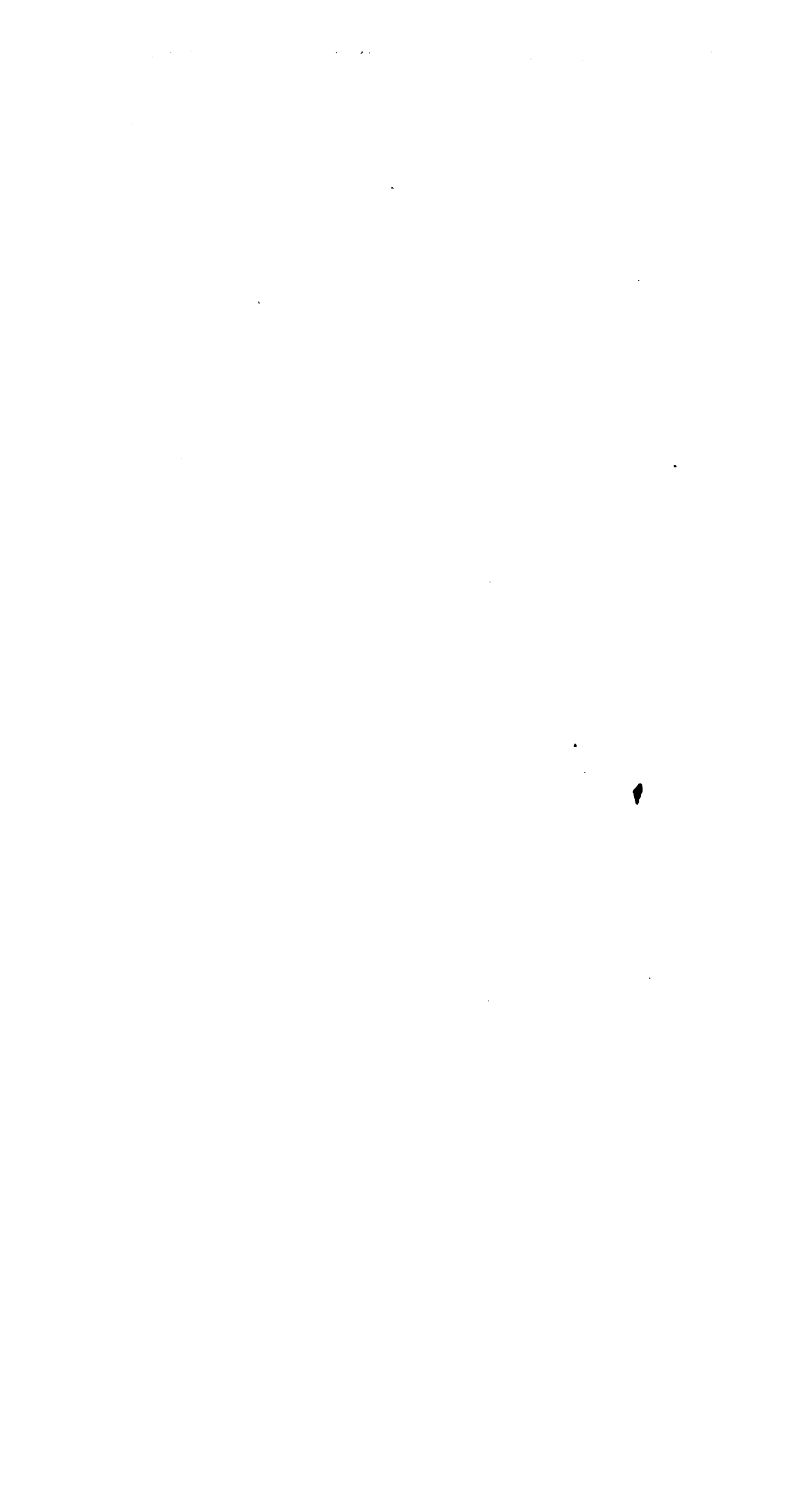
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59

Frederick Rundall,

aged 18

the 18<sup>th</sup> October 1848.,

from

his father.

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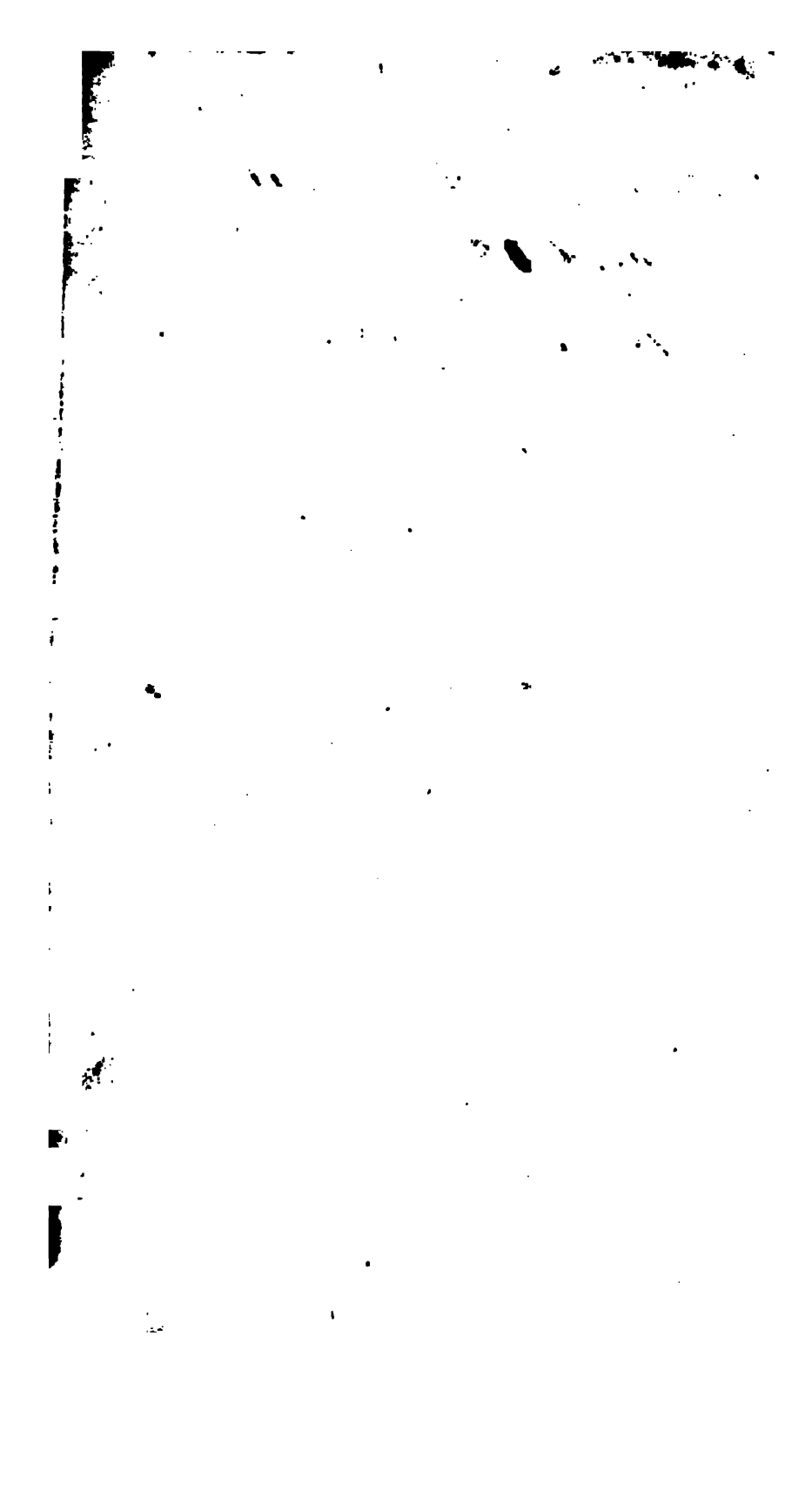
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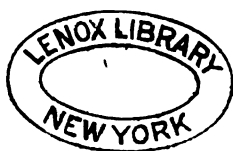


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THE

R A M B L E R.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI,  
QUO ME CUNQUE RAPIT TEMPESTAS, DEFEROR HOSPES.

MOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoster Row.

MDCCCLXXXV.



W. N. S. S.  
1874  
1875



THE  
R A M B L E R.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

N<sup>o</sup> I. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1750.

CUR TAMEN ROC LIBEAT POTIUS DECURRERE CAMPO,  
PER QUEM MAGNUS EQUOS AURUNCÆ FLEXIT ALUMNUS,  
SI VACAT, ET FLACIDI RATIONEM ADMITTITIS, EDAM.

JUV.

WHY TO EXPATiate IN THIS BEATEN FIELD;  
WHY ARMS, OFT US'D IN VAIN, I MEAN TO WIELD;  
IF TIME PERMIT, AND CANDOUR WILL ATTEND,  
SOME SATISFACTION THIS ESSAY MAY LEND.

ELPHINSTON.

THE difficulty of the first address on any new occasion is felt by every man in his transactions with the world, and confessed by the settled and regular forms of salutation which necessity has introduced into all languages. Judgment was wearied with the perplexity of being forced upon choice, where there was no motive to preference; and it was found convenient that some easy method of introduction should be established, which, if it wanted the allurements of novelty, might enjoy the security of prescription.

Perhaps few authors have presented themselves before the publick, without wishing that such ceremonial modes of entrance had been anciently established, as might have freed them from those dangers which the desire of pleasing is certain to produce, and precluded the vain expedients of softening censure by apologies, or rousing attention by abruptness.

The epic writers have found the proper part of the poem such an addition to their undertaking, that they have almost unanimously adopted the *harkness of Homer*, and the reader needs

only be informed of the subject, to know in what manner the poem will begin.

But this solemn repetition is hitherto the peculiar distinction of heroick poetry; it has never been legally extended to the lower orders of literature, but seems to be considered as an hereditary privilege, to be enjoyed only by those who claim it from their alliance to the genius of Homer.

The rules which the injudicious use of this prerogative suggested to Horace, may indeed be applied to the direction of candidates for inferior fame; it may be proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.

This precept has been long received, both from regard to the authority of Horace, and it's conformity to the general opinion of the world; yet there have been always some, that thought it no deviation from modesty to recommend their own labours, and imagined themselves entitled by indisputable merit to an exemption from general re-

straints, and to elevations not allowed in common life. They perhaps believed, that when, like Thucydides, they bequeathed to mankind *ἡγήματα ἑταίρων*—‘an estate for ever,’ it was an additional favour to inform them of its value.

It may, indeed, be no less dangerous to claim, on certain occasions, too little than too much. There is something captivating in spirit and intrepidity, to which we often yield, as to a resistless power; nor can he reasonably expect the confidence of others who too apparently distrusts himself.

Plutarch, in his enumeration of the various occasions on which a man may without just offence proclaim his own excellences, has omitted the case of an author entering the world; unless it may be comprehended under his general position—that a man may lawfully praise himself for those qualities which cannot be known but from his own mouth; as when he is among strangers, and can have no opportunity of an actual exertion of his powers. That the case of an author is parallel, will scarcely be granted, because he necessarily discovers the degree of his merit to his judges when he appears at his trial. But it should be remembered, that unless his judges are inclined to favour him, they will hardly be persuaded to hear the cause.

In love, the state which fills the heart with a degree of solicitude next that of an author, it has been held a maxim, that success is most easily obtained by indirect and unperceived approaches: he who too soon professes himself a lover, raises obstacles to his own wishes; and those whom disappointments have taught experience, endeavour to conceal their passion till they believe their mistress wishes for the discovery. The same method, if it were practicable to writers, would save many complaints of the severity of the age, and the caprices of criticism. If men could slide imperceptibly into the favour of the publick, and only proclaim his pretensions to literary honours when he is one of not feeling reject, he might commence author with better hopes, as his falling might escape contempt, though he still never attain much regard.

But since the world supposes every man that writes ambitious of applause, as some ladies have taught themselves to believe that every man intends love who expresses civility, the unattainable of any

endeavour in learning raises an unbounded contempt, indulged by most minds without scruple, as an honest triumph over unjust claims and exorbitant expectations. The artificers of those who put themselves in this hazardous state, have therefore been multiplied in proportion to their fear as well as their ambition; and are to be looked upon with more indulgence, as they are incited at once by the two great movers of the human mind, the desire of good, and the fear of evil: for who can wonder that, allured on one side, and frightened on the other, some should endeavour to gain favour by bribing the judge with an appearance of respect which they do not feel, to excite compassion by confessing weakness of which they are not convinced; and others to attract regard by a shew of openness and magnanimity, by a daring profession of their own defects, and a publick challenge of honours and rewards.

The ostentatious and haughty display of themselves has been the usual refuge of diurnal writers; in vindication of whose practice it may be said, that what it wants in prudence is supplied by sincerity; and who at least may plead, that if their boasts deceive any into the perusal of their performances, they defraud them of but little time.

—*Quid enim? Concurritur—Læva*  
*Memento cito mors venit, aut victoria lae.*  
The battle join; and, in a moment's flight,  
Death, or a joyful conquest, ends the fight.  
FRANCIS

The question concerning the merit of the day is soon decided; and we are not condemned to toil through half a false to be convinced that the writer has lost his promise.

It is one among many reasons which I purposed to endeavour the testament of my countrymen by a display on Tuesday and Saturday. I hope not much to see those whom I had not happen to please; and if I am commended for the beauty of my verse to be at least pardoned for the fault. But when my expectations are fixed on pardon or praise, I do not need to display; for how could I weigh at the scales for and submission, I find them considerant, that my hope try the event of my first pen on not suffer me to attend any trepidations of the balance.

There are, indeed, many conveniences almost peculiar to this method of publication, which may naturally flatter the author, whether he be confident or timorous. The man to whom the extent of his knowledge, or the sprightliness of his imagination, has in his own opinion already secured the praises of the world, willingly takes that way of displaying his abilities which will soonest give him an opportunity of hearing the voice of fame; it heightens his alacrity to think in how many places he shall hear what he is now writing, read with extacies to-morrow. He will often please himself with reflecting, that the author of a large treatise must proceed with anxiety, lest, before the completion of his work, the attention of the publick may have changed it's object; but that he who is confined to no single topic may follow the national taste through all it's variations, and catch the *aura populari*:—the gale of favour, from what point soever it shall blow.

Nor is the prospect less likely to ease the doubts of the cautious, and the terrors of the fearful; for to such the thirns of every single paper is a powerful encouragement. He that questions

his abilities to arrange the dissimilar parts of an extensive plan, or fears to be lost in a complicated system, may yet hope to adjust a few pages without perplexity; and if, when he turns over the repositories of his memory, he finds his collection too small for a volume, he may yet have enough to furnish out an essay. He that would fear to lay out too much time upon an experiment of which he knows not the event, persuades himself that a few days will shew him what he is to expect from his learning and his genius. If he thinks his own judgment not sufficiently enlightened, he may, by attending the remarks which every paper will produce, rectify his opinions. If he should with too little premeditation encumber himself by an unwieldy subject, he can quit it without confessing his ignorance, and pass to other topics less dangerous, or more tractable. And if he finds, with all his industry, and all his artifices, that he cannot deserve regard, or cannot attain it, he may let the design fall at once; and, without injury to others or himself, retire to amusements of greater pleasure, or to studies of better prospect.

## Nº II. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1750.

STARE LOCO NESCIT, PEREUNT VESTIGIA MILLE  
ANTE FUGAM, ABSENTEMQUE FERIT GRAVIS UNGULA CAMPUM.

STATUIS.

TH' IMPATIENT COURSER PANTS IN EVERY VEIN;  
AND, PAWING, SEEMS TO BEAT THE DISTANT PLAIN:  
HILLS, VALLES, AND FLOODS, APPEAR ALREADY CROST;  
AND, ERE HE STARTS, A THOUSAND STEPS ARE LOST.

POPE.

**T**HAT the mind of man is never satisfied with the objects immediately before it, but is always breaking away from the present moment, and losing itself in schemes of future felicity; and that we forget the proper use of the time now in our power, to provide for the enjoyment of that which, perhaps, may never be granted us; has been frequently remarked: and as this practice is a commodious subject of railery to the gay, and of declamation to the serious, it has been ridiculed with all the pleantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetorick. Every instance, by which it's absurdity might appear most flagrant, has been studiously collected; it has been marked with every epithet of contempt, and all the tropes and figures have been called forth against it.

Censure is willingly indulged, because it always implies some superiority; men please themselves with imagining that they have made a deeper search, or wider survey, than others, and detected faults and follies which escape vulgar observation. And the pleasure of wantoning in common topics is so tempting to a writer, that he cannot easily resign it; a train of sentiments generally received enables him to shine without labour, and to conquer without a contest. It is so easy to laugh at the folly of him who lives only in idea, refuses immediate ease for distant pleasures, and, instead of enjoying the blessings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them; it affords such opportunities of triumphant exultation, to exemplify the uncertainty of the human state, to teach mortals from their

their dream, and inform them of the silent celerity of time; that we may believe authors willing rather to transmit than examine so advantageous a principle, and more inclined to pursue a track so smooth and so flowery, than attentively to consider whether it leads to truth.

This quality of looking forward into futurity seems the unavoidable condition of a being whose motions are gradual, and whose life is progressive: as his powers are limited, he must use means for the attainment of his ends, and intend first what he performs last; as by continual advances from his first stage of existence, he is perpetually varying the horizon of his prospects, he must always discover new motives of action, new excitements of fear, and allurements of desire.

The end, therefore, which at present calls forth our efforts, will be found, when it is once gained, to be only one of the means to some remoter end. The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope.

He that directs his steps to a certain point, must frequently turn his eyes to that place which he strives to reach; he that undergoes the fatigue of labour, must solace his weariness with the contemplation of its reward. In agriculture, one of the most simple and necessary employments, no man turns up the ground but because he thinks of the harvest; that harvest which blights may intercept, which inundations may sweep away, or which death or calamity may hinder him from reaping.

Yet as few maxims are widely received, or long retained, but for some conformity with truth and nature, it must be confessed, that this caution against keeping our view too intent upon remote advantages is not without its propriety or usefulness, though it may have been recited with too much levity, or enforced with too little distinction: for, not to speak of that vehemence of desire which presses through right and wrong to its gratification, or that anxious inquietude which is justly chargeable with distrust of Heaven, subjects too solemn for my present purpose; it frequently happens that, by indulging early the raptures of success, we forget the measures necessary to secure it, and suffer the imagination to riot in the fruition of some possible good, till the time of obtaining it has slipped away.

There would, however, be few enterprises of great labour or hazard undertaken, if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them. When the Knight of La Mancha gravely recounts to his companion the adventures by which he is to signalize himself in such a manner that he shall be summoned to the support of empires, solicited to accept the heiress of the crown which he has preserved, have honours and riches to scatter about him, and an island to bestow on his worthy squire; very few readers, amidst their mirth or pity, can deny that they have admitted visions of the same kind; though they have not, perhaps, expected events equally strange, or by means equally inadequate. When we pity him, we reflect on our own disappointments; and when we laugh, our hearts inform us that he is not more ridiculous than ourselves, except that he tells what we have only thought.

The understanding of a man naturally sanguine, may, indeed, be easily vitiated by the luxurious indulgence of hope, however necessary to the production of every thing great or excellent; as some plants are destroyed by too open exposure to that sun which gives life and beauty to the vegetable world.

Perhaps no class of the human species requires more to be cautioned against this anticipation of happiness, than those that aspire to the name of authors. A man of lively fancy no sooner finds a hint moving in his mind, than he makes momentaneous excursions to the press, and to the world; and, with a little encouragement from flattery, pushes forward into future ages, and prognosticates the honours to be paid him, when envy is extinct and faction forgotten, and those whom partiality now suffers to obscure him shall have given way to the triflers of as short duration as themselves.

Those who have proceeded so far as to appeal to the tribunal of succeeding times, are not likely to be cured of the infatuation; but all endeavours ought to be used for the prevention of a disease for which, when it has attained its height perhaps no remedy will be found in gardens of Philosophy, however she boast her physick of the mind, her thuricks of vice, or lenitives of passion.

I shall, therefore, while I am yet lightly touched with the symptoms of the writer's malady, endeavour to

myself against the infection, not without some weak hope, that my preservatives may extend their virtue to others whose employment exposes them to the same danger:

*Laus in amore tumescit? Sunt certa piacula, quæ te  
Ter pare lecto p.terunt recreare libello.*

Is fame your passion? Wisdom's powerful charm,

If thine read over, shall it's force disarm.

FRANCIS.

It is the sage advice of Epictetus, that a man should accustom himself often to think of what is most shocking and terrible, that by such reflections he may be preserved from too ardent wishes for seeming good, and from too much dejection in real evil.

There is nothing more dreadful to an author than neglect; compared with which, reproach, hatred, and opposition, are nunes of happiness: yet this worst, this meanest fate, every one who dares to write has reason to fear.

*Lucas, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*

Go now, and meditate thy tuneful lays.

ELPHINSTON.

It may not be unfit for him who makes a new entrance into the lettered world, so far to suspect his own powers, as to believe that he possibly may deserve respect; that nature may not have qualified him much to enlarge or embellish knowledge, nor sent him forth entitled to indubitable superiority to regulate the conduct of the rest of mankind; tho', though the world must be granted to be yet in ignorance, he is not destined to dispel the cloud, nor to shine out as

one of the luminaries of life. For this suspicion, every catalogue of a library will furnish sufficient reason; as he will find it crowded with names of men who, though now forgotten, were once no less enterprising or confident than himself, equally pleased with their own productions, equally caressed by their patrons, and flattered by their friends.

But though it should happen that an author is capable of excelling, yet his merit may pass without notice, huddled in the variety of things, and thrown into the general miscellany of life. He that endeavours after fame by writing, solicits the regard of a multitude fluctuating in measures, or immersed in business, without time for intellectual amusements; he appeals to judges prepossessed by passions, or corrupted by prejudices, which preclude their approbation of any new performance. Some are too indolent to read any thing, till it's reputation is established; others too envious to promote that fame which gives them pain by it's increase. What is new is opposed, because most are unwilling to be taught; and what is known is rejected, because it is not sufficiently considered, that men more frequently require to be reminded than informed. The learned are afraid to declare their opinion early, lest they should put their reputation in hazard: the ignorant always imagine themselves giving some proof of delicacy, when they refuse to be pleased; and he that finds his way to reputation through all these obstructions, must acknowledge that he is indebted to other causes besides his industry, his learning, or his wit.

### Nº III. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1750.

VIRTUS, REPULSÆ NESCIA SORDIDÆ,  
INAMINATIS PULGET HONORIBUS,  
NFC SUMIT AUT PONIT SECURES  
ARBITRIO POPULARIS AURÆ.

HUR.

UNDISAPPOINTED IN DESIGNS,  
WITH NATIVE HONOURS VIRTUE SHINES;  
NOR TAKES UP POWER, NOR LAYS IT DOWN,  
AS GIDDY RABBLIES SMILE OR FROWN.

ELPHINSTON.

THE task of an author is, either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of showing them; either to let new light

in upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or to vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions.



tractions; to spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made it's progress, as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things hastily passed over or negligently regarded.

Either of these labours is very difficult; because, that they may not be fruitless, men must not only be persuaded of their errors, but reconciled to their guide; they must not only confess their ignorance, but, what is still less pleasing, must allow that he from whom they are to learn is more knowing than themselves.

It might be imagined that such an employment was in itself sufficiently irksome and hazardous; that none would be found so malevolent as wantonly to add weight to the stone of Sisyphus; and that few endeavours would be used to obstruct those advances to reputation, which must be made at such an expence of time and thought, with so great hazard in the miscarriage, and with so little advantage from the success.

Yet there is a certain race of men, that either imagine it their duty, or make it their amusement, to hinder the reception of every work of learning or genius, who stand as sentinels in the avenues of fame, and value themselves upon giving Ignorance and Envy the first notice of a prodigy.

To these men, who distinguish themselves by the appellation of Criticks, it is necessary for a new author to find some means of recommendation. It is probable, that the most malignant of these persecutors might be somewhat softened, and prevailed on, for a short time, to remit their fury. Having for this purpose considered many expedients, I find in the records of ancient times, that Argus was lulled by music, and Cerberus quieted with a sop; and am, therefore, inclined to believe that modern criticks, who, if they have not the eyes, have the watchfulness of Argus, and can bark as loud as Cerberus, though perhaps they cannot bite with equal force, might be subdued by methods of the same kind. I have heard how some have been pacified with claret and a supper, and others laid asleep with the soft notes of flattery.

Though the nature of my undertaking gives me sufficient reason to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto persuaded myself to take any measures for flight or treaty. For I am in doubt whether they can act against me by lawful authority, and sus-

spect that they have procured commission, stile mitters of Criticism, tick evidence of del their own determination a higher judicature.

Criticism, from w claim to decide the the eldest daughter Truth: she was, arl to the care of Justice her in the palace of A distinguished by the common qualities, I governers of France beat time to the st when they sang her piper.

When the Muse, this lower world, th by Criticism, to who from her native sceptre, to be carried hand; one end of with ambrosia, and golden foliage of a the other end was e and peppies, and d Oblivion. In her l uneth gushable to Labour and lighted it was the particular to show every thing however it might be eyes. Whatever A er Folly could conf first gleam of the bited in it's disti simplicity; it darted rinths of sophistry, all the absurdities to refuge; it pierced which Rhetorick oft and detected the dis which artificial vail to cover.

Thus furnished her office, Criticism vey the performance fessed themselves the ses. Whatever was she beheld by the st of Truth; and when convinced her that ing had been obli with the amaranthin and consigned it ov

But it more frequ in the works which tion, there was som

ed; that false colours were laboriously laid; that some secret inequality was found between the words and sentiments, or some dissimilitude of the ideas and the original objects; that incongruities were linked together, or that some parts were of no use but to enlarge the appearance of the whole, without contributing to it's beauty, solidity, or usefulness.

Wherever such discoveries were made, and they were made whenever these faults were committed, Criticism refused the touch which conferred the sanction of immortality; and, when the errors were frequent and gross, reversed the sceptre, and let drops of Lethe distil from the poppies and cypresses, a fatal mildew, which immediately began to waste the work away, till it was at last totally destroyed.

There were some compositions brought to the test, in which, when the strongest light was thrown upon them, their beauties and faults appeared so equally mingled, that Criticism stood with her sceptre poised in her hand, in doubt whether to shed Lethe or ambrosia upon them. These at last increased to so great a number, that she was weary of attending such doubtful claims; and, for fear of using improperly the sceptre of Justice, referred the cause to be considered by Time.

The proceedings of Time, though very dilatory, were, some few caprices excepted, conformable to justice: and many who thought themselves secure by a short forbearance, have sunk under his scythe, as they were posting down with their volumes in triumph to futurity. It was observ-

able that some were destroyed by little and little, and others crushed for ever by a single blow.

Criticism, having long kept her eye fixed steadily upon Time, was at last so well satisfied with his conduct, that she withdrew from the earth with her patroness Astraea, and left Prejudice and False Taste to ravage at large as the associates of Fraud and Mischief; contexting herself thenceforth to shed her influence from afar upon some select minds, fitted for it's reception by learning and by virtue.

Before her departure she broke her sceptre; of which the shivers that formed the ambrosial end were caught up by Flattery, and those that had been infected with the waters of Lethe were, with equal haste, seized by Malevolence. The followers of Flattery, to whom she distributed her part of the sceptre, neither had nor desired light, but touched indiscriminately whatever Power or Interest happened to exhibit. The companions of Malevolence were supplied by the Furies with a torch, which had this quality peculiar to infernal lustre, that it's light fell only upon faults.

No light, but rather darkness visible,  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe.

With these fragments of authority, the slaves of Flattery and Malevolence marched out, at the command of their mistresses, to confer immortality, or condemn to oblivion. But the sceptre had now lost it's power; and Time passes his sentence at leisure, without any regard to their determinations.

#### N<sup>o</sup> IV. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1750.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITA.

AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

HOR.

CREECH.

THE works of fiction, with which the present generation seems more particularly delighted, are such as exhibit life in it's true state, diversified only by accidents that daily happen in the world, and influenced by passions and qualities which are really to be found in conversing with mankind.

This kind of writing may be termed not improperly the comedy of romance, and is to be conducted nearly by the rules of comick poetry. It's province is to bring about natural events by easy means, and to keep up curiosity with-

out the help of wonder: it is therefore precluded from the machines and expedients of the heroick romance, and can neither employ giants to snatch away a lady from the nuptial rites, nor knights to bring her back from captivity; it can neither bewilder it's personages in desarts, nor lodge them in imaginary castles.

I remember a remark made by Scalliger upon Pontanus—that all his writings are filled with the same images; and that if you take from him his lilies and his roses, his Satyrs and his Dryads, he will have nothing left that can be called poetry

poetry. In like manner, almost all the fictions of the last age will vanish, if you deprive them of a hermit and a wood, a battle and a shipwreck.

Why this wild strain of imagination found reception so long, in polite and learned ages, it is not easy to conceive; but we cannot wonder that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had by practice gained some fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his closet, let loose his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities: a book was thus produced without fear of criticism, without the toil of study, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.

The task of our present writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse and accurate observation of the living world. Their performances have, as Horace expresses it—*Plus oneris quantum venia minus*—little indulgence, and therefore more difficulty. They are engaged in portraits of which every one knows the original, and can detect any deviation from exactness of resemblance. Other writings are safe, except from the malice of learning; but these are in danger from every common reader: as the slipper ill executed was censured by a shoemaker who happened to stop in his way at the Venus of Apelles.

But the fear of not being approved as just copiers of human manners, is not the most important concern that an author of this sort ought to have before him. These books are written chiefly to the young, the ignorant, and the idle, to whom they serve as lectures of conduct, and introductions into life. They are the entertainment of minds unfurnished with ideas, and therefore easily susceptible of impressions; not fixed by principles, and therefore easily following the current of fancy; not informed by experience, and consequently open to every false suggestion and partial account.

That the highest degree of reverence should be paid to youth, and that nothing indecent should be suffered to approach their eyes or ears, are precepts extorted by sense and virtue from an ancient writer by no means eminent for

chastity of thought. The same kind, though not the same degree of caution, is required in every thing which is laid before them, to secure them from misuit prejudices, perverse opinions, and incongruous combinations of images.

In the romances formerly written, every transaction and sentiment was so remote from all that passes among men, that the reader was in very little danger of making any applications to himself; the virtues and crimes were equally beyond his sphere of activity; and he amused himself with heroes and with traitors, deliverers and persecutors, as with beings of another species, whose actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and who had neither faults nor excellences in common with himself.

But when an adventurer is levelled with the rest of the world, and acts in such scenes of the universal drama as may be the lot of any other man, young spectators fix their eyes upon him with closer attention, and hope, by observing his behaviour and success, to regulate their own practices when they shall be engaged in the like part.

For this reason these familiar histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But if the power of example is so great as to take possession of the memory by a kind of violence, and produce effects almost without the intervention of the will, care ought to be taken that, when the choice is unrestrained, the best examples only should be exhibited; and that which is likely to operate so strongly, should not be mischievous or uncertain in its effects.

The chief advantage which these fictions have over real life is, that their authors are at liberty, though not to invent, yet to select objects, and to cull from the mass of mankind those individuals upon which the attention ought most to be employed; as a diamond, though it cannot be made, may be polished by art, and placed in such a situation as to display that lustre which before was buried among common stones.

It is justly considered as the greatest excellency of art, to imitate nature; but it is necessary to distinguish those parts of nature which are most proper for imitation: greater care is still required in re-  
pre-

presenting life, which is so often discoloured by passion, or deformed by wickedness. If the world be promiscuously described, I cannot see of what use it can be to read the account; or why it may not be as safe to turn the eye immediately upon mankind as upon a mirror, which shows all that presents itself without discrimination.

It is therefore not a sufficient vindication of a character, that it is drawn as it appears, for many characters ought never to be drawn; nor of a narrative, that the train of events is agreeable to observation and experience, for that observation which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequently to make men cunning than good. The purpose of these writings is surely not only to shew mankind, but to provide that they may be seen hereafter with less hazard; to teach the means of avoiding the snares which are laid by Treachery for Innocence, without infusing any wish for that superiority with which the betrayer flatters his vanity; to give the power of counteracting fraud, without the temptation to practise it; to initiate youth by meet encounters in the art of necessary defence, and to increase prudence without impairing virtue.

Many writers, for the sake of following nature, so mingle good and bad qualities in their principal personages, that they are both equally conspicuous; and as we accompany them through their adventures with delight, and are led by degrees to interest ourselves in their favour, we lose the abhorrence of their faults, because they do not hinder our picture, or perhaps regard them with some kindness for being united with so much merit.

There have been men, indeed, splendidly wicked, whose endowments threw a brightness on their crimes, and whom scarce any villainy made perfectly detestable, because they never could be wholly divested of their excellences: but such have been in all ages the great corrupters of the world; and their resemblance ought no more to be preserved, than the art of murdering without pain.

Some have advanced, without due attention to the consequences of this notion, that certain virtues have their correspondent faults; and therefore, that to exhibit either apart is to deviate from probability. Thus men are observed by

Swift to be 'grateful in the same degree' as they are resentful. This principle, with others of the same kind, supposes man to act from a brute impulse, and pursue a certain degree of inclination, without any choice of the object; for, otherwise, though it should be allowed that gratitude and resentment arise from the same constitution of the passions, it follows not that they will be equally indulged when reason is consulted; yet unless that consequence be admitted, this sagacious maxim becomes an empty sound, without any relation to practice or to life.

Nor is it evident, that even the first motions to these effects are always in the same proportion. For pride, which produces quickness of resentment, will obstruct gratitude, by unwillingness to admit that inferiority which obligation implies; and it is very unlikely that he who cannot think he receives a favour, will acknowledge or repay it.

It is of the utmost importance to mankind, that positions of this tendency should be laid open and confuted; for while men consider good and evil as springing from the same root, they will spare the one for the sake of the other; and, in judging, if not of others, at least of themselves, will be apt to estimate their virtues by their vices. To this fatal error all those will contribute who confound the colours of right and wrong; and, instead of helping to settle their boundaries, mix them with so much art, that no common mind is able to disunite them.

In narratives, where historical veracity has no place, I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue; of virtue not angelical, nor above probability, for what we cannot credit we shall never imitate, but the highest and purest that humanity can reach, which, exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by conquering some calamities, and enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform. Vice, for vice is necessary to be shewn, should always disgust; nor should the graces of piety, or the dignity of courage, be so united with it as to reconcile it to the mind. Whenever it appears, it should rouse hatred by the malignity of its practices, and contempt by the meannefs of its stratagems; for while it is supported by either party

or spirit, it will be seldom heartily abhorred. The Roman tyrant was content to be hated, if he was but feared; and there are thousands of the readers of romances willing to be thought wicked, if they may be allowed to be wits. It

is therefore to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness: and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.

## Nº V. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1750.

ET NUNC OMNIS AGER, NUNC OMNIS PARTURIT ARBOS;  
NUNC FRONDENT SILVA, NUNC FORMOSISSIMUS ANNUS.

VIRG.

NOW EVERY FIELD, NOW EVERY TREE, IS GREEN;  
NOW GENIAL NATURE'S FAIREST FACE IS SEEN.

ELPHINSTON.

**E**VERY man is sufficiently discontented with some circumstances of his present state, to suffer his imagination to range more or less in quest of future happiness, and to fix upon some point of time, in which, by the removal of the inconvenience which now perplexes him, or acquisition of the advantage which he at present wants, he shall find the condition of his life very much improved.

When this time, which is too often expected with great impatience, at last arrives, it generally comes without the blessing for which it was desired; but we solace ourselves with some new prospect, and press forward again with equal eagerness.

It is lucky for a man in whom this temper prevails, when he turns his hopes upon things wholly out of his own power; since he forbears then to precipitate his affairs, for the sake of the great event that is to complete his felicity, and waits for the blissful hour with less neglect of the measures necessary to be taken in the mean time.

I have long known a person of this temper, who indulged his dream of happiness with less hurt to himself than such chimerical wishes commonly produce, and adjusted his scheme with such address, that his hopes were in full bloom three parts of the year, and in the other part never wholly blasted. Many, perhaps, would be desirous of learning by what means he procured to himself such a cheap and lasting satisfaction. It was gained by a constant practice of referring the removal of all his uneasiness to the coming of the next spring: if his health was impaired, the spring would *restore it*; if what he wanted was at a

high price, it would fall it's value in the spring.

The spring, indeed, did often come without any of these effects, but he was always certain that the next would be more propitious; nor was ever convinced that the present spring would fail him before the middle of summer: for he always talked of the spring as coming till it was past; and, when it was once past, every one agreed with him that it was coming.

By long converse with this man, I am, perhaps, brought to feel immoderate pleasure in the contemplation of this delightful season: but I have the satisfaction of finding many, whom it can be no shame to resemble, infected with the same enthusiasm; for there is, I believe, scarce any poet of eminence who has not left some testimony of his fondness for the flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of the spring. Nor has the most luxuriant imagination been able to describe the serenity and happiness of the golden age, otherwise than by giving a perpetual spring, as the highest reward of uncorrupted innocence.

There is, indeed, something inexpressibly pleasing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new display of the treasures of nature. The cold and darkness of winter, with the naked deformity of every object on which we turn our eyes, make us rejoice at the succeeding season, as well for what we have escaped, as for what we may enjoy; and every budding flower, which a warm situation brings early to our view, is considered by us as a messenger to notify the approach of more joyous days.

The Spring affords to a mind, so free from the disturbance of cares or passions

to be vacant to calm amusements, almost every thing that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure pouring out it's notes on every side, with the gladness apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole such an air of gaiety, significantly expressed by the smile of nature.

Yet there are men to whom these scenes are able to give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to lose their hours and distract their thoughts by cards or assemblies, a tavern dinner, or the prattle of a day.

It may be laid down as a position which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he feels a tediousness in life from the equipoise of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasant ideas, and perhaps is struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

Those whom sorrow incapacitates to enjoy the pleasures of contemplation, may properly apply to such diversions, provided they are innocent, as lay strong hold on the attention; and those whom fear of any future affliction chains down to misery must endeavour to obviate the danger.

My considerations shall, on this occasion, be turned on such as are burdensome to themselves merely because they want subjects for reflection, and to whom the volume of nature is thrown open without affording them pleasure or instruction, because they never learned to read the characters.

A French author has advanced this seeming paradox—that 'very few men know how to take a walk'; and, indeed, it is true, that few know how to take a walk with a prospect of any other pleasure than the same company would have afforded them at home.

There are animals that borrow their colour from the neighbouring body, and consequently vary their hue as they hap-

pen to change their place. In like manner it ought to be the endeavour of every man to derive his reflections from the objects about him; for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. The mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of particular thoughts as easily to accommodate itself to occasional entertainment.

A man that has formed this habit of turning every new object to his entertainment, finds in the productions of nature an inexhaustible stock of materials upon which he can employ himself without any temptations to envy or malevolence; faults, perhaps, seldom totally avoided by those whose judgment is much exercised upon the works of art. He has always a certain prospect of discovering new reasons for adoring the sovereign Author of the universe, and probable hopes of making some discovery of benefit to others, or of profit to himself. There is no doubt but many vegetables and animals have qualities that might be of great use, to the knowledge of which there is not required much force of penetration, or fatigue of study, but only frequent experiments and close attention. What is said by alchemists of their darling mercury, is perhaps true of every body through the whole creation, that if a thousand lives should be spent upon it, all it's properties would not be found out.

Mankind must necessarily be diversified by various tastes, since life affords and requires such multiplicity of employments; and a nation of naturalists is neither to be hoped nor desired: but it is surely not improper to point out a fresh amusement to those who languish in health, and repine in plenty, for want of some source of diversion that may be less easily exhausted, and to inform the multitudes of both sexes, who are burdened with every new day, that there are many things which they have not seen.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; and therefore the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal speculation, must excuse me for calling upon them, to make use at once of the spring of the year, and the spring of life; to acquire, while their minds may be yet impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures.

lives, and an ardour for useful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the

vernal flowers, however beautiful, are only intended by natural paratives to autumnal fruits.

## Nº VI. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1750.

STRENUA NOS EXERCET INERTIA, NAVIBUS ATQUE  
QUADRIGIS PETIMUS BENE VIVERE: QUOD PETIS, HIC EST;  
EST ULUBRIS, ANIMUS SI TE NON DEFICIT AËQUUS.

HOR.

ACTIVE IN INDOLENCE, ABROAD WE BOAM  
IN QUEST OF HAPPINESS, WHICH DWELLS AT HOME:  
WITH VAIN PURSUITS FATIGU'D, AT LENGTH YOU'LL FIND,  
NO PLACE EXCLUDES IT FROM AN EQUAL MIND.

ELPHIN:

**T**HAT man should never suffer his happiness to depend upon external circumstances, is one of the chief precepts of the Stoical philosophy; a precept, indeed, which that lofty sect has extended beyond the condition of human life, and in which some of them seem to have comprised an utter exclusion of all corporal pain and pleasure from the regard or attention of a wise man.

Such *sapientia infantilis*, as Horace calls the doctrine of another sect, such extravagance of philosophy, can want neither authority nor argument for its confutation: it is overthrown by the experience of every hour, and the powers of nature rise up against it. But we may very properly enquire, how near to this exalted state it is in our power to approach, how far we can exempt ourselves from outward influences, and secure to our minds a state of tranquillity: for though the boast of absolute independence is ridiculous and vain, yet a mean flexibility to every impulse, and a patient submission to the tyranny of casual troubles, is below the dignity of that mind which, however depraved or weakened, boasts its derivation from a celestial original, and hopes for an union with infinite goodness and unvariable felicity.

*Ni vitis peiora fovens  
Preprium deserat ortum.*

Unless the soul, to vice a thrall,  
Desert her own original.

The necessity of erecting ourselves to some degree of intellectual dignity, and of preserving resources of pleasure which may not be wholly at the mercy of accident, is never more apparent than when we turn our eyes upon those whom for-

tune has let loose to their own who, not being chained down condition to a regular and settlement of their hours, are obliging themselves business or divers having nothing within that can or employ them, are compelled the arts of destroying time.

The numberless expedients by this class of mortals to all burden of life, is not less than perhaps much less pitiable, than which a trader on the edge of bankruptcy is reduced. I have seen choleric overspread a whole family disappointment of a party for when, after the proposal of a scheme, and the dispatch of it upon a hundred messages, they missed, with gloomy resignation misfortune of passing one even variation with each other, on such are the revolutions of the unexpected visitor has brought relief, acceptable as provision to city, and enabled them to hold the next day.

The general remedy of those uneasy without knowing the change of place; they are willing that their pain is the consequence of some local inconvenience, and to fly from it, as children from dows; always hoping for some satisfactory delight from every and always returning home with disappointment and complaints.

Who can look upon this situation, without reflecting on suffer under the dreadful canine madness, termed by the *dread of water*? These wretches, unable to drink, the

ing with thirst; are sometimes known to try various contortions, or inclinations of the body, flattering themselves that they can swallow in one posture that liquor which they find in another to repel their lips.

Yet such folly is not peculiar to the thoughtless or ignorant, but sometimes seizes those minds which seem most exempted from it, by the variety of attainments, quickness of penetration, or severity of judgment; and, indeed, the pride of wit and knowledge is often mortified by finding that they confer no security against the common errors which mislead the weakest and meanest of mankind.

These reflections arose in my mind upon the remembrance of a passage in Cowley's preface to his poems; where, however exalted by genius, and enlarged by study, he informs us of a scheme of happiness to which the imagination of a girl upon the loss of her first lover could have scarcely given way, but which he seems to have indulged, till he had totally forgotten its absurdity, and would probably have put in execution had he been hindered only by his reason.

'My desire,' says he, 'has been for some years past, though the execution has been accidentally diverted, and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American Plantations; not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffick of those parts, which is the end of most men that travel thither, but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy.'

Such was the chimerical provision which Cowley had made, in his own mind, for the quiet of his remaining life; and which he seems to recommend to posterity, since there is no other reason for disclosing it. Surely no stronger instance can be given of a persuasion, that content was the inhabitant of particular regions, and that a man might set sail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

If he travelled so far with no other purpose than to bury himself in some obscure retreat, he might have found, in his own country, innumerable coverts sufficient to have concealed the genius of

Cowley; for whatever might be his opinion of the importunity with which he might be summoned back into public life, a short experience would have convinced him, that privation is easier than acquisition, and that it would require little continuance to free himself from the intrusion of the world. There is pride enough in the human heart to prevent much desire of acquaintance with a man by whom we are sure to be neglected, however his reputation for science or virtue may excite our curiosity or esteem; so that the lover of retirement needs not be afraid lest the respect of strangers should overwhelm him with visits. Even those to whom he has formerly been known will very patiently support his absence when they have tried a little to live without him, and found new diversions for those moments which his company contributed to exultate.

It was perhaps ordained by Providence, to hinder us from tyrannising over one another, that no individual should be of such importance as to cause, by his retirement or death, any chasm in the world. And Cowley had converted to little purpose with mankind, if he had never remarked, how soon the useful friend, the gay companion, and the favoured lover, when once they are removed from before the sight, give way to the succession of new objects.

The privacy, therefore, of his hermitage might have been safe enough from violation, though he had chosen it within the limits of his native island; he might have found here preservatives against the vanities and vexations of the world, not less efficacious than those which the woods or fields of America could afford him: but having once his mind imbittered with disgust, he conceived it impossible to be far enough from the cause of his uneasiness; and was posting away with the expedition of a coward, who, for want of venturing to look behind him, thinks the enemy perpetually at his heels.

When he was interrupted by company, or fatigued with business, he so strongly imaged to himself the happiness of leisure and retreat, that he determined to enjoy them for the future without interruption, and to exclude for ever all that could deprive him of his darling satisfaction. He forgot, in the vehemence of desire, that solitude and quiet owe their pleasures to those miseries which he was



so studious to obviate: for such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labour and rest, hurry and retirement, endear each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satiated; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.

If he had proceeded in his project, and fixed his habitation in the most delightful part of the new world, it may be doubted, whether his distance from the *vaniities* of life would have enabled him to keep away the *vexations*. It is common for a man who feels pain to fancy that he could bear it better in any other part. Cowley having known the troubles and perplexities of a particular condition, readily persuaded himself that no-

thing worse was to be found; every alteration would be improvement: he never sought the cause of his unhappiness; that his own passions were only regulated; and that he was his own impatience, which he without something to accompany him over the way to his American would, upon the trial, have convinced, that the fountain of spring up in the mind; and has so little knowledge of nature, as to seek happiness in any thing but his own dissipation; he wastes his life in fruitless multiply the griefs which remove.

## Nº VII. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1711

Q QUI PERPETUA MUNDUM RATIONE GUBERNAS,  
TERRARUM COELIQUE SATOR !—  
DISJICE TERRENÆ NEBULAS ET PONDERA MOLIS,  
ATQUE TUO SPLENDORE MICA! TU NAMQUE SERENUM,  
TU REQUIES TRANQUILLA PIIS. TE CRENERE, FINIS,  
PRINCIPIUM, VECTOR, DUX, SEMITA, TERMINUS, IDIDM.

O THOU WHOSE POWER O'ER MOVING WORLDS PRESIDES,  
WHOSE VOICE CREATED, AND WHOSE WISDOM GUIDES,  
ON DARKLING MAN IN PURE EFFULGENCE SHINE,  
AND CHEAR THE CLOUDED MIND WITH LIGHT DIVINE.  
'TIS THINE ALONE TO CALM THE PIOUS BREAST  
WITH SILENT CONFIDENCE AND HOLY REST:  
FROM THEE, GREAT GOD, WE SPRING; TO THEE WE TEND  
PATH, MOTIVE, GUIDE, ORIGINAL, AND END.

THE love of Retirement has, in all ages, adhered closely to those minds which have been most enlarged by knowledge, or elevated by genius. Those who enjoyed every thing generally supposed to confer happiness, have been forced to seek it in the shades of privacy. Though they possessed both power and riches, and were therefore surrounded by men who considered it as their chief interest to remove from them every thing that might offend their ease, or interrupt their pleasure, they have soon felt the languors of satiety, and found themselves unable to pursue the race of life without frequent respirations of intermediate solitude.

To produce this disposition nothing appears requisite but quick sensibility, and active imagination; for, though not devoted to virtue or science, the man

whose faculties enable him comparisons of the present will find such a constant the same pleasures and expectations and disappointments; he will gladly snatch an opportunity to let his thoughts expand and seek for that variety of ideas which the objects afford him.

Nor will greatness, or empty him from the impotent desire; since, if he is be cannot restrain himself from enquiries and speculations must pursue by his own which the splendour of his only hinder; for those exalted above dependance are yet condemned to contribute of their time to cul-

city, that, according to the proverb, no man in the house is more than the master.

king asked Euclid the mathematician, whether he could not exert to him in a more compendious manner, he was answered, that no royal way to geometry. Images may be seized by might, loaded with money; but knowledge is gained only by study, and is prosecuted only in retire-

ment some of the motives which give power to sequester kings and draw from the crowds that soothed flatteries, or inspirited them to innovations: but their efficacy is confined to the higher mind, and little upon the common classes of mankind, to whose conceptions the emblem of things is adequate, and seldom range beyond those elements and vexations which solicit attention by pressing on their

There is an universal reason for the intervals of solitude, which the notions of the church call upon especially to mention; a reason that extends as wide as moral duty, the hopes of divine favour in the future; and which ought to influence all ranks of life, and all degrees of it; since none can imagine a state not comprehended in it's object, but such as determine to set their backs at defiance by obstinate resistance, or whose enthusiastick selfishness, by his approbation places them beyond eternal ordinances, and all human means of improvement.

The great task of him who conducts the youth to the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present, to impress upon his mind some sense of the importance of obeying the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and of the punishment denounced to sinners, as may overbear all the passions which temporal hope or fear influence in his way, and enable him to stand at defiance to joy and sorrow, to be at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at defiance against the threats of calamity. Without reason that the Apostles promise our passage through this world as our existence by images drawn

from the alarms and solicitude of a military life; for we are placed in such a state, that almost every thing about us conspires against our chief interest. We are in danger from whatever can get possession of our thoughts; all that can excite in us either pain or pleasure has a tendency to obstruct the way that leads to happiness, and either to turn us aside, or retard our progress.

Our senses, our appetites, and our passions, are our lawful and faithful guides in most things that relate solely to this life; and therefore, by the hourly necessity of consulting them, we gradually sink into an implicit submission and habitual confidence. Every act of compliance with their motions facilitates a second compliance; every new step towards depravity is made with less reluctance than the former; and thus the descent to life merely sensual is perpetually accelerated.

The senses have not only that advantage over conscience, which things necessary must always have over things chosen, but they have likewise a kind of prescription in their favour. We feared pain much earlier than we apprehended guilt, and were delighted with the sensations of pleasure before we had capacities to be charmed with the beauty of rectitude. To this power, thus early established, and incessantly increasing, it must be remembered, that almost every man has, in some part of his life, added new strength by a voluntary or negligent subjection of himself; for who is there that has not instigated his appetites by indulgence; or suffered them by an unresisting neutrality to enlarge their dominion, and multiply their demands?

From the necessity of dispossessing the sensitive faculties of the influence which they must naturally gain by this pre-occupation of the soul, arises that conflict between opposite desires in the first endeavours after a religious life; which, however enthusiastically it may have been described, or however contemptuously ridiculed, will naturally be felt in some degree, though varied without end, by different tempers of mind, and innumerable circumstances of health or condition, greater or less fervour, more or fewer temptations to relapse.

From the perpetual necessity of consulting the animal faculties, in our provision for the present life, arises the difficulty of withstanding their impulses, even

even in cases where they ought to be of no weight; for the motions of sense are instantaneous, it's objects strike unsought, we are accustomed to follow it's directions, and therefore often submit to the sentence without examining the authority of the judge.

Thus it appears, upon a philosophical estimate, that, supposing the mind, at any certain time, in an equipoise between the pleasures of this life and the hopes of futurity, present objects falling more frequently into the scale would in time preponderate, and that our regard for an invisible state would grow every moment weaker, till at last it would lose all it's activity, and become absolutely without effect.

To prevent this dreadful event, the balance is put into our own hands, and we have power to transfer the weight to either side. The motives to a life of holiness are infinite; not less than the favour or anger of Omnipotence, not less than eternity of happiness or misery. But these can only influence our conduct as they gain our attention, which the business or diversions of the world are always calling off by contrary attractions.

The great art therefore of piety, and the end for which all the rites of religion seem to be instituted, is the perpetual renovation of the motives to virtue, by a voluntary employment of our mind in the contemplation of it's excellence, it's

importance, and it's ne proportion as they are and more willingly revolt forcible and permanent time they become the standing principles of a by which every thing judgment is rejected or

To facilitate this ch sections, it is necessary the temptations of the tiring at certain seasons influence arising only f is much lessened when object of solitary meditation residence amidst n inevitably obliterates th piety, and a frequent at selves into a state, where the next, operates only will reinstate religion n rity, even without those above, the hope of wh attention to withdraw from the diligent.

This is that conquest and of ourselves, which considered as the perfect nature: and this is only by fervent prayer, its and frequent retirement vanity; from the cares the joys of intemperance, the sounds of deceitful tempting sight of prosper

## Nº VIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 14,

——PATITUR POENAS PECCANDI SOLA VOLUNTAS;  
NAM SCELUS INTRA SE TACITUM QUI COGITAT ULLUM,  
FACTI CRIMEN HABET.

FOR HE THAT BUT CONCEIVES A CRIME IN THOUGHT,  
CONTRACTS THE DANGER OF AN ACTUAL FAULT.

CRE

**I**F the most active and industrious of mankind was able, at the close of life, to recollect distinctly his past moments, and distribute them, in a regular account, according to the manner in which they have been spent, it is scarcely to be imagined how few would be marked out to the mind by any permanent or visible effects, how small a proportion his real action would bear to his seeming possibilities of action, how many chasms he would find of wide and continued vacuity, and how many interstitial spaces unfilled, even in the most

tumultuous hurries of most eager vehemence

It is said by moderns that not only the great are thinly scattered throughout, but the hardest bodies that, if all matter were perfect solidity, it might in a cube of a few feet, if all the employment were crowded into the time occupied, perhaps a few hours, would be sufficient for the accomplishment, so far as a

engaged in the performance. For such is the inequality of our corporeal to our intellectual faculties, that we contrive in minutes what we execute in years, and the soul often stands an idle spectator of the labour of the hands and expedition of the feet.

For this reason, the ancient generals often found themselves at leisure to pursue the study of philosophy in the camp: and Lucan, with historical veracity, makes Cæsar relate of himself, that he noted the revolutions of the stars in the midst of preparations for battle.

—*Media inter prælia semper  
Sideribus, cælique plagis, superisque vacat.*

Amid the storms of war, with curious eyes  
I trace the planets and survey the skies.

That the soul always exerts her peculiar powers, with greater or less force, is very probable, though the common occupations of our present condition require but a small part of that incessant cogitation; and by the natural frame of our bodies, and general combination of the world, we are so frequently condemned to inactivity, that as through all our time we are thinking, so for a great part of our time we can only think.

Left a power so restless should be either unprofitably or hurtfully employed, and the superfluities of intellect run to waste, it is no vain speculation to consider how we may govern our thoughts, restrain them from irregular motions, or confine them from boundless dissipation.

How the understanding is best conducted to the knowledge of science, by what steps it is to be led forwards in its pursuit, how it is to be cured of its defects, and habituated to new studies, has been the inquiry of many acute and learned men, whose observations I shall not either adopt or censure; my purpose being to consider the moral discipline of the mind, and to promote the increase of virtue rather than of learning.

This inquiry seems to have been neglected for want of remembering that all action has its origin in the mind, and that therefore to suffer the thoughts to be vitiated is to poison the fountains of morality: irregular desires will produce licentious practices; what men allow themselves to wish they will soon believe, and will be at last incited to execute what they please themselves with *contemplating*.

For this reason the casuists of the Romish church, who gain, by confession, great opportunities of knowing human nature, have generally determined that what it is a crime to do, it is a crime to think. Since, by revolving with pleasure the facility, safety, or advantage of a wicked deed, a man soon begins to find his constancy relax, and his detestation soften; the happiness of success glittering before him, withdraws his attention from the atrociousness of the guilt, and acts are at last confidently perpetrated, of which the first conception only crept into the mind, disguised in pleasing complications, and permitted rather than invited.

No man has ever been drawn to crimes by love or jealousy, envy or hatred, but he can tell how easily he might at first have repelled the temptation, how readily his mind would have obeyed a call to any other object, and how weak his passion has been after some casual avocation, till he has recalled it again to his heart, and revived the viper by too warm a fondness.

Such, therefore, is the importance of keeping reason a constant guard over imagination, that we have otherwise no security for our own virtue, but may corrupt our hearts in the most reclusive solitude, with more pernicious and tyrannical appetites and wishes than the commerce of the world will generally produce: for we are easily shocked by crimes which appear at once in their full magnitude; but the gradual growth of our own wickedness, endured by interest, and palliated by all the artifices of self-deceit, gives us time to form distinctions in our own favour, and reason by degrees submits to absurdity, as the eye is in time accommodated to darkness.

In this disease of the soul, it is of the utmost importance to apply remedies at the beginning; and therefore I shall endeavour to shew what thoughts are to be rejected or improved, as they regard the past, present, or future; in hopes that some may be awakened to caution and vigilance, who perhaps indulge themselves in dangerous dreams; so much the more dangerous, because being yet only dreams, they are concluded innocent.

The recollection of the past is only useful by way of provision for the future; and therefore, in reviewing all occurrences that fall under a religious con-

sideration, it is proper that a man stop at the first thoughts, to remark how he was led thither, and why he continues the reflection. If he is dwelling with delight upon a stratagem of successful fraud, a night of licentious riot, or an intrigue of guilty pleasure, let him summon off his imagination as from an unlawful pursuit, expel those passages from his remembrance, of which, though he cannot seriously approve them, the pleasure overpowers the guilt, and refer them to a future hour, when they may be considered with greater safety. Such an hour will certainly come; for the impressions of past pleasure are always lessening, but the sense of guilt, which respects futurity, continues the same.

The serious and impartial retrospect of our conduct is indisputably necessary to the confirmation or recovery of virtue, and is therefore recommended under the name of self-examination, by divines, as the first act previous to repentance. It is, indeed, of so great use, that without it we should always be to begin life, be seduced for ever by the same allurements, and misled by the same fallacies. But in order that we may not lose the advantage of our experience, we must endeavour to see every thing in it's proper form, and excite in ourselves those sentiments which the great Author of nature has decreed the concomitants or followers of good or bad actions.

Μὴδ' ἔπειτα μαλακοῦσιν ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς προσδι-  
ξασθαι,  
Πρὶν τὰν ἡμετέραν Ἱέρην τρεῖς ἑκάστων ἐπιλθεῖν.  
Πᾶν παρίστη; τί δ' ἔρεξα; τί μοι δὴν ἂν ἐτελεύτησεν;  
Ἀρχάμενος δ' ἀπὸ πρώτου ἐπιτίξω, καὶ μετί-  
ψωτα,  
Διὶ δὲ μὲν ἐκπρίξας, ἰσιπλοίσσω, χερσὶ δὲ  
τίξω.

Let not sleep, says Pythagoras, fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and, in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

Our thoughts on present things being determined by the objects before us, fall not under those indulgences, or excursions, which I am now considering. But I cannot forbear, under this head, to caution pious and tender minds, that

are disturbed by the jumbled imaginations, againjection, and too anxious thoughts are only crimes first chosen, and continued.

Evil into the mind of god  
May come and go, so una-  
No spot or stain behind.

In futurity chiefly lodged by which the intricate. Futurity is of hope and fear, with and progeny of suborptions and desires. In and chances are yet without apparent connexions; and we therefore the liberty of gratifying a pleasing choice. Among possible advantages, law terms it, *in vacuum* what belongs to nobody hazard in it, that we should quit what we have if owner should be found think on that which must at last we resolve to gain the happiness of participation till we can be easy in ought at least to let out nothing in another's possession of our quiet, or in for the sake of our interest a man finds himself like train of honest sentiments that to which he has not start back as from a pit flowers. He that fancinesit the publick more than the man that fills imagine it an act of violence him; and, as opposition into hatred, his eager good to which he is betray him to crimes which a ginal scheme were never

He therefore that regulates his thoughts by he must keep guilt from his heart; and remembres of fancy, and the fire, are more dangerous more hidden, since the of observation, and of every situation, without of external opportunities

N<sup>o</sup> IX. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1750.

QUOD SIS ESSE VELIS, NIHILQUE MALIS. MART.

CHUSE WHAT YOU ARE; NO OTHER STATE PREFER.

ELPHINSTON.

IT is justly remarked by Horace, that, howsoever every man may complain occasionally of the hardships of his condition, he is seldom willing to change it for any other on the same level: for whether it be that he who follows an employment made choice of it at first on account of its suitableness to his inclination; or that, when accident, or the determination of others, have placed him in a particular station, he, by endeavouring to reconcile himself to it, gets the custom of viewing it only on the fairest side; or whether every man thinks that class to which he belongs the most illustrious, merely because he has honoured it with his name; it is certain that, whatever be the reason, most men have a very strong and active prejudice in favour of their own vocation, always working upon their minds, and influencing their behaviour.

This partiality is sufficiently visible in every rank of the human species; but exerts itself more frequently and with greater force among those who have never learned to conceal their sentiments for reasons of policy, or to model their expressions by the laws of politeness; and therefore the chief contests of wit among artificers and handicraftsmen arise from a mutual endeavour to exalt one track by depreciating another.

From the same principles are derived many consolations to alleviate the inconveniences to which every calling is peculiarly exposed. A blacksmith was lately pleasing himself at his anvil, with observing that, though his trade was hot and sooty, laborious and unhealthy, yet he had the honour of living by his hammer; he got his bread like a man; and if his son should rise in the world, and keep his coach, nobody could reproach him that his father was a taylor.

A man truly zealous for his fraternity, is never so irresistibly flattered as when some rival calling is mentioned with contempt. Upon this principle a linen-draper boasted that he had got a new customer whom he could safely tell, for he could have no doubt of his

honesty, since it was known, from unquestionable authority, that he was now filing a bill in chancery to delay payment for the cloaths which he had worn the last seven years; and he himself had heard him declare, in a publick coffee-house, that he looked upon the whole generation of woollen-drapers to be such despicable wretches that no gentleman ought to pay them.

It has been observed that physicians and lawyers are no friends to religion; and many conjectures have been formed to discover the reason of such a combination between men who agree in nothing else, and who seem less to be affected, in their own provinces, by religious opinions, than any other part of the community. The truth is, very few of them have thought about religion: but they have all seen a parson; seen him in a habit different from their own, and therefore declared war against him. A young student from the inns of court, who has often attacked the curate of his father's parish with such arguments as his acquaintances could furnish, and returned to town without success, is now gone down with a resolution to destroy him; for he has learned at last how to manage a prig, and if he pretends to hold him again to syllogism, he has a catch in reserve, which neither logic nor metaphysics can resist.

I laugh to think how your unshaven Cats  
Will look aghast, when unforeseen destruction  
Pours in upon him thus.

The malignity of soldiers and sailors against each other has been often experienced at the cost of their country; and, perhaps, no orders of men have an enmity of more acrimony, or longer continuance. When, upon our late successes at sea, some new regulations were concerted for establishing the rank of the naval commanders, a captain of foot very acutely remarked, that nothing was more absurd than to give any honorary rewards to seamen: 'For honour,' says he, 'ought only to be won by brave very

'very; and all the world knows that in  
'a sea-fight there is no danger, and  
'therefore no evidence of courage.'

But although this general desire of aggrandizing themselves by raising their profession, betrays men to a thousand ridiculous and mischievous acts of supplantation and detraction, yet as almost all passions have their good as well as bad effects, it likewise excites ingenuity, and sometimes raises an honest and useful emulation of diligence. It may be observed in general, that no trade had ever reached the excellence to which it is now improved, had it's professors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent spectators; the advances, from the first rude essays, must have been made by men who valued themselves for performances for which scarce any other would be permitted to esteem them.

It is pleasing to contemplate a manufacture rising gradually from it's first mean state by the successive labours of innumerable minds; to consider the first hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the shepherd could scarce venture to cross a brook swelled with a shower, enlarged at last into a ship of war, attacking fortresses, terrifying nations, setting storms and billows at defiance, and visiting the remotest parts of the globe. And it might contribute to dispose us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to consider from what unpromising beginnings the most useful productions of art have probably arisen. Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit

the light of the sun, and lence of the wind; while the sight of the philosopher of existence, and charm with the unbounded extrial creation, and at a endless subordination of what is yet of more im supply the decays of r cour old age with subsid was the first artificer in though without his ow expectation. He was prolonging the enjoyment larging the avenues of f ferring the highest and i sures; he was enabling contemplate nature, and hold herself.

This passion for the fession, like that for the own country, is to be r tinguished. Every man, to the lowest station, o heart and animate his the hopes of being use by advancing the art w to exercise; and for that cessarily consider the wh application, and the wh importance. But let h ly imagine that another because, for want of f of his business, he is no hend it's dignity. Eve endeavour at eminence others down, but by rai enjoy the pleasure of his whether imaginary or i interrupting others in t The philosopher may v lighted with the extent the artificer with the hands; but let the one without mechanical pe fined speculation is an er the other, that, withou soning, dexterity is little instinct,

## Nº X. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 17

POSTHABUI TAMEN ILLORUM MEA SERIA LUDO. VIRG.

FOR TRIFLING SPORTS I QUITTED GRAVE AFFAIRS.

**T**HE number of correspondents which increases every day upon me, shows that my Paper is at least distinguished from the common productions

of the press. It is no eminence to have many friends; and I look whether it contains en

is an equal attestation of rising  
 ' the only pain which I can feel  
 ' correspondence, is the fear of dis-  
 ' whose letters I shall neglect;  
 ' ore I take this opportunity of  
 ' them, that, in disapproving  
 ' pts, whenever it may happen,  
 ' in the treatment which I often  
 ' Besides, many particular mo-  
 ' nce a writer, known only to  
 ' his private friends; and it may  
 ' concluded, that not all letters  
 ' postponed are rejected, nor all  
 ' icted, critically condemned.

thus eased my heart of the  
 ' pension that sat heavy on it,  
 ' se myself with the candour of  
 ' , who encourages me to pro-  
 ' out sinking under the anger  
 ' who quarrels with me for be-  
 ' d ugly, and for wanting both  
 ' f body and sprightliness of  
 ' Is her monkey with my lucu-  
 ' and refuses any reconciliation  
 ' : appeared in vindication of  
 ' es. 'That she may not how-  
 ' ne me without support, and  
 ' wholly upon my own forti-  
 ' all now publish some letters  
 ' ve received from men as well  
 ' d as handsome, as her favou-  
 ' others from ladies whom I  
 ' chieve as young, as rich, as  
 ' etty, as fashionable, and as  
 ' d and treated as herself.

of candid readers send their  
 ' jects to the Rambler, and ac-  
 ' ge his merit in so well begin-  
 ' work that may be of publick

But, superior as his genius  
 ' nperinences of a trifling age,  
 ' not help a wish, that he would  
 ' id to the weakness of minds  
 ' y perpetual amusements, and  
 ' then throw in, like his pre-  
 ' some papers of a gay and  
 ' turn. Too fair a field now  
 ' with too plentiful a harvest  
 ' ! Let the cheerful Thalia put  
 ' :ke; and, singing at her work,  
 ' hair with red and blue.'

sends her compliments to the  
 ' mbler, and desires to know by  
 ' er name she may direct to  
 ' it are his set of friends, his  
 ' its; what his way of think-  
 ' regard to the living world.  
 ' ys: in short, whether he is

' a person now alive, and in town? If  
 ' he be, she will do herself the honour  
 ' to write to him pretty often: and hopes,  
 ' from time to time, to be the better for  
 ' his advice and animadversions; for his  
 ' animadversions on her neighbours at  
 ' least. But, if he is a mere essayist,  
 ' and troubles not himself with the man-  
 ' ners of the age, she is sorry to tell  
 ' him, that even the genius and correct-  
 ' ness of an Addison will not secure him  
 ' from neglect.'

No man is so much abstracted from  
 ' common life, as not to feel a particular  
 ' pleasure from the regard of the female  
 ' world; the candid writers of the first  
 ' billet will not be offended, that my haste  
 ' to satisfy a lady has hurried their ad-  
 ' dress too soon out of my mind, and that  
 ' I refer them for a reply to some future  
 ' paper, in order to tell this curious in-  
 ' quirer after my other name; the answer  
 ' of a philosopher to a man who, meet-  
 ' ing him in the street, desired to see what  
 ' he carried under his cloak—' I carry it  
 ' there,' says he, ' that you may not  
 ' see it.' But, though she is never to  
 ' know my name, she may often see my  
 ' face: for I am of her opinion, that a  
 ' diurnal writer ought to view the world;  
 ' and that he who neglects his contempo-  
 ' raries, may be, with justice, neglected  
 ' by them.

' LADY Racket sends compliments  
 ' to the Rambler; and lets him know,  
 ' she shall have cards at her house every  
 ' Sunday, the remainder of the season,  
 ' where he will be sure of meeting all  
 ' the good company in town. By this  
 ' means she hopes to see his papers in-  
 ' terspersed with living characters. She  
 ' longs to see the torch of Truth produced  
 ' at an assembly, and to admire the  
 ' charming lustre it will throw on the  
 ' jewels, complexions, and behaviour of  
 ' every dear creature there.'

It is a rule with me to receive every  
 ' offer with the same civility as it is made;  
 ' and, therefore, though Lady Racket may  
 ' have had some reason to guess that I  
 ' seldom frequent card-tables on Sundays,  
 ' I shall not insist upon an exception  
 ' which may to her appear of so little force.  
 ' My business has been to view, as oppor-  
 ' tunity was offered, every place in which  
 ' mankind was to be seen: but at card-  
 ' tables, however brilliant, I have always  
 ' thought my visit lost, for I could know no-  
 ' thing



thing of the company, but their cloaths and their faces. I saw their looks clouded at the beginning of every game with an uniform solicitude, now and then in it's progress varied with a short triumph, at one time wrinkled with cunning, at another deadened with despondency, or by accident flushed with rage at the unskilful or unlucky play of a partner. From such assemblies, in whatever humour I happened to enter them, I was quickly forced to retire; they were too trifling for me when I was grave, and too dull when I was cheerful.

Yet I cannot but value myself upon this token of regard from a lady who is not afraid to stand before the torch of Truth. Let her not, however, consult her curiosity more than her prudence; but reflect a moment on the fate of Semele, who might have lived the favourite of Jupiter, if she could have been content without his thunder. It is dangerous for mortal beauty, or terrestrial virtue, to be examined by too strong a light. The torch of Truth shews much that we cannot, and all that we would not see. In a face dimpled with smiles, it has often discovered malevolence and envy; and detested, under jewels and brocade, the frightful forms of poverty and distress. A fine hand of cards have changed before it into a thousand spectres of sickness, misery, and vexation; and immense sums of money, while the winner counted them with transport, have at the first glimpse of this unwelcome lustre vanished from before him. If her ladyship therefore designs to continue her assembly, I would advise her to shun such dangerous experiments, to satisfy herself with common appearances, and to light up her apartments rather with myrtle than the torch of Truth.

‘A Modest young man sends his service to the author of the Rambler, and will be very willing to assist him in his work, but is sadly afraid of being discouraged by having his first essay rejected; a disgrace he has woefully experienced in every offer he had made of it to every new writer of every new paper: but he comforts himself by thinking, without vanity, that this has been from a peculiar favour of the Muses, who saved his performance from being buried in trash, and reserved it to appear with lustre in the Rambler.’

I am equally a friend to modesty and enterprise; and therefore shall an honour to correspond with a man who possesses both in so a degree. Youth is, indeed, in which these qualities ought to be found; modesty suits inexperience, and enterprise with vigour, and an extensive of life. One of my predecessors justly observed, that, though has an amiable and winning appearance, it ought not to hinder the exertion of the active powers, a man should shew under his latent resolution. This point of perfection, nice as it is, my correspondent seems to have attained. To modesty, his own declaration may be discovered in his letter by an observer. I will advise him, so well deserves my precepts, discouraged, though the Rambler prove equally envious, or taste the rest of this fraternity. If he is refused, the presses of England open; let him try the judgment publick. If, as it has sometimes happened in general combination of merit, he cannot persuade the buyers his works, he may present his friends; and if his friends with the epidemical insatiation, not find his genius, or will not, let him then refer his causality, and reserve his labours for age.

Thus have I dispatched for correspondents in the usual manner fair words and general civility. Flirtilla, the gay Flirtilla, what reply? Unable as I am to command, over land and seas, to ply her, from week to week, the fashions of Paris, or the intrigues of Madrid, I am yet not willing to let her further displeasure, and to withdraw my papers from her monkey on reasonable terms. By what pretext therefore, may I atone for my gravity, and open, without the future letters of this sprightly censor! To write in defence of modesty is no easy task; yet sumptuous and daring may well be as the price of so important an action. I therefore consulted, in an emergency, a man of high reputation for a gay life; who, having added, to

accomplish

Accomplishments, no mean proficiency in the minute philosophy, after the fifth perusal of her letter, broke out with rapture into these words—'And can you, Mr. Rambler, stand out against this charming creature? Let her know, at least, that from this moment Nigrinus devotes his life and his labours to her service. Is there any stubborn prejudice of education that stands between thee and the most amiable of mankind? Behold, Flirtilla, at thy feet, a man grown grey in the study of those noble arts by which right and wrong may be confounded; by which reason may be blinded when we have a mind to escape from her inspection; and caprice and appetite inflated in uncontrouled command, and boundless dominion! Such a casuist may surely engage, with certainty of success, in vindication of an entertainment which in an instant gives confidence to the

timorous, and kindles ardour in the cold; an entertainment where the vigilance of jealousy has so often been eluded, and the virgin is set free from the necessity of languishing in silence; where all the outworks of chastity are at once demolished; where the heart is laid open without a blush; where bashfulness may survive virtue, and no wish is crushed under the frown of modesty. Far weaker influence than Flirtilla's might gain over an advocate for such amusements. It was declared by Pompey, that, if the commonwealth was violated, he could stamp with his foot, and raise an army out of the ground: if the rights of pleasure are again invaded, let but Flirtilla crack her fan, neither pens nor swords shall be wanting at the summons; the wit and the colonel shall march out at her command; and neither law nor reason shall stand before us.'

## Nº XI. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1750.

NON DINDYMENE, NON ADYTIS QUATIT  
MENTEM SACERDOTUM INCOLA PYTHIUS,  
NON LIBERÆQUE, NON ACUTA  
SIC GEMINANT CORYBANTES ÆRÆ,  
TRISTES UT IRE.—

Hor.

YET O! REMEMBER, NOR THE GOD OF WINE,  
NOR PYTHIAN PHOEBUS FROM HIS INMOST SHRINE,  
NOR DINDYMENE, NOR HER PRIESTS POSSEST,  
CAN WITH THEIR SOUNDING CYMBALS SHAKE THE BREAST,  
LIKE FURIOUS ANGER.

FRANCIS.

THE maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was, *χρᾶν ὀργῇ*—be master of thy anger. He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of publick happiness and private tranquillity, and thought that he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

To what latitude Periander might extend the word, the brevity of his precept will scarce allow us to conjecture. From anger, in it's full import, proceeded into malevolence, and exerted in revenge, strife, indeed, many of the evils

to which the life of man is exposed. By anger operating upon power are produced the subversion of cities, the desolation of countries, the massacre of nations, and all those dreadful and astonishing calamities which fill the histories of the world, and which could not be read at any distant point of time, when the passions stand neutral, and every motive and principle is left to it's natural force, without some doubt of the truth of the relation, did we not see the same causes still tending to the same effects, and only acting with less vigour for want of the same concurrent opportunities.

But this gigantic and enormous species of anger falls not properly under the animadversion of a writer whose chief end is the regulation of common life, and

D

whole

whose precepts are to recommend themselves by their general use. Nor is this essay intended to expose the tragical or fatal effects even of private malignity. The anger which I propose now for my subject is such as makes those who indulge it more troublesome than formidable, and ranks them rather with hornets and wasps, than with basilisks and lions. I have therefore prefixed a motto, which characterises this passion, not so much by the mischief that it causes as by the noise that it utters.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals, known, and contentedly known, by the appellation of 'passionate men,' who imagine themselves entitled by that distinction to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the most part, fumes away in outcries of injury, and protestations of vengeance, and seldom proceeds to actual violence, unless a drawer or linkboy fall in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of those that happen to be within the reach of their clamours, obstruct the course of conversation, and disturb the enjoyment of society.

Men of this kind are sometimes not without understanding or virtue; and are, therefore, not always treated with the severity which their neglect of the ease of all about them might justly provoke: they have obtained a kind of prescription for their folly, and are considered by their companions as under a predominant influence that leaves them not masters of their conduct or language; as acting without consciousness, and rushing into mischief with a mist before their eyes; they are therefore pitied rather than censured, and their sallies are passed over as the involuntary blows of a man agitated by the spasms of a convulsion.

It is surely not to be observed without indignation, that men may be found of minds mean enough to be satisfied with this treatment; wretches who are proud to obtain the privilege of madmen, and can, without shame, and without regret, consider themselves as receiving hourly pardons from their companions, and giving them continual opportunities of exercising their patience, and boasting their clemency.

Pride is undoubtedly the original of anger; but pride, like every other passion, if it once breaks loose from reason, counteracts its own purposes. A passionate man, upon the review of his day, will have very few gratifications to offer to his pride, when he has considered how his outrages were caused, why they were borne, and in what they are likely to end at last.

Those sudden bursts of rage generally break out upon small occasions, for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged; therefore the first reflection upon his violence must shew him that he is mean enough to be driven from his post by every petty incident, that he is the mere slave of casualty, and that his reason and virtue are in the power of the wind.

One motive there is of these loud extravagances, which a man is careful to conceal from others, and does not always discover to himself. He that finds his knowledge narrow, and his arguments weak, and by consequence his suffrage not much regarded, is sometimes in hope of gaining that attention by his clamours which he cannot otherwise obtain, and is pleased with remembering that at least he made himself heard, that he had the power to interrupt those whom he could not confute, and suspend the decision which he could not guide.

Of this kind is the fury to which many men give way among their servants and domesticks; they feel their own ignorance; they see their own insignificance; and therefore they endeavour, by their fury, to fright away contempt from before them, when they know it must follow them behind; and think themselves eminently masters, when they see one folly tamely complied with, only lest refusal or delay should provoke them to a greater.

These temptations cannot but be owned to have some force. It is so little pleasing to any man to see himself wholly overlooked in the mass of things, that he may be allowed to try a few expedients for procuring some kind of supplemental dignity, and use some endeavour to add weight, by the violence of his temper, to the lightness of his other powers. But this has now been long practised, and found, upon the most exact

imate, not to produce advantage to its inconveniences; for not that a man can by uproar, and bluster, alter any one's opinion, his understanding, or gain except over those whom fortune has made his dependents. , by a steady perseverance in his , fright his children, and harasses ants; but the rest of the world look on and laugh, and he will have sport at last of thinking, that he is only to raise contempt and hatred, and to which wisdom and virtue are always unwilling to give occasion.

He has contrived only to make of him whom every reasonable man is endeavouring to endear by kindness, must content himself with the prospect of a triumph obtained by trampling on them who could not resist. He receives that the apprehension which hence causes is not the awe of his power, but the dread of his brutality, and he has given up the felicity of being loved without gaining the honour of being revered.

This is not the only ill consequence of frequent indulgence of this passion, which a man, by often consulting to his assistance, will teach, in time, to intrude before the summons, to rush upon him with resistless force, and without any previous notice its approach. He will find himself unable to be inflamed at the first touch of occasion, and unable to retain his temper, till he has a full conviction of offence, to proportion his anger to the cause, or to regulate it by prudence by duty. When a man has offered his mind to be thus violently he becomes one of the most unhappy beings. He can give no interview, alienate by some

sudden transport his dearest friend; or break out, upon some slight contradiction, into such terms of rudeness as can never be perfectly forgotten. Whoever converses with him, lives with the suspicion and solicitude of a man that plays with a tame tiger, always under a necessity of watching the moment in which the capricious savage shall begin to growl.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyrick on the Duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himself in oppression, and justifies the wrong, because he has done it, his insensibility can make small part of his praise, or his happiness; he only adds deliberate to hasty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and destroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderness and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of depravity may be content to pity, because it seldom wants a punishment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more despicable or more miserable than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigour of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks by decay of strength into peevishness; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, as Homer expresses it, *φθιόντων φίλων κῆρ*—to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt.

N<sup>o</sup> XII. SATURDAY, APRIL 28,

—MISERUM PARVA STIPE FOCILAT, UT PUDIBUNDOS  
EXERCERE SALES INTER CONVIVIA POSSIT.—

—TU MITIS, ET ACRI

ASPERITATE CARENS, POSITOQUE PER OMNIA FASTU,  
INTER UT ÆQUALES UNUS NUMERARIS AMICOS,  
OBSEQUIUMQUE DOCES, ET AMOREM QUÆRIS AMANDO

LUCA

UNLIKE THE RIBALD, WHOSE LICENTIOUS JEST  
DOLLUTES HIS BANQUET, AND INSULTS HIS GUEST;  
FROM WEALTH AND GRANDEUR EASY TO DESCEND,  
THOU JOY'ST TO LOSE THE MASTER IN THE FRIEND:  
WE ROUND THY BOARD THE CHEERFUL MENIALS SEE,  
GAY WITH THE SMILE OF BLAND EQUALITY;  
NO SOCIAL CARE THE GRACIOUS LORD DISDAINS;  
LOVE PROMPTS TO LOVE, AND REVERENCE REVERENCE G

## TO THE RAMBLER.

STR,  
AS you seem to have devoted your  
labours to virtue, I cannot for-  
bear to inform you of one species of  
cruelty with which the life of a man  
of letters perhaps does not often make  
him acquainted; and which, as it  
seems to produce no other advantage  
to those that practice it than a short  
gratification of thoughtless vanity,  
may become less common when it has  
been once exposed in its various forms,  
and its full magnitude:

I am the daughter of a country gen-  
tleman, whose family is numerous,  
and whose estate, not at first suffici-  
ent to supply us with affluence, has  
been lately so much impaired by an  
unsuccessful law-suit, that all the  
younger children are obliged to try  
such means as their education affords  
them, for procuring the necessaries of  
life. Distress and curiosity concurred  
to bring me to London, where I was  
received by a relation with the coldness  
which misfortune generally finds. A  
week, a long week, I lived with my  
cousin, before the most vigilant en-  
quiry could procure us the least hopes  
of a place, in which time I was much  
better qualified to bear all the vexa-  
tions of servitude. The first two  
days she was content to pity me, and  
only wished I had not been quite so  
well bred; but people must comply  
with their circumstances. This lenity,  
however, was soon at an end; and,  
for the remaining part of the week, I

heard every hour of  
family, the obstina-  
and of people better  
that were common  
At last, on Sat-  
told me, with very  
that Mrs. Bombasin  
mercier's lady, want  
fine place it would be  
be nothing to do but  
tress's room, get up  
the young ladies, v  
morning, take care  
just come from nu  
down to my needl  
was a woman of  
would not be contra-  
fore I should take  
places were not easily  
With these cauti  
Madam Bombasine  
first sight gave me n  
She was two yards  
her voice was at  
squeaking, and her f  
mind the picture of  
Are you the youn  
she, "that are come  
It is strange when p  
want a servant ho  
town-talk. But  
shall have a belly-f  
me. Not like peo  
end of the town,  
o'clock. But I nev  
without a characte  
do you come of?"  
that my father was a  
that we had been un  
great misfortune in

I have three meals a-day! So there was a gentleman; and a gentlewoman, I suppose: gentlewomen!"—"Madam, I mean to claim any exemption only answered your enquiry." gentlewomen! People should send their children to good trades, and send them off the parish. Pray go to the other end of the town; there are gentlewomen, if they would pay debts: I am sure we have lost many by gentlewomen!" Upon her broad face grew broader a flush; and I was afraid she had taken me for the pleasure of continuing her insult; but the next word was—"Pray, Gentlewoman, troop down. You may believe I obeyed

turned, and met with a better man from my cousin than I expected, while I was out, she had met Mrs. Standish, whose husband lately been raised from a clerk's office, to be commissioner of the Excise, had taken a fine house, and a maid.

Mrs. Standish I went; and, after waiting six hours, was at last admitted to the top of the stairs, when she led me to her room, with two of her maids. There was a smell of punch. "A fine woman, you want a place; do you come?"—"From the lady, Madam."—"Yes, they all come out of the country. And what do you do you to town; a bastard? do you lodge?"—"At the Seals?"—"What, you never heard of Foundling-house?" Upon this she laughed so obstreperously, that she took the opportunity of sneaking off without me.

I heard of a place at an elderly woman's. She was at cards; but in two minutes I was told, she would speak to me if I could keep an hour; and ordered me to write. I wrote lines out of some book that I found. She wondered what people should breed up poor girls to write for. "I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, is to see your work, it would be stuff! You may walk. I will send you love-letters written from my pen to every young fellow in the

days after, I went on the same

in pursuit to Lady Lofly, dressed, as I was directed, in what little ornaments I had, because she had lately got a place at court. Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that showed me in—"Is this the lady that wants a place? Pray what place would you have, Miss? a maid of honour's place? Servants, now-a-days!"—"Madam, I heard you wanted—" "Wanted what? Somebody finer than myself! A pretty servant, indeed! I should be afraid to speak to her.—I suppose, Mrs. Minx, those fine hands cannot bear wetting. A servant, indeed! Pray move off; I am resolved to be the head person in this house. You are ready dressed; the taverns will be open."

"I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen gown; and heard the servant tell his lady, there was a young woman, but he saw she would not do. I was brought up however. "Are you the trollop that has the impudence to come for my place? What, you have hired that nasty gown, and are come to steal a better."—"Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk—" "Then these are your manners, with your blushes, and your courtesies, to come to me in your worst gown!"—"Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my other."—"Wait on me, you saucy slut! Then you are sure of coming: I could not let such a drab come near me.—Here, you girl, that came up with her, have you touched her? If you have, wash your hands before you dress me.—Such trollops! —Get you down! What, whimpering? Pray walk!"

"I went away with tears; for my cousin had lost all patience. However, she told me, that having a respect for my relations, she was willing to keep me out of the street, and would let me have another week.

"The first day of this week I saw two places. At one I was asked where I had lived; and, upon my answer, was told by the lady, that people should qualify themselves in ordinary places, for she should never have done if she was to follow girls about. At the other house I was a smirking hussy, and that sweet face I might make money of; for her part, it was a rule with her never to take any creature that thought herself handsome.

• The

must be without praise, except from the single person who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a secret by which a man exempts himself from the reproaches of his conscience, and gratifies his pride, without suffering himself to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to those from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to those who have no temptation to betray the trust, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendship, if he discovers that they become publick.

Secrets are very frequently told in the first ardour of kindness, or of love, for the sake of proving, by so important a sacrifice, sincerity or tenderness; but with this motive, though it be strong in itself, vanity concurs, since every man desires to be most esteemed by those whom he loves, or with whom he converses, with whom he passes his hours of pleasure, and to whom he retires from business and from care.

When the discovery of secrets is under consideration, there is always a distinction carefully to be made between our own and those of another: those of which we are fully masters, as they affect only our own interest; and those which are reposed with us in trust, and involve the happiness or convenience of such as we have no right to expose to hazard. To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery, for the most part, combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been some enthusiastick and irrational zealots for friendship, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in possession of another; and that, therefore, it is a violation of kindness to exempt any secret from this boundless confidence. Accordingly, a late female minister of state has been shameless enough to inform the world, that she used, when she wanted to extract any thing from her sovereign, to remind her of Montaigne's reasoning; who has determined, that to tell a secret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, because the number of persons trusted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the same.

*That such a fallacy could be imposed*

upon any human understanding, or an author could have advanced a notion so remote from truth and many other ways than as a declaim shew to what extent he could stretch imagination, and with what strength could press his principle, would scarcely have been credible, had not this kindly shewn us how far weakness be deluded, or indolence amused. since it appears that even this sop has been able, with the help of a desire to repose in quiet upon the understanding of another, to mislead intentions, and an understanding contemptible, it may not be superfluous to remark, that those things which common among friends are only such either possesses in his own right, an alienate or destroy without injury to other person. Without this limited confidence must run on without the second person may tell the secret the third, upon the same principle received it from the first; and the may hand it forward to a fourth, at last, it is told in the round of friendship to them from whom it was the first intention to conceal it.

The confidence which Caius has in the faithfulness of Titius is nothing more than an opinion which himself cannot know to be true, and which Caius who first tells his secret to Caius, cannot know to be false; and therefore the secret is transferred by Caius, if he reveals it, has been told him, to one from whom the person originally concerned would have withheld it; and whatever may be the event, Caius has hazarded the privacy of his friend, without necessity without permission, and has put that in the hand of fortune which was committed only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of secrecy, he must upon reflection know to be uncertain, because he finds them without effect upon himself. When imagining that Titius will be cautious from a regard to his interest, his station, or his duty, he ought to remember that he is himself, at that instant, as in opposition to all these reasons, and revealing what interest, reputation, duty, direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that, in his own person he should consider the man incapable of trust, who believed himself at liberty

ver he knew to the first whom conclude deserving of his confidence; Caius, in admitting the affairs imparted only to him, knows that he violates his duty; he acts contrary to the intention of his friend, to whom that faith was given; promises of friendship are, therefore, useless and vain, unless made in some known sense, and acknowledged by both parties.

It is ignorant that many questions started relating to the duty of friendship here the affairs are of publick where subsequent reasons may alter the appearance and nature of it, that the manner in which it was told may change the obligation, and that the principle which a man is chosen for a friend may not always equally con- sidered; but these scruples, if not too are of too extensive consideration present purpose, nor are they generally occur in common life: though casuistical knowledge be useless in other hands, yet it ought by no means to be carelessly exposed, since most men rather to kill than awaken their consciences; and the threads of reason which truth is suspended, are

frequently drawn to such subtilty, that common eyes cannot perceive, and common sensibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine, as well as practice, of secrecy is so perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him who is compelled to trust, I think him unhappy who is chosen to be trusted; for he is often involved in scruples without the liberty of calling in the help of any other understanding; he is frequently drawn into guilt under the appearance of friendship and honesty; and sometimes subjected to suspicion by the treachery of others who are engaged without his knowledge in the same schemes: for he that has one confident has generally more, and when he is at last betrayed, is in doubt on whom he shall fix the crime.

The rules, therefore, that I shall propose concerning secrecy, and from which I think it not safe to deviate, without long and exact deliberation, are—Never to solicit the knowledge of a secret. Not willingly, nor without many limitations, to accept such confidence when it is offered. When a secret is once admitted, to consider the trust as of a very high nature, important as society, and sacred as truth, and therefore not to be violated for any incidental convenience, or slight appearance of contrary fitness.

## Nº XIV. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1750.

—NIL FUIT UNQUAM  
SIC DISPAR SIE:—

Hor.

SURE SUCH A VARIOUS CREATURE NE’ER WAS KNOWN.

Francis.

ING the many inconsistencies which folly produces, or infirmity in the human mind, there has been observed a manifest and striking variety between the life of an individual and his writings: and Milton, to a learned stranger, by whom he had been visited, with great reason relates himself upon the consciousness of being found equal to his own, and having preserved, in a private familiar interview, that reputation his works had procured him. Men, whom the appearance of virtue and the evidence of genius, have opened to a nearer knowledge of the whole of their performances they may have indeed had frequent rea-

son to repent their curiosity; the bubble that sparkled before them has become common water at the touch; the phantom of perfection has vanished when they wished to press it to their bosom. They have lost the pleasure of imagining how far humanity may be exalted; and, perhaps, felt themselves less inclined to toil up the steep of virtue, when they observe those who seem best able to point the way loitering below, as either afraid of the labour, or doubtful of the reward.

It has been long the custom of the oriental monarchs to hide themselves in gardens and palaces, to avoid the conversation of mankind, and to be known to their subjects only by their edicts.

E The



The same policy is no less necessary to him that writes, than to him that governs; for men would not more patiently submit to be taught, than commanded, by one known to have the same follies and weaknesses with themselves. A sudden intruder into the closet of an author would perhaps feel equal indignation with the officer who, having long solicited admission into the presence of Sardanapalus, saw him not consulting upon laws, enquiring into grievances, or modelling armies, but employed in feminine amusements, and directing the ladies in their work.

It is not difficult to conceive, however, that for many reasons a man writes much better than he lives. For without entering into refined speculations, it may be shewn much easier to design than to perform. A man proposes his schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear; and is in the same state with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth, and the wind always prosperous.

The mathematicians are well acquainted with the difference between pure science, which has to do only with ideas, and the application of it's laws to the use of life, in which they are constrained to submit to the imperfection of matter and the influence of accidents. Thus, in moral discussions, it is to be remembered that many impediments obstruct our practice, which very easily give way to theory. The speculatist is only in danger of erroneous reasoning, but the man involved in life has his own passions and those of others to encounter, and is embarrassed with a thousand inconveniences, which confound him with variety of impulse, and either perplex or obstruct his way. He is forced to act without deliberation, and obliged to chuse before he can examine; he is surprised by sudden alterations of the state of things, and changes his measures according to superficial appearances; he is led by others, either because he is indolent, or because he is timorous; he is sometimes afraid to know what is right, and sometimes finds friends or enemies diligent to deceive him.

We are, therefore, not to wonder that most fail, amidst tumult and cares, and danger, in the observance of those precepts which they lay down in soli-

tude, safety, and tranquillity, with a mind unobscured, and with liberty unobstructed. It is the condition of our present state to see more than we can attain; the exactest vigilance and caution can never maintain a single day of unmixed innocence, much less can the utmost efforts of incorporated mind reach the summits of speculative virtue.

It is, however, necessary for the idea of perfection to be proposed, that we may have some object to which our endeavours are to be directed; and he that is most deficient in the duties of life, makes some atonement for his faults, if he warns others against his own failings, and hinders, by the salubrity of his admonitions, the contagion of his example.

Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he may be sincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage, or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he neglects himself.

The interest which the corrupt part of mankind have in hardening themselves against every motive to amendment, has disposed them to give to these contradictions, when they can be produced against the cause of virtue, that weight which they will not allow them in any other case. They see men act in opposition to their interest, without supposing that they do not know it; those who give way to the sudden violence of passion, and forsake the most important pursuits for petty pleasures, are not supposed to have changed their opinions, or to approve their own conduct. In moral or religious questions alone they determine the sentiments by the actions, and charge every man with endeavouring to impose upon the world whose writings are not confirmed by his life. They never consider that themselves neglect or practise something every day inconsistently with their own settled judgment; nor discover that the conduct of the advocates for virtue can little increase, or lessen, the obligations of their dictates: argument is to be invalidated only by argument, and is in itself of the same force, whether or not it convinces him by whom it is proposed.

Yet since this prejudice, however un-

reasonable,

le, is always likely to have some  
ice, it is the duty of every man  
care lest he should hinder the ef-  
f of his own instructions. When  
s to gain the belief of others,  
id shew that he believes himself;  
en he teaches the fitness of virtue  
reasonings, he should, by his ex-  
prove it's possibility: thus much  
may be required of him, that  
l not act worse than others, be-  
: writes better; nor imagine that,  
nerit of his genius, he may claim  
nce beyond mortals of the lower  
and be excused for want of pru-  
or neglect of virtue.

n. in his History of the Winds,  
aving offered something to the  
ation as desirable, often proposes  
dvantages in it's place to the rea-  
attainable. The same method  
sometimes pursued in moral en-  
rs, which this philosopher has  
d in natural enquiries: having  
: positive and absolute excellence  
us, we may be pardoned though  
down to humbler virtue; trying,  
r, to keep our point always in  
nd struggling not to lose ground,  
we cannot gain it.

recorded of Sir Matthew Hale,  
for a long time concealed the  
ation of himself to the stricter du-  
religion, lest, by some flagitious  
uneful action, he should bring  
to disgrace. For the same reason  
he prudent for a writer who ap-  
ls that he shall not enforce his  
axims by his domestick character,  
real his name, that he may not  
them.

re are, indeed, a great number  
uriosity to gain a more familiar  
dge of successful writers is not  
h prompted by an opinion of their  
o improve as to delight; and who  
from them not arguments against  
r dissertations on temperance or  
but flights of wit, and fallies of  
try, or, at least, acute remarks,  
linctions, justness of sentiment,  
gance of diction.

expectation is, indeed, specious  
bable; and yet, such is the fate  
man hopes, that it is very often  
id, and those who raise admira-

tion by their books, disgust by their  
company. A man of letters for the  
most part spends, in the privacies of  
study, that season of life in which the  
manners are to be softened into ease,  
and polished into elegance; and, when  
he has gained knowledge enough to be  
respected, has neglected the minuter acts  
by which he might have pleased. When  
he enters life, if his temper be soft and  
timorous, he is diffident and bashful,  
from the knowledge of his defects; or  
if he was born with spirit and resolution,  
he is ferocious and arrogant, from the  
consciousness of his merit: he is either  
dissipated by the awe of company, and  
unable to recollect his reading, and ar-  
range his arguments; or he is hot and  
dogmatical, quick in opposition, and  
tenacious in defence; disabled by his own  
violence, and confuted by his haste to  
triumph.

The graces of writing and conversa-  
tion are of different kinds; and though he  
who excels in one might have been with  
opportunities and application equally  
successful in the other, yet as many please  
by extemporary talk, though utterly un-  
acquainted with the more accurate meth-  
od, and more laboured beauties, which  
composition requires; so it is very pos-  
sible that men, wholly accustomed to  
works of study, may be without that  
readiness of conception, and affluence of  
language, always necessary to colloquial  
entertainment. They may want address  
to watch the hints which conversation  
offers for the display of their particular  
attainments, or they may be so much un-  
furnished with matter on common sub-  
jects, that discourse not professedly lite-  
rary glides over them as heterogeneous  
bodies, without admitting their concep-  
tions to mix in the circulation.

A transition from an author's book to  
his conversation is too often like an en-  
trance into a large city, after a distant  
prospect. Remotely, we see nothing  
but spires of temples, and turrets of  
palaces, and imagine it the residence of  
splendour, grandeur, and magnificence;  
but, when we have passed the gates,  
we find it perplexed with narrow pas-  
sages, disgraced with despicable cot-  
tages, embarrassed with obstructions, and  
clouded with smoke.

N<sup>o</sup> XV. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1750.

ET QUANDO UBERIOR VITIUM COPIA? QUANDO  
MAJOR AVARITIAE PATUIT SINUS? ALIA QUANDO  
HOS ANIMOS?

JUV.

WHAT AGE SO LARGE A CROP OF VICES BORE,  
OR WHEN WAS AVARICE EXTENDED MORE?  
WHEN WERE THE DICE WITH MORE PROFUSION THROWN?

DRYDEN.

**T**HERE is no grievance, publick or private, of which, since I took upon me the office of a periodical monitor, I have received so many, or so earnest complaints, as of the predominance of play; of a fatal passion for cards and dice, which seems to have overturned, not only the ambition of excellence, but the desire of pleasure; to have extinguished the flames of the lover, as well as of the patriot; and threatens, in it's further progress, to destroy all distinctions, both of rank and sex, to crush all emulation but that of fraud, to corrupt all those classes of our people whose ancestors have, by their virtue, their industry, or their parsimony, given them the power of living in extravagance, idleness, and vice, and to leave them without knowledge, but of the modish games, and without wishes, but for lucky hands.

I have found, by long experience, that there are few enterprizes so hopeless as contests with the fashion; in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers, and strong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagonist, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean conversation, and narrow fortune; who envies the elevations which he cannot reach, who would gladly imbitter the happiness which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice than to revenge his own mortification by hindering those whom their birth and taste have set above him, from the enjoyment of their superiority, and bringing them down to a level with himself.

Though I have never found myself much affected by this formidable censure, which I have incurred often enough to be acquainted with it's full force, yet I shall, in some measure, obviate it on this occasion, by offering very little in *my own name, either of argument or*

intreaty, since those who suffer by general infatuation may be supposed able to relate it's effects.

‘ SIR,

**T**HERE seems to be so little ledge left in the world, a little of that reflection practice which knowledge is to be gained I am in doubt whether I shall be understood when I complain of want of opportunity for thinking; or whether a condemnation, which at present seems irreverible, to perpetual silence, will raise any compassion either in you or your readers; yet I will venture to lay my state before you, because I believe it is natural to minds to take some pleasure in plainning of evils of which they have no reason to be ashamed.

I am the daughter of a man of great fortune, whose dissidence of kind, and perhaps the pleasure of continual accumulation, incline him to reside upon his own estate, and educate his children in his own house where I was bred, if not with most brilliant examples of virtue before my eyes, at least remote enough from any incitements to vice; wanting neither leisure nor books; the acquaintance of some persons learning in the neighbourhood, and deavoured to acquire such knowledge as might most recommend me to them, and thought myself able to report a conversation upon most of subjects which my sex and condition made it proper for me to undertake.

I had, besides my knowledge, a mamma and my maid told me, a fine face, and elegant shape, and all these advantages had been several months the reigning toast for ten miles round, and never came to my monthly assembly, but I heard the ladies that sat by, wishing that it

and their daughters criticising my features, or my dress.

Now, Mr. Rambler, that am-  
natural to youth, and curio-  
understanding; and therefore  
without wonder, that I was  
to extend my victories over  
might give more honour to  
error; and that I found in a  
life a continual repetition of  
pleasures, which was not suf-  
fill up the mind for the pre-  
aise any expectations of the  
and I will confess to you,  
impatient for a sight of the  
d filled my thoughts with  
eries which I should make,  
hs that I should obtain, and  
that I should receive.

the time came. My aunt,  
band has a seat in parliament,  
ce at court, buried her only  
d sent for me to supply the  
re hope that I should so far  
myself into their favour, as to  
onsiderable augmentation of  
re, procured me every conve-  
my departure, with great ex-  
and I could not, amidst all  
orts, forbear some indigna-  
with what readiness the na-  
rdians of my virtue sold me  
which they thought more ha-  
ian it really was, as soon as a  
sion of fortune glittered in

days I was upon the road,  
he fourth morning my heart  
the sight of London. I was  
at my aunt's, and entered up-  
ne of action. I expected now,  
age and experience of my  
prudential lessons; but, af-  
t civilities and first tears were  
told what pity it was to have  
ne a girl so long in the coun-  
he people who did not begin  
ldom dealt their cards hand-  
played them tolerably.

persons are commonly in-  
sight the remarks and coun-  
selders. I smiled, perhaps,  
much contempt, and was up-  
point of telling her that my  
not been paid in such trivial  
ts. But I soon found that  
to be estimated, not by the  
of their effects, but the fre-  
their use,

A few days after, my aunt gave me  
notice, that some company, which she  
had been six weeks in collecting, was  
to meet that evening, and she expected  
a finer assembly than had been seen all  
the winter. She expressed this in the  
jargon of a gamester; and, when I asked  
an explication of her terms of art, won-  
dered where I had lived. I had already  
found my aunt so incapable of any ra-  
tional conclusion, and so ignorant of  
every thing, whether great or little, that  
I had lost all regard to her opinion, and  
dressed myself with great expectations  
of an opportunity to display my charms  
among rivals whose competition would  
not dishonour me. The company  
came in, and after the cursory compli-  
ments of salutation, alike easy to the  
lowest and the highest understanding,  
what was the result? The cards were  
broke open, the parties were formed,  
the whole night passed in a game up-  
on which the young and old were  
equally employed: nor was I able to  
attract an eye, or gain an ear; but be-  
ing compelled to play without skill, I  
perpetually embarrassed my partner,  
and soon perceived the contempt of the  
whole table gathering upon me.

I cannot but suspect, Sir, that this  
odious fashion is produced by a con-  
spiracy of the old, the ugly, and the  
ignorant, against the young and beau-  
tiful, the witty and the gay, as a con-  
trivance to level all distinctions of na-  
ture and of art; to confound the world  
in a chaos of folly, to take from those  
who could outshine them all the ad-  
vantages of mind and body, to with-  
hold youth from it's natural pleasures,  
deprive wit of it's influence, and beau-  
ty of it's charms, to fix those hearts  
upon money, to which love has hither-  
to been entitled, to sink life into a te-  
dious uniformity, and to allow it no  
other hopes or fears but those of rob-  
bing and being robbed.

Be pleased, Sir, to inform those of  
my sex who have minds capable of  
nobler sentiments, that, if they will  
unite in vindication of their pleasures  
and their prerogatives, they may fix a  
time at which cards shall cease to be  
in fashion, or be left only to those who  
have neither beauty to be loved, nor  
spirit to be feared; neither knowledge  
to teach, nor modesty to learn; and  
who, having passed their youth in vice,

are

'are justly condemned to spend their age  
'in folly. 'I am Sir, &c.

'CLEORA.'

'SIR,

'**V**EXATION will burst my heart,  
'if I do not give it vent. As you  
'publish a Paper, I insist upon it, that  
'you insert this in your next, as ever  
'you hope for the kindness and encour-  
'agement of any woman of taste, spi-  
'rit, and virtue. I would have it pub-  
'lished to the world, how deserving wives  
'are used by imperious coxcombs, that  
'thenceforth no woman may marry who  
'has not the patience of Grizzel. Nay,  
'if even Grizzel had been married to a  
'gamester, her temper would never have  
'held out. A wretch that loses his good-  
'humour and humanity along with  
'his money, and will not allow enough  
'from his own extravagances to support  
'a woman of fashion in the necessary  
'amusements of life! Why does not he  
'employ his wife head to make a figure  
'in parliament, raise an estate, and get  
'a title? That would be fitter for the  
'master of a family, than rattling a  
'noisy dice-box; and then he might in-  
'dulge his wife in a few slight expences  
'and elegant diversions.

'What if I was unfortunate at Brag?  
'—Should he not have stayed to see  
'how luck would turn another time?  
'Instead of that, what does he do, but  
'picks a quarrel, upbraids me with  
'loss of beauty, abuses my acquaint-  
'ance, ridicules my play, and insults  
'my understanding; says, forsooth,  
'that women have not heads enough  
'to play with any thing but dolls, and  
'that they should be employed in  
'things proportionable to their under-  
'standing, keep at home, and mind fa-  
'mily affairs.

'I do stay at home, Sir; and all the  
'world knows I am at home every Sun-  
'day. I have had six routes this win-  
'ter, and sent out ten packs of cards  
'in invitations to private parties. As  
'for management, I am sure he cannot  
'call me extravagant, or say I do not  
'mind my family. The children are out

'at nurse in villages as cheap as an  
'little brats can be kept, nor  
'ever seen them since; so he  
'trouble about them. The se  
'live at board-wages. My own  
'ners come from the Thatched  
'and I have never paid a pen-  
'any thing I have bought since  
'married. As for play, I do  
'may, indeed, indulge in that,  
'am my own mistress. Papa ma  
'drudge at Whist till I was tired  
'and, far from wanting a head  
'Hoyle, when he had not given  
'bove forty lessons, said I was  
'his best scholars. I thought  
'with myself, that, if once I  
'liberty, I would leave play, an  
'to reading romances, things  
'bidden at our house, and so rai  
'that it was impossible not to  
'them very charming. Most  
'tunately, to save me from absoh  
'dutifulness, just as I was m  
'came dear Brag into fashion, ar  
'since it has been the joy of m  
'so easy, so cheerful and carel  
'void of thought, and so g  
'Who can help loving it? Y  
'perfidious thing has used m  
'ill of late, and to-morrow I  
'have changed it for Faro. Bu  
'this detestable to-morrow, a th  
'ways expected, and never  
'Within these few hours mu  
'dragged into the country.  
'wretch, Sir, left me in a fit wh  
'threatenings had occasioned, a  
'mercifully ordered a post-chaise  
'I cannot, for money I have nor  
'credit I cannot get—But I wil  
'the monkey play with me at  
'upon the road for all I want.  
'almost sure to beat him, and hi  
'of honour I know he will pay.  
'who can tell but I may still com  
'and conquer Lady Packer? Si  
'need not print this last scheme  
'upon second thoughts, you r  
'Oh, distraction! the post-chais  
'the door. Sir, publish wh  
'will, only let it be printed wit  
'name.'

° XVI. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1750.

ULTIS DICENDI COPIA TORRENS,  
A MORTIFERA EST FACUNDIA—

JUV.

AMO THE DEPTHS OF ELOQUENCE HAVE FOUND,  
AT UNNAVIGABLE STREAM WERE DROWN'D.

DRYDEN.

A modest young man whom I favoured with your advice; and, as I am very suspicious that you fore-numberless inconveniences we, by following it, brought off, I will lay my condition on you, for you seem bound to me from the perplexities your counsel, however in the intention, has contrivolve me.

I am, as you thought, to my at a writer might easily find ntroducing his genius to the the *presses of England* were is I have now fatally expecthe press is, indeed, open.

*Infersus Averni,  
dixit patet atri janua Ditis.*

VIRG.

hell are open night and day;  
effcent, and easy is the way.

DRYDEN.

means of doing hurt to our-always at hand. I immediately to a printer, and contracted for an impression of several of my pamphlet. While it is press, I was seldom absent from the printing-house; and contrived the workmen to haste, by us, promises, and rewards. Every day all other pleasures were by the delightful employment-correcting the sheets; and night sleep generally was by anticipations of the happiness every hour was bringing

, the time of publication approach, and my heart beat with the of an author. I was above precautions; and, in defiance of criticism, set my name to the title, without sufficiently considering what has once passed the vocabulary; and that, though

the printing-house may properly be compared to the infernal regions for the facility of its entrance, and the difficulty with which authors return from it; yet there is this difference, that a great genius can never return to his former state by a happy draught of the waters of oblivion.

I am now, Mr. Rambler, known to be an author; and am condemned, irreversibly condemned, to all the miseries of high reputation. The first morning after publication my friends assembled about me; I presented each, as is usual, with a copy of my book: they looked into the first pages; but were hindered, by their admiration, from reading farther. The first pages are, indeed, very elaborate. Some passages they particularly dwelt upon, as more eminently beautiful than the rest; and some delicate strokes, and secret elegancies. I pointed out to them, which had escaped their observation. I then begged of them to forbear their compliments; and invited them, I could do no less, to dine with me at a tavern. After dinner, the book was resumed; but their praises very often so much overpowered my modesty, that I was forced to put about the glass, and had often no means of relieving the clamours of their admiration, but by thundering to the drawer for another bottle.

Next morning another set of my acquaintance congratulated me upon my performance with such importunity of praise, that I was again forced to obviate their civilities by a treat. On the third day, I had yet a greater number of applauders to put to silence in the same manner; and, on the fourth, those whom I had entertained the first day came again, having, in the perusal of the remaining part of the book, discovered so many forcible sentences and masterly touches, that it was impossible for me to bear the repetition of their commendations: I therefore persuaded them once more to adjourn to the

the tavern, and chuse some other subject, on which I might share in the conversation: but it was not in their power to withhold their attention from my performance; which had so entirely taken possession of their minds, that no entreaties of mine could change their topick; and I was obliged to stifle, with claret, that praise which neither my modesty could hinder, nor my uneasiness repress.

The whole week was thus spent in a kind of literary revel; and I have now found that nothing is so expensive as great abilities, unless there is joined with them an insatiable eagerness of praise; for, to escape from the pain of hearing myself exalted above the greatest names, dead and living, of the learned world, it has already cost me two hogheads of port, fifteen gallons of arrack, ten dozen of claret, and five and forty bottles of champagne.

I was resolved to stay at home no longer, and therefore rose early, and went to the coffee-house; but found that I had now made myself too eminent for happiness, and that I was no longer to enjoy the pleasure of mixing, upon equal terms, with the rest of the world. As soon as I enter the room, I see part of the company raging with envy, which they endeavour to conceal, sometimes with the appearance of laughter, and sometimes with that of contempt; but the disguise is such that I can discover the secret rancour of their hearts; and, as envy is deservedly its own punishment, I frequently indulge myself in tormenting them with my presence.

But, though there may be some slight satisfaction received from the mortification of my enemies, yet my benevolence will not suffer me to take any pleasure in the terrors of my friends. I have been cautious, since the appearance of my work, not to give myself more premeditated airs of superiority than the most rigid humility might allow. It is, indeed, not impossible that I may sometimes have laid down my opinion in a manner that shewed a consciousness of my ability to maintain it, or interrupted the conversation, when I saw its tendency, without suffering the speaker to waste his time in explaining his sentiments; and, indeed, I did indulge myself for two days in a custom of drumming with my fingers, when

the company began to lose the in absurdities, or to encroach upon subjects which I knew them unequal to discuss. But I generally act with great appearance of respect, to those whose stupidity I pitied at heart. Yet, notwithstanding this exemplary moderation, so universal dread of uncommon powers, and the unwillingness of mankind to be made wiser, that I have now five days found myself shunned by acquaintance. If I knock at a door, nobody is at home; if I enter a house, I have the box to myself; I live in the town like a lion in the desert, or an eagle on his rock, to the detriment of friendship or society, and condemned to solitude by unhappy attention and dreaded ascendancy.

Nor is my character only formidable to others, but burdensome to myself. I naturally love to talk, and much thinking, to scatter my thoughts at random, and to relate thoughts with ludicrous remarks, fanciful images; but such is the importance of my opinion, that I am afraid to offer it, lest, by being blighted too hastily into a maxim, it should be the occasion of error to the nation: and such is the expense with which I am attended when going to speak, that I frequently stop to reflect whether what I am about to utter is worthy of myself.

This, Sir, is sufficiently mischievous; but there are still greater calamities behind. You must have read in the *Swift* how men of parts have their closets rifled, and their closets broke open, at the instigation of the critical book-sellers, for the profit of the works; and it is apparent, that there are many prints now sold in the streets of men whom you cannot suppose sitting for that purpose, and whose likenesses must have been ceaseless when their names made faces vendible. These consider me at first put me on my guard; I have, indeed, found sufficient reason for my caution, for I have discovered many people examining my countenance with a curiosity that betrays their intention to draw it; I immediately left the house, but find their behaviour in another.

Others may be persecuted, but I am haunted; I have good reason

here that eleven painters are now dogging me, for they know that he who can get my face first will make his fortune. I often change my wig, and wear my hat over my eyes, by which I hope somewhat to confound them; for you know it is not fair to sell my face without admitting me to share the profit.

'I am, however, not so much in pain for my face as for my papers, which I dare neither carry with me nor leave behind. I have, indeed, taken some measures for their preservation, having put them in an iron chest, and fixed a padlock upon my closet. I change my lodgings five times a week, and always remove at the dead of night.

'Thus I live, in consequence of having given too great proofs of a predo-

minant genius, in the solitude of a hermit, with the anxiety of a miser, and the caution of an outlaw: afraid to shew my face, lest it should be copied; afraid to speak, lest I should injure my character; and to write, lest my correspondents should publish my letters; always uneasy lest my servants should steal my papers for the sake of money, or my friends for that of the publick. Thus it is to soar above the rest of mankind: and this representation I lay before you, that I may be informed how to divest myself of the laurels which are so cumbersome to the wearer, and descend to the enjoyment of that quiet from which I find a writer of the first class so fatally debarred.

'MISCELLUS.'

## Nº XVII. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1750.

—NE NON ORACULA CERTUM,  
SED MORS CERTA FACIT.

LUCAN.

LET THOSE WEAK MINDS WHO LIVE IN DOUBT AND FEAR,  
TO JUGGLING PRIESTS FOR ORACLES REPAIR;  
ONE CERTAIN HOUR OF DEATH TO EACH DECREED,  
MY FIX'D, MY CERTAIN SOUL, FROM DOUBT HAS FREED.

ROWE.

It is recorded of some eastern monarch, that he kept an officer in his house, whose employment it was to remind him of his mortality, by calling out every morning, at a stated hour—'Remember, prince, that thou shalt die!' And the contemplation of the frailness and uncertainty of our present state appeared of so much importance to Solon of Athens, that he left this precept to future ages—'Keep thine eye fixed upon the end of life.'

A frequent and attentive prospect of that moment which must put a period to all our schemes, and deprive us of all our acquisitions, is indeed of the utmost necessity to the just and rational regulation of our lives; nor would ever any thing wicked, or often any thing absurd, be undertaken or prosecuted by him who should begin every day with a serious reflection that he is born to die.

The disturbers of our happiness, in this world, are our desires, our griefs, and our fears; and to all these the consideration of mortality is a certain and adequate remedy. 'Think,' says E-

pictetus, 'frequently on poverty, hardship, and death, and thou wilt then never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments, *ἐν τῇ ἀνάγκῃ τὰς ἀντιθέσεις ἐνδύμενος, ὅτε ἄνθρωπος ἀνδραγαθὸς γίγνεται.*'

That the maxim of Epictetus is founded on just observation, will easily be granted, when we reflect, how that vehemence of eagerness after the common objects of pursuit is kindled in our minds. We represent to ourselves the pleasures of some future possession, and suffer our thoughts to dwell attentively upon it, till it has wholly engrossed the imagination, and permits us not to conceive any happiness but it's attainment, or any misery but it's loss; every other satisfaction which the bounty of Providence has scattered over life is neglected as inconsiderable, in comparison of the great object which we have placed before us, and is thrown from us as incumbering our activity, or trampled under foot as standing in our way.

Every man has experienced how much of this ardour has been remitted, when

F

a sharp



a sharp or tedious sickness has set death before his eyes. The extensive influence of greatness, the glitter of wealth, the praises of admirers, and the attendance of supplicants, have appeared vain and empty things when the last hour seemed to be approaching; and the same appearance they would always have, if the same thought was always predominant. We should then find the absurdity of stretching out our arms incessantly to grasp that which we cannot keep, and wearing out our lives in endeavours to add new turrets to the fabrick of ambition, when the foundation itself is shaking, and the ground on which it stands is mouldering away.

All envy is proportionate to desire; we are uneasy at the attainments of another, according as we think our own happiness would be advanced by the addition of that which he withholds from us; and therefore whatever depresses immoderate wishes, will, at the same time, set the heart free from the corrosion of envy, and exempt us from that vice which is, above most others, tormenting to ourselves, hateful to the world, and productive of mean artifices and sordid projects. He that considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance as to close it well; and will therefore look with indifference upon whatever is useless to that purpose. Whoever reflects frequently upon the uncertainty of his own duration, will find out that the state of others is not more permanent; and that what can confer nothing on himself very desirable cannot so much improve the condition of a rival as to make him much superior to those from whom he has carried the prize, a prize too mean to deserve a very obstinate opposition.

Even grief, that passion to which the virtuous and tender mind is particularly subject, will be obviated or alleviated by the same thoughts. It will be obviated, if all the blessings of our condition are enjoyed with a constant sense of this uncertain tenure. If we remember, that whatever we possess is to be in our hands but a very little time, and that the little which our most lively hopes can promise us may be made less by ten thousand accidents, we shall not much repine at a loss of which we cannot estimate the value, but of which, though we are not able to tell the least amount, we know, with sufficient certainty, the

greatest, and are convinced that the greatest is not much to be regretted.

But if any passion has so much usurped our understanding, as not to suffer us to enjoy advantages with the moderation prescribed by reason, it is not too late to apply this remedy when we find ourselves sinking under sorrow, and inclined to pine for that which is irrecoverably vanished. We may then usefully revolve the uncertainty of our own condition, and the folly of lamenting that from which, if it had stayed a little longer, we should ourselves have been taken away.

With regard to the sharpest and most melting sorrow, that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness, it may be observed, that friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms than that one must some time mourn for the other's death: and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

Nor is fear, the most overbearing and restless of all our passions, less to be tempered by this universal medicine of the mind. The frequent contemplation of death, as it shows the vanity of all human good, discovers likewise the lightness of all terrestrial evil, which certainly can last no longer than the subject upon which it acts; and, according to the old observation, must be shorter, as it is more violent. The most cruel calamity which misfortune can produce, must, by the necessity of nature, be quickly at an end. The soul cannot long be held in prison, but will fly away, and leave a lifeless body to human malice.

———*Ridetur sui ludibria trunci.*

And, soaring, mocks the broken frame below.

The utmost that we can threaten to one another is that death which, indeed, we may precipitate, but cannot retard; and from which, therefore, it cannot become a wise man to buy a reprieve at the expence of virtue, since he knows not how small a portion of time he can purchase, but knows that, whether short or long, it will be made less valuable by the remembrance of the price at which it has been obtained. He is sure that he destroys his happiness, but

of sure that he lengthens his known shortness of life, as it moderate our passions, may with equal propriety, contract ours. There is not time for the ciple genius, and most active in to extend it's effects beyond a sphere. To project the conquest world, is the madness of mighty to hope for excellence in every has been the folly of literary and both have found, at last, y have panted for a height of e denied to humanity, and have y opportunities of making themselves and happy, by a vain amf obtaining a species of honour, the eternal laws of Providence sed beyond the reach of man. miscarriages of the great designs are recorded in the histories of rid, but are of little use to the mankind, who seem very little d in admonitions against errors they cannot commit. But the earned ambition is a proper sub-very scholar to consider; for who had occasion to regret the diffi-

pation of great abilities in a boundless multiplicity of pursuits, to lament the sudden desertion of excellent designs, upon the offer of some other subject made inviting by it's novelty, and to observe the inaccuracy and deficiencies of works left unfinished by too great an extension of the plan?

It is always pleasing to observe, how much more our minds can conceive than our bodies can perform; yet it is our duty, while we continue in this complicated state, to regulate one part of our composition by some regard to the other. We are not to indulge our corporeal appetites with pleasures that impair our intellectual vigour, nor gratify our minds with schemes which we know our lives must fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to set bounds to our designs, and add incitements to our industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to immensity in our schemes, or sluggishness in our endeavours, we may either check or animate ourselves by recollecting, with the father of physick—that *art is long, and life is short*.

## Nº XVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1750.

ILLIC MATRE CARENTIBUS,  
DIVIGNIS MULIERE TEMPERAT INNOCENS,  
SEC DOTATA REGIT VIRUM  
CONJUX, NEC NITIDO FIDIT ADULTERO;  
DOS EST MAGNA PARENTUM  
IRFUS, ET METUENS ALTERIUS TORI  
CREATO FODERE CASTITAS.

Hor.

NOT THERE THE GUILTLESS STEP-DAME KNOWS  
THE BALEFUL DRAUGHT FOR ORPHANS TO COMPOSE;  
NO WIFE HIGH-FORTION'D RULES HER SPOUSE,  
OR TRUSTS HER ESSENC'D LOVER'S FAITHLESS VOWS:  
THE LOVERS THERE FOR DOW'RY CLAIM  
THE FATHER'S VIRTUE, AND THE SPOTLESS PAME,  
WHICH DARES NOT BREAK THE NUPTIAL TIE.

FRANCIS.

ERE is no observation more frequently made by such as employ res in surveying the conduct of d, than that Marriage, though ne of nature, and the institution dence, is yet very often the cause ry; and that those who enter into s can seldom forbear to express entance, and their envy of those ther chance or caution hath with- to it.

This general unhappiness has given occasion to many sage maxims among the serious, and smart remarks among the gay; the moralist and the writer of epigrams have equally shown their abilities upon it; some have lamented, and some have ridiculed it: but as the faculty of writing has been chiefly a masculine endowment, the reproach of making the world miserable has been always thrown upon the women; and the grave

and the merry have equally thought themselves at liberty to conclude either with declamatory complaints, or satirical censures, of female folly or fickleness, ambition or cruelty, extravagance or lust.

Led by such numbers of examples, and incited by my share in the common interest, I sometimes venture to consider this universal grievance, having endeavoured to divest my heart of all partiality, and place myself as a kind of neutral being between the sexes, whose clamours, being equally vented on both sides with all the vehemence of distress, all the apparent confidence of justice, and all the indignation of injured virtue, seem entitled to equal regard. The men have, indeed, by their superiority of writing, been able to collect the evidence of many ages, and raise prejudices in their favour by the venerable testimonies of philosophers, historians, and poets; but the pleas of the ladies appeal to passions of more forcible operation than the reverence of antiquity. If they have not so great names on their side, they have stronger arguments: it is to little purpose that Socrates or Euripides are produced against the sighs of softness, and the tears of beauty. The most frigid and inexorable judge would, at least, stand suspended between equal powers; as Lucan was perplexed in the determination of the cause where the deities were on one side and Cato on the other.

But I, who have long studied the severest and most abstracted philosophy, have now, in the cool maturity of life, arrived at such command over my passions, that I can hear the vociferations of either sex without catching any of the fire from those that utter them. For I have found, by long experience, that a man will sometimes rage at his wife, when in reality his mistress has offended him; and a lady complain of the cruelty of her husband, when she has no other enemy than bad cards. I do not suffer myself to be any longer imposed upon by oaths on one side, or fits on the other; nor when the husband hastens to the tavern, and the lady retires to her closet, am I always confident that they are driven by their miseries; since I have sometimes reason to believe that they purpose not so much to sooth their sorrows as to animate their fury. But how little credit soever may be given to particular accusations, the general ac-

cumulation of the charge shews, with too much evidence, that married persons are not very often advanced in felicity; and, therefore, it may be proper to examine at what avenues so many evils have made their way into the world. With this purpose, I have reviewed the lives of my friends, who have been least successful in connubial contracts, and attentively considered by what motives they were incited to marry, and by what principles they regulated their choice.

One of the first of my acquaintances that resolved to quit the unsettled thoughtless condition of a bachelor, was Prudentius, a man of slow parts, but not without knowledge or judgment in things which he had leisure to consider gradually before he determined them. Whenever we met at a tavern, it was his province to settle the scheme of our entertainment, contract with the cook, and inform us when we had called for wine to the sum originally proposed. This grave considerer found, by deep meditation, that a man was no loser by marrying early, even though he contented himself with a less fortune; for estimating the exact worth of annuities, he found that, considering the constant diminution of the value of life, with the probable fall of the interest of money, it was not worse to have ten thousand pounds at the age of two and twenty years, than a much larger fortune at thirty: 'For many opportunities,' says he, 'occur of improving money, which if a man misses, he may not afterwards recover.'

Full of these reflections, he threw his eyes about him, not in search of beauty or elegance, dignity or understanding, but of a woman with ten thousand pounds. Such a woman, in a wealthy part of the kingdom, it was not very difficult to find; and by artful management with her father, whose ambition was to make his daughter a gentlewoman, my friend got her, as he boasted to us in confidence two days after his marriage, for a settlement of seventy-three pounds a year less than her fortune might have claimed, and less than he would himself have given, if the fools had been but wise enough to delay the bargain.

Thus, at once delighted with the superiority of his parts, and the augmentation of his fortune, he carried Furia to his own house, in which he never expect-

wards enjoyed one hour of happiness. For Furia was a wretch of mean intellects, violent passions, a strong voice, and low education, without any sense of happiness but that which consisted in eating and counting money. Furia was a scold. They agreed in the desire of wealth, but with this difference, that Prudentius was for growing rich by gain, Furia by parsimony. Prudentius would venture his money with chances very much in his favour: but Furia very wisely observing that what they had was, while they had it, *their own*; thought all traffick too great a hazard; and was for putting it out at low interest, upon good security. Prudentius ventured, however, to insure a ship, at a very unreasonable price; but happening to lose his money, was so tormented with the clamours of his wife, that he never durst try a second experiment. He has now grovelled seven and forty years under Furia's direction, who never once mentioned him, since his bad luck, by any other name than that of *the insurer*.

The next that married from our society was Florentius. He happened to see Zephyretta in a chariot at a horse-race, danced with her at night, was confirmed in his first ardour, waited on her next morning, and declared himself her lover. Florentius had not knowledge enough of the world to distinguish between the flutter of coquetry and the sprightliness of wit, or between the smile of allurements and that of cheerfulness. He was soon waked from his rapture by conviction, that his pleasure was but the pleasure of a day. Zephyretta had in four and twenty hours spent her stock of repartee, gone round the circle of her airs, and had nothing remaining for him but childish insipidity, or for herself but the practice of the same artifices upon new men.

Melissus was a man of parts, capable of enjoying and of improving life. He had passed through the various scenes of gaiety with that indifference and possession of himself, natural to men who have something higher and nobler in their prospect. Retiring to spend the summer in a village little frequented, he happened to lodge in the same house with Iamthe, and was unavoidably drawn to some acquaintance, which her wit and politeness soon invited him to improve. Having no opportunity of any

other company, they were always together; and, as they owed their pleasures to each other, they began to forget that any pleasure was enjoyed before their meeting. Melissus, from being delighted with her company, quickly began to be uneasy in her absence; and being sufficiently convinced of the force of her understanding, and finding, as he imagined, such a conformity of temper as declared them formed for each other, addressed her as a lover; after no very long courtship obtained her for his wife, and brought her next winter to town in triumph.

Now began their infelicity. Melissus had only seen her in one scene, where there was no variety of objects to produce the proper excitements to contrary desires. They had both loved solitude and reflection, where there was nothing but solitude and reflection to be loved; but when they came into publick life, Iamthe discovered those passions which accident rather than hypocrisy had hitherto concealed. She was, indeed, not without the power of thinking, but was wholly without the exertion of that power when either gaiety or splendour played on her imagination. She was expensive in her diversions, vehement in her passions, insatiate of pleasure, however dangerous to her reputation, and eager of applause by whomsoever it might be given. This was the wife which Melissus the philosopher found in his retirement, and from whom he expected an associate in his studies, and an assistant to his virtues.

Proscapius, upon the death of his younger brother, that the family might not be extinct, married his housekeeper, and has ever since been complaining to his friends that mean notions are instilled into his children, that he is ashamed to sit at his own table, and that his house is uneasy to him for want of suitable companions.

Avaro, master of a very large estate, took a woman of bad reputation, recommended to him by a rich uncle, who made that marriage the condition on which he should be his heir. Avaro now wonders to perceive his own fortune, his wife's and his uncle's, insufficient to give him that happiness which is to be found only with a woman of virtue.

I intend to treat in more papers on this important article of life; and shall therefore make no reflection upon these histories.



notions of the condition of life with whom he conversed to attain. Polyphilus, in coming to London, fell accidentally with physicians, and was so much struck with the prospect of turning philosophy to profit, and so highly delighted with a new theory of fevers which he found in his imagination, and which he had considered in a few hours, that he was himself able to maintain against the advocates for the ancient system, resolved to apply himself to anatomy and chemistry, and to leave unconquered, either of the animal, or vegetable kingdoms. He therefore read authors, constructed experiments, and tried experiments; but as he was going to see a new flower in Chelsea, he met, in Westminster to take water, the doctor's coach; he had the curiosity to get him into the Hall, where a case happened to be tried, and he himself able to produce arguments which the lawyers had on both sides, that he determined to give up physick for a profession in which he found it would be so easy to find which promised higher and larger profits, without attendance upon misery, mean to peevishness, and continual on of rest and pleasure. He immediately took chambers in the city, bought a common-place book, indexed himself some months to all of the statutes, year-books, reports; he was a connoisseur of the courts, and began to write with reasonable accuracy. But he discovered, by considering the fees of lawyers, that preferment was to be got by acuteness, learning, and assiduity. He was perplexed by the intricacies of attorneys, and misfortune made by his clients of their fees, by the useless anxiety of the incessant importunity of which he began to repent of having himself to a study which was not in its comprehension that it could carry his name to any other and thought it unworthy of a man to sell his life only for The barrenness of his fellow-workers had generally introduced him into other at his hours of entertainment, and the varieties of conversation which his curiosity was daily

wandering, he by chance mingled at a tavern with some intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters was easily dazzled with the gaiety of their appearance, and softened into kindness by the politeness of their address: he, therefore, cultivated this new acquaintance; and when he saw how readily they found in every place admission and regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every rank and order of men, he began to feel his heart beat for military honours, and wondered how the prejudices of the university should make him so long insensible of that ambition, which has fired so many hearts in every age, and negligent of that calling, which is, above all others, universally and invariably illustrious, and which gives, even to the exterior appearance of its professors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the rest of mankind.

These favourable impressions were made still deeper by his conversation with ladies, whose regard for soldiers he could not observe without wishing himself one of that happy fraternity to which the female world seemed to have devoted their charms and their kindness. The love of knowledge, which was still his predominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of adventures, and accounts of foreign countries; and therefore he concluded that there was no way of life in which all his views could so completely concenter as in that of a soldier. In the art of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having observed his new friends not very much versed in the principles of tactics or fortification; he therefore studied all the military writers, both ancient and modern, and, in a short time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable battle that has been lost from the beginning of the world. He often shewed at table, how Alexander should have been checked in his conquests, what was the fatal error at Pharfalia, how Charles of Sweden might have escaped his ruin at Pultowa, and Marlborough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper, so that no superiority of numbers could force them, and modelled in clay many impregnable fortresses, on which all the present arts of attack would be exhausted without effect.

Polyphilus, in a short time, obtained a commission; but before he could run off

off the solemnity of a scholar, and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared, and forces sent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found that study alone would not make a soldier; for being much accustomed to think, he let the sense of danger sink into his mind, and felt, at the approach of any action, that terror which a sentence of death would have brought upon him. He saw that, instead of conquering their fears, the endeavour of his gay friends was only to escape them; but his philosophy chained his mind to its object, and rather loaded him with shackles than furnished him with arms. He, however, suppressed his misery in silence, and passed through the campaign with honour; but found himself utterly unable to support another.

He then had recourse again to his books, and continued to range from one study to another. As I usually visit him once a month, and am admitted to him without previous notice, I have found him, within this last half year, decyphering the Chinese language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obsolete terms of the English law, writing an inquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian brags, and forming a new scheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus is this powerful genius, which might have extended the sphere of any science, or benefited the world in any profession, dissipated in a boundless variety, without profit to others or himself. He makes sudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and sees all obstacles give way before him; but he never stays long enough to complete his conquest, to establish laws, or bring away the spoils.

Such is often the folly of men, whom nature has enabled to obtain skill and knowledge, on terms so easy, that they have no sense of the value of the acquisition; they are qualified to make such speedy progress in learning, that they think themselves at liberty to loiter in the way, and by turning aside after every new object, lose the race, like Ata-

lanta, to slower competitors, and diligently forward, and whose foot rested to a single point.

I have often thought those who have been fixed, from the first thought, in a determination to follow of life, by the choice of one authority may preclude caprice, an influence may prejudice them in of his opinion. The general pre consulting the genius is of little less we are told how the genius known. If it is to be discovered by experiment, life will be lost the resolution can be fixed; if indications are to be found, the perhaps, be very early discern least, if to miscarry in an attempt proof of having mistaken the of the genius, men appear not frequently deceived with regard to selves than to others; and there one has much reason to complain life was planned out by his friend to be confident that he should be either more honour or happiness abandoned to the chance of fancy.

It was said of the learned Sanderson, that, when he was giving his lectures, he hesitated so and rejected so often, that, at the end of reading, he was often forced to produce, not what was best, but happened to be at hand. This is the state of every man who, in the choice of his employment, balances the arguments on every side: the complication is so intricate, the objections so numerous, that much play for the imagination, much remains in the power of other reason is forced at last to rest in finality, the decision devolves in the hands of chance, and after a great deal of life spent in inquiries which never be resolved, the rest must pass in repenting the unnecessary, and can be useful to few other persons than to warn others against the folly, and to shew, that of two lives equally consistent with religion and virtue, he who chooses earliest, chooses

N<sup>o</sup> XX. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1750.

AD POPULUM PHALERAS, EGO TE INTUS, ET IN CUTI NOVI.

PERSIUS.

SUCH PAGEANTRY BE TO THE PEOPLE SHOWN;  
 THERE BOAST THY HORSE'S TRAPPINGS AND THY OWN;  
 I KNOW THEE TO THE BOTTOM; FROM WITHIN  
 TRY SHALLOW CENTRE, TO THY UTMOST SKIN.

DRYDEN.

**A**MONG the numerous stratagems by which pride endeavours to recommend folly to regard, there is scarcely one that meets with less success than Affectation, or a perpetual disguise of the real character by fictitious appearances; whether it be, that every man hates falshood, from the natural congruity of truth to his faculties of reason, or that every man is jealous of the honour of his understanding, and thinks his discernment consequentially called in question, whenever any thing is exhibited under a borrowed form.

This aversion from all kinds of disguise, whatever be it's cause, is universally diffused, and incessantly in action; so is it necessary that, to exasperate detestation, or excite contempt, any interest should be invaded, or any competition attempted; it is sufficient that there is an intention to deceive, an intention which every heart swells to oppose, and every tongue is busy to detect.

This reflection was awakened in my mind by a very common practice among my correspondents, of writing under characters which they cannot support, which are of no use to the explanation or enforcement of that which they describe or recommend; and which, therefore, since they assume them only for the sake of displaying their abilities, I will advise them for the future to forego, as laborious without advantage.

It is almost a general ambition of those who favour me with their advice for the regulation of my conduct, or their commendation for the assistance of my understanding, to affect the style and the names of ladies. And I cannot always withhold some expression of anger, like to Hagar in the comedy, when I happen to find that a woman has a beard. I will therefore warn the gentle Phyllis, to send me no more letters from Belshazzar's Guards: and require of Bel-

inda, that she be content to resign her pretensions to female elegance, till she has lived three weeks without hearing the politicks of Batson's coffee-house. I must indulge myself in the liberty of observation, that there were some illusions in Chloris's production, sufficient to shew that Bracon and Plowden are her favourite authors; and that Euphelia has not been long enough at home to wear out all the traces of the phraseology which she learned in the expedition to Carthagen.

Among all my female friends, there was none who gave me more trouble to decypher her true character than Penthesilea, whose letter lay upon my desk three days before I could fix upon the real writer. There was a confusion of images, and medley of barbarity, which held me long in suspense; till by perseverance I disentangled the perplexity, and found that Penthesilea is the son of a wealthy stock-jobber, who spends his morning, under his father's eye, in Change-Alley, dines at a tavern in Covent-Garden, passes his evening in the play-house, and part of the night at a gaming-table; and, having learned the dialects of these various regions, has mingled them all in a studied composition.

When Lee was once told by a critic, that it was very easy to write like a madman, he answered, that it was difficult to write like a madman, but easy enough to write like a fool: and I hope to be excused by my kind contributors, if, in imitation of this great author, I presume to remind them, that it is much easier not to write like a man, than to write like a woman.

I have, indeed, some ingenious well-wishers, who, without departing from their sex, have found very wonderful appellations. A very smart letter has been sent me from a pany ensign, signed Ajax Telamorous; another, in recommendation



commendation of a new treatise upon cards, from a gamester, who calls himself *Sefoltris*; and another upon the improvements of the fishery from *Dioclesian*: but as these seem only to have picked up their appellations by chance, without endeavouring at any particular imposture, their improprieties are rather instances of blunder than of affectation, and are therefore not equally fitted to inflame the hostile passions; for it is not folly but pride, not error but deceit, which the world means to persecute, when it raises the full cry of nature to hunt down affectation.

The hatred which dissimulation always draws upon itself is so great, that if I did not know how much cunning differs from wisdom, I should wonder that any men have so little knowledge of their own interest as to aspire to wear a mask for life; to try to impose upon the world a character, to which they feel themselves void of any just claim; and to hazard their quiet, their fame, and even their profit, by exposing themselves to the danger of that reproach, malevolence, and neglect, which such a discovery as they have always to fear will certainly bring upon them.

It might be imagined, that the pleasure of reputation should consist in the satisfaction of having our opinion of our own merit confirmed by the suffrage of the publick; and that to be extolled for a quality which a man knows himself to want, should give him no other happiness than to be mistaken for the owner of an estate over which he chances to be travelling. But he who subsists upon affectation knows nothing of this delicacy; like a desperate adventurer in commerce, he takes up reputation upon trust, mortgages possession, which he never had, and enjoys, to the fatal hour of bankruptcy, though with a thousand terrors and anxieties, the unnecessary splendor of borrowed riches.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Thus the man who, to curry on our fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion, and exactness of life, is guilty of hypocrisy; and his guilt is greater, as the end for which he puts on the false appearance is more pernicious. But he that, with

an awkward address, and unpleasing countenance, boasts of the conquests made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thousands which he might have possessed if he would have submitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finishes a top. Contempt is the proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.

With the hypocrite it is not at present my intention to expostulate; though even he might be taught the excellency of virtue, by the necessity of seeming to be virtuous; but the man of affectation may perhaps be reclaimed, by finding how little he is likely to gain by perpetual constraint and incessant vigilance, and how much more securely he might make his way to esteem by cultivating real, than displaying counterfeit qualities.

Every thing future is to be estimated by a wise man, in proportion to the probability of attaining it, and it's value when attained; and neither of these considerations will much contribute to the encouragement of affectation. For if the pinnacles of fame be, at best, slippery, how unsteady must his footing be who stands upon pinnacles without foundation! If praise be made by the inconsistency and maliciousness of those who must confer it, a blessing which no man can promise himself from the most conspicuous merit and vigorous industry, how faint must be the hope of gaining it, when the uncertainty is multiplied by the weakness of the pretensions! He that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds; but he that endeavours after it by false merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel. Though he should happen to keep above water for a time, by the help of a soft breeze and a calm sea, at the first gust he must inevitably founder, with this melancholy reflection, that, if he would have been content with his natural station, he might have escaped his calamity. Affectation may possibly succeed for a time; and a man may, by great attention, persuade others that he really has the qualities which he presumes to boast: but the

hour.

have will come when he should exert them; and then whatever he enjoyed in praise he must suffer in reproach.

Appraise and admiration are by no means to be counted among the necessities of life, and therefore any indirect arts to obtain them have very little claim to pardon or compassion. There is scarcely any man without some valuable or improveable qualities, by which he might always secure himself from contempt. And perhaps exemption from ignominy is the most eligible reputation; as freedom from pain is, among some philosophers, the definition of happiness.

If we therefore compare the value of the praise obtained by fictitious excel-

lence, even while the cheat is yet undiscovered, with that kindness which every man may suit by his virtue, and that esteem to which most men may rise by common understanding steadily and honestly applied, we shall find that when from the adscititious happiness all the deductions are made by fear and casualty, there will remain nothing equiponderant to the security of truth. The state of the possessor of humble virtues, to the affecter of great excellences, is that of a small cottage of stone, to the palace raised with ice by the Empress of Russia; it was for a time splendid and luminous, but the first sunshine melted it to nothing.

## Nº XXI. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1750.

TERRA SALUTIFERAS HERBAS, EADEMQUE NOCENTES;  
NUTRIJ; ET URTICÆ PROXIMA SÆPE ROSA EST.

OVID.

OUR BANE AND PHYSICK THE SAME EARTH BESTOWS,  
AND NEAR THE NOISOME NETTLE BLOOMS THE ROSE.

EVERY man is prompted by the love of himself to imagine, that he possesses some qualities, superior, either in kind or in degree, to those which he is allotted to the rest of the world; and, whether an apparent disadvantage he may suffer in the comparison with others, he has some invisible distinctions, some latent reserve of excellence, which he throws into the balance, and by which he generally fancies that it is turned in his favour.

The studious and speculative part of mankind always seem to consider their fraternity as placed in a state of opposition to those who are engaged in the tumult of public business; and have pleased themselves, from age to age, with celebrating the felicity of their own condition, and with recounting the perplexity of politics, the dangers of greatness, the anxieties of ambition, and the miseries of riches.

Among the numerous topics of declamation that their industry has discovered on this subject, there is none which they press with greater efforts, or on which they have more copiously laid out their reason and their imagination, than the instability of high stations, and the uncertainty with which the profits and honours are possessed, that must be ac-

quired with so much hazard, vigilance, and labour.

This they appear to consider as an irrefragable argument against the choice of the statesman and the warrior; and swell with confidence of victory, thus furnished by the muses with the arms which never can be blunted, and which no art or strength of their adversaries can elude or resist.

It is well known by experience to the nations which employed elephants in war, that though by the terror of their bulk, and the violence of their impression, they often threw the enemy into disorder, yet there was always danger in the use of them, very nearly equivalent to the advantage; for if their first charge could be supported, they were easily driven back upon their confederates; they then broke through the troops behind them, and made no less havock in the precipitation of their retreat than in the fury of their onset.

I know not whether those who have so vehemently urged the inconveniences and danger of an active life, have not made use of arguments that may be retorted with equal force upon themselves; and whether the happiness of a candidate for literary fame be not subject to the same uncertainty with that of him who governs

provinces, commands armies, presides in the senate, or dictates in the cabinet.

That eminence of learning is not to be gained without labour, at least equal to that which any other kind of greatness can require, will be allowed by those who wish to elevate the character of a scholar; since they cannot but know that every human acquisition is valuable in proportion to the difficulty employed in its attainment. And that those who have gained the esteem and veneration of the world, by their knowledge or their genius, are by no means exempt from the solicitude which any other kind of dignity produces, may be conjectured from the innumerable artifices which they make use of to degrade a superior, to repress a rival, or obstruct a follower; artifices so gross and mean, as to prove evidently how much a man may excel in learning, without being either more wise or more virtuous than those whose ignorance he pities or despises.

Nothing therefore remains by which the student can gratify his desire of appearing to have built his happiness on a more firm basis than his antagonist, except the certainty with which his honours are enjoyed. The garlands gained by the heroes of literature must be gathered from summits equally difficult to climb with those that bear the cical, or triumphal wreaths; they must be worn with equal envy, and guarded with equal care from those hands that are always employed in efforts to tear them away; the only remaining hope is, that their verdure is more lasting, and that they are less likely to fall by time, or less obnoxious to the blasts of accident.

Even this hope will receive very little encouragement from the examination of the history of learning, or observation of the fate of scholars in the present age. If we look back into past times, we find innumerable names of authors once in high reputation, read perhaps by the beautiful, quoted by the witty, and commented by the grave; but of whom we now know only that they once existed. If we consider the distribution of literary fame in our own time, we shall find it a possession of very uncertain tenure; sometimes bestowed by a sudden caprice of the publick, and again transferred to a new favourite, for no other reason than that he is new; sometimes refused to long labour and eminent desert, and sometimes granted to very slight preten-

sions; lost sometimes by security and negligence, and sometimes by too diligent endeavours to retain it.

A successful author is equally in danger of the diminution of his fame, whether he continues or ceases to write. The regard of the publick is not to be kept but by tribute, and the remembrance of past service will quickly languish unless successive performances frequently revive it. Yet in every new attempt there is new hazard; and there are few who do not, at some unlucky time, injure their own characters by attempting to enlarge them.

There are many possible causes of that inequality which we may so frequently observe in the performances of the same man, from the influence of which no ability or industry is sufficiently secured, and which have so often sullied the splendor of genius, that the wit, as well as the conqueror, may be properly cautioned not to indulge his pride with too early triumphs, but to defer to the end of life his estimate of happiness.

———*Ultima semper*  
*Exspectanda dies homini, diuque leuatus*  
*Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.*

But no frail man, however great or high,  
Can be concluded blest before he die.

ADDISON.

Among the motives that urge an author to undertakings by which his reputation is impaired, one of the most frequent must be mentioned with tenderness, because it is not to be counted among his follies, but his miseries. It very often happens that the works of learning or of wit are performed at the direction of those by whom they are to be rewarded; the writer has not always the choice of his subject, but is compelled to accept any task which is thrown before him, without much consideration of his own convenience, and without time to prepare himself by previous studies.

Miscarriages of this kind are likewise frequently the consequence of that acquaintance with the great, which is generally considered as one of the chief privileges of literature and genius. A man who has once learned to think himself exalted by familiarity with those whom nothing but their birth or their fortunes, or such stations as are seldom gained by moral excellence, set above him, will not

be long without submitting his understanding to their conduct; he will suffer them to prescribe the course of his studies, and employ him for their own purposes either of diversion or interest. His desire of pleasing those whose favour he has weakly made necessary to himself will not suffer him always to consider how little he is qualified for the work imposed. Either his vanity will tempt him to conceal his deficiencies, or that cowardice which always encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in the company of persons higher than themselves, will not leave him resolution to assert the liberty of choice.

But, though we suppose that a man by his fortune can avoid the necessity of dependence, and by his spirit can repel the usurpations of patronage, yet he may easily, by writing long, happen to write ill. There is a general succession of events in which contraries are produced by periodical vicissitudes; labour and care are rewarded with success, success produces confidence, confidence relaxes industry, and negligence ruins that reputation which accuracy had raised.

He that happens not to be lulled by praise into supineness, may be animated by it to undertakings above his strength, or misled to fancy himself alike qualified for every kind of composition, and

able to comply with the publick taste through all its variations. By some opinion like this, many men have been engaged, at an advanced age, in attempts which they had not time to complete, and, after a few weak efforts, sunk into the grave with vexation to see the rising generation gain ground upon them. From these failures the highest genius is not exempt; that judgment which appears so penetrating when it is employed upon the works of others, very often fails where interest or passion can exert their power. We are blinded in examining our own labours by innumerable prejudices. Our juvenile compositions please us, because they bring to our minds the remembrance of youth; our later performances we are ready to esteem, because we are unwilling to think that we have made no improvement: what flows easily from the pen charms us, because we read with pleasure that which flatters our opinion of our own powers; what was composed with great struggles of the mind we do not easily reject, because we cannot bear that so much labour should be fruitless. But the reader has none of these prepossessions, and wonders that the author is so unlike himself, without considering that the same soil will, with different culture, afford different products.

## Nº XXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1750.

—EGO NEC STUDIUM SINE DIVITE VENA,  
NEC RUDE QUID PROSIT VIDEO INGENIUM, ALTEPIUS SIC  
ALTERA FOSCIT OPREM RES, ET CONJUKAT AMICE.

HOR.

WITHOUT A GENIUS LEARNING SOARS IN VAIN;  
AND, WITHOUT LEARNING, GENIUS SINKS AGAIN:  
THEIR FORCE UNITED CROWNS THE SPRIGHTLY REIGN.

ELPHINSTON.

**W**IT and Learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; Wit was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and resembled her in cheerfulness and vivacity; Learning was born of Sophia, and retained her seriousness and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual opposition; and all means were so incessantly employed to impress upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foresaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavoured to soften them by

dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindness were without effect; the maternal animosity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their first ideas, and was confirmed every hour, as fresh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the solemnity of Learning, and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increasing, by the encouragement which each received from those whom their mothers had persuaded to patronise and support them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not so much for the hope of gaining honour, as of excluding a rival from all pretensions to regard, and of putting an everlasting stop to the progress of that influence which either believed the other to have obtained by mean arts and false appearances.

At last the day came when they were both, with the usual solemnities, received into the class of superior deities, and allowed to take nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord lost her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauses of the associate powers, harassed each other by incessant contests, with such a regular vicissitude of victory, that neither was depressed.

It was observable, that, at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the side of Wit; and that, at the first sallies, the whole assembly sparkled, according to Homer's expression, with sinextinguishable merriment. But Learning would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over, and the languor with which the violence of joy is always succeeded, began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence; and, by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confute himself; or by shewing how small a part of the question he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion could have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside their prepossessions; and rose, at last, with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

Their conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning paused where there was no difficulty, lest any insidious sophism should lie undiscovered. Wit perplexed every

debate by rapidity and confusion; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions, and prolonged the dispute out advantage, by proving that never was denied. Wit, in hope shining, would venture to produce he had not considered, and often exceeded beyond his own expectation following the train of a lucky thought. Learning would reject every new for fear of being intangled in consequence which she could not foresee, and was hindered, by her caution, from per her advantages and subduing her opponent.

Both had prejudices, which in degree hindered their progress to perfection, and left them open to attack. Novelty was the darling of Wit; Antiquity of Learning. To Wit that was new was specious; to Learning whatever was ancient was venerable. Wit, however, seldom failed to convince those whom he could not convince to convince was not often his aim. Learning always supported her cause with so many collateral truths, that, the cause was decided against her arguments were remembered with admiration.

Nothing was more common, on the side, than to quit their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conquest by the use of the weapons which had been employed against them. They would sometimes labour a syllogism. Learning distort her features with but they always suffered by the element, and betrayed themselves to confusion or contempt. The serio of Wit was without dignity, and the merriment of Learning without city.

Their contests, by long continuing grew at last important, and the parties broke into parties. Wit was into protection of the laughter. Venus, had a retinue allowed her Smiles and Jest, and was often permitted to dance among the Graces. Learning still continued the favourite of Minerva and seldom went out of her palace out a train of the severer virtues, prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Honour. Wit, cohabiting with Mars had a son named Satyr, who followed him, carrying a quiver filled with poisoned arrows, which, where they drew blood, could by no skill be extracted. These arrows he fre-

Learning, when she was most  
or usefully-employed, engaged  
in enquiries, or giving instruc-  
tion to her followers. Minerva there-  
fore called Criticism to her aid, who  
broke the point of Satyr's ar-  
gument, and, or retorted them  
all.

It was at last angry, that the  
the heavenly regions should be  
in danger of violation, and re-  
solved to dismiss these troublesome an-  
gels to the lower world. Hither  
they came, and carried on their  
persecution among mortals; nor was  
any without zealous votaries.  
Discrepancy, captivated the young;  
ruling, by her authority, influ-  
ence all. Their power quickly  
became very eminent effects; they  
prepared for the reception of Wit,  
Jupiter endowed for the residence  
there. Each party endeavoured  
to get the other in cost and magni-  
tude, and to propagate an opinion,  
was necessary, from the first en-  
counter, to enlist in one of the  
; and that none could hope for  
aid of either divinity who had  
entered the temple of the rival

There were indeed a class of mortals  
in which Wit and Learning were equally  
despised: these were the devotees of  
the god of riches; among these  
it happened that the gaiety of  
old raised a smile, or the eloquence  
of young procured attention. In re-  
spect to this contempt they agreed to  
sift followers against them; but  
as that were sent on those expe-

ditions frequently betrayed their trust;  
and, in contempt of the orders which  
they had received, flattered the rich in  
publick, while they scorned them in  
their hearts; and when, by this trea-  
chery, they had obtained the favour of  
Plutus, affected to look with an air of  
superiority on those who still remained in  
the service of Wit and Learning.

Disgusted with these desertions, the  
two rivals, at the same time, petitioned  
Jupiter for re-admission to their native  
habitations. Jupiter thundered on the  
right-hand, and they prepared to obey  
the happy summons. Wit readily spread  
his wings, and soared aloft; but not being  
able to see far, was bewildered in the  
pathless immensity of the ethereal spaces.  
Learning, who knew the way, shook  
her pinions; but, for want of natural  
vigour, could only take short flights:  
so, after many efforts, they both sunk  
again to the ground; and learned, from  
their mutual distress, the necessity of  
union. They therefore joined their  
hands, and renewed their flight: Learn-  
ing was borne up by the vigour of Wit,  
and Wit guided by the perspicacity of  
Learning. They soon reached the dwell-  
ings of Jupiter, and were so endeared  
to each other, that they lived afterwards  
in perpetual concord. Wit persuaded  
Learning to converse with the Graces,  
and Learning engaged Wit in the ser-  
vice of the Virtues. They were now  
the favourites of all the powers of hea-  
ven, and gladdened every banquet by  
their presence. They soon after married,  
at the command of Jupiter; and had  
a numerous progeny of Arts and Sci-  
ences.

## Nº XXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1750.

TRIFLE WIKI CONVIVÆ PROPE DISSENTIRE VIDENTUR;  
SCIENTUR VARIO MULTUM DIVERSA PALATO.

HOR.

THREE GUESTS I HAVE, DISSENTING AT MY FEAST,  
REQUIRING EACH TO GRATIFY HIS TASTE  
WITH DIFFERENT FOOD.

FRANCIS.

AT every man should regulate  
his actions by his own conscience,  
any regard to the opinions of  
the world, is one of the first  
of moral prudence; justified  
by the suffrage of reason,  
declares that none of the gifts of  
heaven are to be useless, but by the voice

likewise of experience, which will soon  
inform us, that, if we make the praise  
or blame of others the rule of our con-  
duct, we shall be distracted by a bound-  
less variety of irreconcilable judgments,  
be held in perpetual suspense between  
contrary impulses, and consult for ever  
without determination.

I know

I know not whether, for the same reason, it is not necessary for an author to place some confidence in his own skill, and to satisfy himself in the knowledge that he has not deviated from the established laws of composition, without submitting his works to frequent examinations before he gives them to the publick, or endeavouring to secure success by a solicitous conformity to advice and criticism.

It is, indeed, quickly discoverable, that consultation and compliance can conduce little to the perfection of any literary performance; for whoever is so doubtful of his own abilities as to encourage the remarks of others, will find himself every day embarrassed with new difficulties, and will harass his mind, in vain, with the hopeless labour of uniting heterogeneous ideas, digesting independent hints, and collecting into one point the several rays of borrowed light, emitted often with contrary directions.

Of all authors, those who retail their labours in periodical sheets would be most unhappy, if they were much to regard the censures or the admonitions of their readers: for, as their works are not sent into the world at once, but by small parts in gradual succession, it is always imagined, by those who think themselves qualified to give instructions, that they may yet redeem their former failings by hearkening to better judges, and supply the deficiencies of their plan by the help of the criticisms which are so liberally afforded.

I have had occasion to observe, sometimes with vexation, and sometimes with merriment, the different temper with which the same man reads a printed and manuscript performance. When a book is once in the hands of the publick, it is considered as permanent and unalterable; and the reader, if he be free from personal prejudices, takes it up with no other intention than of pleasing or instructing himself; he accommodates his mind to the author's design; and, having no interest in refusing the amusement that is offered him, never interrupts his own tranquillity by studied cavils, or destroys his satisfaction in that which is already well, by an anxious enquiry how it might be better; but is often contented without pleasure, and pleased *without perfection*.

*But if the same man be called to con-*

sider the merit of a production yet unpublished, he brings an imagination heated with objections to passages which he has yet never heard; he invokes all the powers of criticism, and stores his memory with Taste and Grace, Purity and Delicacy, Manners and Unities; sounds which, having been once uttered by those that understood them, have been since re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the disturbance of the world, by a constant repercussion from one coxcomb to another. He considers himself as obliged to shew, by some proof of his abilities, that he is not consulted to no purpose, and therefore watches every opening for objection, and looks round for every opportunity to propose some specious alteration. Such opportunities a very small degree of sagacity will enable him to find; for, in every work of imagination, the disposition of parts, the insertion of incidents, and use of decorations, may be varied a thousand ways with equal propriety; and as in things nearly equal, that will always seem best to every man which he himself produces, the critick, whose business is only to propose, without the care of execution, can never want the satisfaction of believing that he has suggested very important improvements, nor the power of enforcing his advice by arguments, which as they appear convincing to himself, either his kindness or his vanity will press obstinately and importunately, without suspicion that he may possibly judge too hastily in favour of his own advice, or enquiry whether the advantage of the new scheme be proportionate to the labour.

It is observed by the younger Pliny, that an orator ought not so much to select the strongest arguments which his cause admits, as to employ all which his imagination can afford: for, in pleading, those reasons are of most value which will most affect the judges; and the judges, says he, will be always most touched with that which they had before conceived. Every man who is called to give his opinion of a performance, decides upon the same principle; he first suffers himself to form expectations, and then is angry at his disappointment. He lets his imagination rove at large, and wonders that another, equally unconfin'd in the boundless ocean of possibility, takes a different course.

But, though the rule of Pliny be judiciously

and down, it is not applicable to the cause, because there is an appeal from domestic criticism to a higher judicature; and the which is never corrupted, nor ived, is to pass the last sentence literary claims.

great force of preconceived opinion had many proofs, when I first upon this weekly labour. My iving, from the performances predecessors, established an idea rected essays, to which they be- future authors under a neces- informing, were impatient of leviation from their system; and s remonstrances were accord- de by each, as he found his fa- bject omitted or delayed. Some ry that the Rambler did not, Spectator, introduce himself to aintance of the publick, by an of his own birth and studies, an tion of his adventures, and a on of his physiognomy. Others an to remark that he was a so- rious, dictatorial writer, with- ghtliness or gaiety, and called vehemence for mirth and hu- another admonished him to have l eye upon the various clubs of t city; and informed him, that the Spectator's vivacity was laid a such assemblies. He has been for not imitating the politeness edecessors, having hitherto ne- take the ladies under his pro- and give them rules for the just m of colours, and the proper ms of ruffles and pinners. He

has been required by one to fix a parti- cular censure upon those matrons who play at cards with spectacles. And ano- ther is very much offended whenever he meets with a speculation in which naked precepts are comprised without the il- lustration of examples and characters.

I make not the least question that all these monitors intend the promotion of my design, and the instruction of my readers; but they do not know, or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himself; and selects those subjects which he is best qualified to treat, by the course of his studies, or the accidents of his life; that some to- picks of amusement have been already treated with too much success to invite a competition; and that he who endeavours to gain many readers must try various arts of invitation, essay every avenue of pleasure, and make frequent changes in his methods of approach.

I cannot but consider myself, amidst this tumult of criticism, as a ship in a poetical tempest, impelled at the same time by opposite winds, and dashed by the waves from every quarter, but held upright by the contrariety of the assail- ants, and secured, in some measure, by multiplicity of distress. Had the opi- nion of my censures been unanimous, it might perhaps have overset my resolu- tion; but since I find them at variance with each other, I can, without scruple, neglect them, and endeavour to gain the favour of the publick by following the direction of my own reason, and indulg- ing the fallies of my own imagina- tion.

## Nº XXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1750.

MEMO IN SESE TENTAT DESCENDERE.

PERSIUS.

NONE, NONE DESCENDS INTO HIMSELF.

DRYDEN.

ING the precepts, or aphorisms, imitted by general consent, and ad by frequent repetition, there more famous among the masters at wisdom, than that compen- son, 'rúð: eadúð—Be acquaint- hthyself;' ascribed by some to an and by others to Chilo of Laced-

be said to comprise all the speculation requisite to a moral agent. For what more can be necessary to the regulation of life, than the knowledge of our ori- ginal, our end, our duties, and our re- lation to other beings?

is, indeed, a dictate which in de extent of it's meaning may

It is however very improbable that the first author, whoever he was, intend- ed to be understood in this unlimited and complicated sense; for of the in- quiries which in so large an acceptation



it would seem to recommend, some are too extensive for the powers of man, and some require light from above, which was not yet indulged to the heathen world.

We might have had more satisfaction concerning the original import of this celebrated sentence, if history had informed us, whether it was uttered as a general instruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to some private inquirer; whether it was applied to some single occasion, or laid down as the universal rule of life.

There will occur, upon the slightest consideration, many possible circumstances in which this monition might very properly be enforced; for every error in human conduct must arise from ignorance in ourselves, either perpetual or temporary; and happen either because we do not know what is best and fittest, or because our knowledge is at the time of action not present to the mind.

When a man employs himself upon remote and unnecessary subjects, and wastes his life upon questions which cannot be resolved, and of which the solution would conduce very little to the advancement of happiness; when he lavishes his hours in calculating the weight of the terraqueous globe, or in adjusting successive systems of worlds beyond the reach of the telescope; he may be very properly recalled from his excursions by this precept, and reminded, that there is a nearer Being with which it is his duty to be more acquainted; and from which his attention has hitherto been withheld by studies to which he has no other motive than vanity or curiosity.

The great praise of Socrates is, that he drew the wits of Greece, by his instruction and example, from the vain pursuit of natural philosophy to moral inquiries, and turned their thoughts from stars and tides, and matter and motion, upon the various modes of virtue, and relations of life. All his lectures were but commentaries upon this saying; if we suppose the knowledge of ourselves recommended by Chilo, in opposition to other inquiries less suitable to the state of man.

The great fault of men of learning is still, that they offend against this rule, and appear willing to study any thing rather than themselves; for which reason they are often despised by those *with whom they imagine themselves*

above comparison; despi- to common purposes, as duct the most trivial aff qualified to perform th which the concatenation preserved, and mutual ten and maintained.

Gelidus is a man of gre and deep researches. H naturally formed for the ences, he can comprehend binations without confusi of a temper naturally co he is seldom interrupted in the pursuit of the longe expected consequences.

fore, a long time indulg the solution of some probl the professors of science ha to baffled, is reserved for industry. He spends hi highest room of his hou none of his family are su and when he comes down or his rest, he walks abo ger that is there only for any tokens of regard or t has totally divested himse sensations; he has neithe ty, nor ear for complaint joices at the good fortune friend, nor mourns for private calamity. Having a letter, and given it his he was informed, that it v his brother, who, being had swam naked to land, titute of necessities in a fe 'Naked and destitute!' 'reach down the last volu 'logical observations, ex 'account of the wind, an 'fully in the diary of the

The family of Gelidus to his study, to shew him at a small distance was or few moments a servant c that the flame had cau houses on both sides, th tants were confounded, think of rather escaping than saving their dwelling 'tell me,' says Gelidus, 'ble; for fire naturally a

Thus lives this great p sensible to every spectacle unmoved by the loudest nature, for want of co men are designed for th comfort of each other; th

which may be laudably spent vledge not immediately useful: first attention is due to practice; and that he may be justly from the commerce of man- has so far abstracted himself species, as to partake neither nor griefs of others, but he endearments of his wife, urelles of his children, to count of rain, note the changes of and calculate the eclipses of the Jupiter.

reserve to some future paper the and important meaning of this of wisdom; and only remark, ay be applied to the gay and well as to the grave and solemn life; and that not only the er may forfeit his pretences to ing, but the wit and the beau- niscarry in their schemes by the this universal requisite, the re of themselves.

urely for no other reason that ch numbers resolutely strug- inst nature, and contending for h they never can attain, endea- o unite contradictions, and de- to excel in characters incon- each other; that stock-job- it dress, gaiety, and elegance, ematicians labour to be wits; oldier teases his acquaintance sions in theology, and the aca- opes to divert the ladies by a his gallantries. That absurdity could proceed only from igno- themselves, by which Garth at- triticism, and Congreve waved dramattick reputation, and de- considered only as a gentleman,

Euphues, with great parts and exten- sive knowledge, has a clouded aspect and ungracious form; yet it has been his ambition, from his first entrance in- to life, to distinguish himself by particu- larities in his dress, to outvie beaus in embroidery, to import new trimmings, and to be foremost in the fashion. Eu- phues has turned on his exterior appear- ance that attention which would al- ways have produced esteem had it been fixed upon his mind; and though his virtues and abilities have preserved him from the contempt which he has so dili- gently solicited, he has, at least, raised one impediment to his reputation; since all can judge of his dress, but few of his understanding; and many who dis- cern that he is a fop, are unwilling to believe that he can be wise.

There is one instance in which the ladies are particularly unwilling to ob- serve the rule of Chilo. They are de- sired to hide from themselves the ad- vances of age, and endeavour too fre- quently to supply the sprightliness and bloom of youth by artificial beauty and forced vivacity. They hope to inflame the heart by glances which have lost their fire, or melt it by languor which is no longer delicate; they play over the airs which pleased at a time when they were expected only to please, and forget that airs, in time, ought to give place to virtues. They continue to trifle, be- cause they could once trifle agreeably, till those who shared their early pleasures are withdrawn to more serious engage- ments; and are scarcely awakened from their dream of perpetual youth, but by the scorn of those whom they endeavour to rival,

Nº XXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1750.

POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR.

VIRGIL.

FOR THEY CAN CONQUER WHO BELIEVE THEY CAN.

DRYDEN.

ERE are some vices and errors ick, though often fatal to those they are found, have yet, by rful consent of mankind, been das entitled to some degree of r have, at least, been exempted stemptuous infamy, and con-

demned by the severest moralists with pity rather than detestation.

A constant and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been shown to rashness and cowardice; two vices, of which, though they may

H 2

be

be conceived equally distant from the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, and may equally injure any publick or private interest, yet the one is never mentioned without some kind of veneration, and the other always considered as a topick of unlighted and licentious censure, on which all the virulence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.

The same distinction is made, by the common suffrage, between profusion and avarice; and, perhaps, between many other opposite vices; and, as I have found reason to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep researches, I am inclined to believe that this distribution of respect is not without some agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults which are thus invested with extraordinary privileges, there are generally some latent principles of merit, some possibilities of future virtue; which may, by degrees, break from obstruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities than to supply defects; and therefore he that is culpable because he has passed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope than he who fails by falling short. The one has all that perfection requires, and more, but the excess may be easily retrenched; the other wants the qualities requisite to excellence; and who can tell how he shall obtain them? We are certain that the horse may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whose fault is that he leaves them behind. We know that a few strokes of the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivation can elevate a shrub?

To walk with circumspection and steadiness in the right path, at an equal distance between the extremes of error, ought to be the constant endeavour of every reasonable being; nor can I think those teachers of moral wisdom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and providing rather excuses for vice, than incentives to virtue.

But, since to most it will happen often, and to all sometimes, that there will be a deviation towards one side or the other,

we ought always to err with most attention, to which there is the greater reason to stray, if we must fly far from whence we can easily return.

Among other opposite faults of the mind, which may be committed though in different degrees, there had occasion to consider the effects of presumption of heady confidence, victory without contest, dissimulation, which shews a thought of great undertaking with impossibility of all advancement towards it as irreversibly.

Presumption will be every experiment will miscarriages will be temptations are not always successful. The most precious in time, be taught the methodical gradation and success; and the most difficult to convince that neither ties, can command.

It is the advantage of activity, that they are to their own reformation incite us to try what we are well grounded, and the deceits which they are. But timidity is a disease obstinate and fatal; it is persuaded that any impossible, has given it, with that strength and weight before. He can scarcely have courage and perseverance hope of gaining the prize he never will try his discovery the unreasonable.

There is often to be devoted to literature, a cowardice, which who among them, may be depressed the activity by consequence, to the detriment of science. In every species of knowledge, the character of the teacher which they transmit reflection, from one to the next, fright themselves, and the panick to their science. One study is lively imagination, judgment; one is in

, another requires so much is not to be attempted at an e; one is dry, and contracts its; another is diffuse, and the memory; one is insus- fte and delicacy, and another life in the study of words, is to a wife man, who desires knowledge of things.

ll the bugbears by which the *rbati*—boys both young and been hitherto frightened from into new tracts of learning, een more mischievously effica- an opinion that every kind of requires a peculiar genius, or astitution, framed for the re- some ideas, and the exclusion and that to him whose genius oted to the study which he pro- labour shall be vain and fruit- , as an endeavour to mingle ter, or, in the language of che- amalgamate bodies of hetero- inciples.

inion we may reasonably su- been propagated, by vanity, : truth. It is natural for those raised a reputation by any exalt themselves as endow- ven with peculiar powers, or it by an extraordinary desig- their profession; and to fright away by representing the with which they must con- the necessity of qualities which d to be not generally conferred, no man can know, but by ex- whether he enjoys.

discouragement it may be pos- ered, that since a genius, what- is like fire in the flint, only luced by collision with a pro- t; it is the business of every whether his faculties may not operate with his desires; and whose proficiency he admires, r own force only by the event, but engage in the same under- th equal spirit, and may rea- ope for equal success.

There is another species of false intelligence, given by those who profess to shew the way to the summit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depress the mind with false distrust of itself, and weaken it by needless solicitude and dejection. When a scholar whom they desire to animate, consults them at his entrance on some new study, it is common to make flattering representations of its pleasantness and facility. Thus they generally attain one of two ends almost equally desirable; they either incite his industry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities, since they are supposed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no less ease than they promise to their followers.

The student, inflamed by this encouragement, sets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few steps with great alacrity; but he soon finds asperities and intricacies of which he has not been forewarned; and, imagining that none ever were so entangled or fatigued before him, sinks suddenly into despair, and desists as from an expedition in which fate opposes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes; and he is defeated without resistance, because he had no expectation of an enemy.

Of these treacherous instructors, the one destroys industry, by declaring that industry is vain, the other by representing it as needless; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raises it only to be blasted. The one confines his pupil to the shore, by telling him that his wreck is certain; the other sends him to sea, without preparing him for tempests.

False hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

N<sup>o</sup> XXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 175

INGENTES DOMINOS, ET CLARÆ NOMINA FAMÆ,  
ILLUSTRIQUE GRAVES NOBILITATE DOMOS  
DEVITA, ET LONGE CAUTUS FUGE; CONTRAHE VELA,  
ET TELITTORIBUS CYMBA PROPINQUA VENAT. SENeca.

EACH MIGHTY LORD, BIG WITH A POMPOUS NAME,  
AND EACH HIGH HOUSE OF FORTUNE AND OF FAMÉ,  
WITH CAUTION FLY; CONTRACT THY AMBLE SAILS,  
AND NEAR THE SHORE IMPROVE THE GENTLE CALES. ELPHI

MR. RAMBLER,

IT is usual for men, engaged in the same pursuits, to be inquisitive after the conduct and fortune of each other; and, therefore, I suppose it will not be unpleasing to you, to read an account of the various changes which have happened in part of a life devoted to literature. My narrative will not exhibit any great variety of events, or extraordinary revolutions; but may, perhaps, be not less useful, because I shall relate nothing which is not likely to happen to a thousand others.

I was born heir to a very small fortune; and left by my father, whom I cannot remember, to the care of an uncle. He having no children, always treated me as his son; and finding in me those qualities which old men easily discover in sprightly children, when they happen to love them, declared that a genius like mine should never be lost for want of cultivation. He therefore placed me, for the usual time, at a great school, and then sent me to the university, with a larger allowance than my own patrimony would have afforded, that I might not keep mean company, but learn to become my dignity when I should be made lord-chancellor, which he often lamented, that the increase of his infirmities was very likely to preclude him from seeing.

This exuberance of money displayed itself in gaiety of appearance, and wantonness of expence, and introduced me to the acquaintance of those whom the same superfluity of fortune betrayed to the same licence and ostentation: young heirs, who pleased themselves with a remark very frequent in their mouths—that though they were sent by their fathers to the university, they were not under the necessity of living by their learn-  
ing.

Among men of this class I gained the reputation of a glib and was persuaded that, with a liness of imagination and sentiment, I should never be limited to the drudgery of the law. I therefore gave myself wholly to the more elegant parts of learning, and often so much elated with myself to the youths with whom I began to converse, that I began to listen with attention to those that recommended a wider and more conspicuous and was particularly touched by a conversation made by one of them that it was not by lingering verbiage that Prior became an Addison secretary of state.

This desire was hourly increased by the solicitation of my company, removing one by one to London, by the caprice of their relations, all or the legal dismission from their guardians put it in their power failed to send an acquaintance of beauty and felicity of the mind, and to remonstrate how much by every hour's continuance of retirement and constraint.

My uncle in the mean time was harassed me with monitions which I sometimes neglected a week after I received them, and generally read in a tavern, with comments as might shew how superior to instruction or could not but wonder how confined to the country, and with the present system of the rising genius, born to give age, refine its taste, and in pleasures.

The postman, however, came to bring me new ren-

for my uncle was very little depressed by the ridicule and reproach which he never heard. But men of parts have quick resentments; it was impossible to bear his usurpations for ever; and I resolved, once for all, to make him an example to those who imagine themselves wise because they are old, and to teach young men, who are too tame under representation, in what manner grey-bearded insolence ought to be treated. I therefore one evening took my pen in hand; and after having animated myself with a catch, wrote a general answer to all his precepts, with such vivacity of turn, such elegance of irony, and such asperity of sarcasm, that I convulsed a large company with universal laughter, disturbed the neighbourhood with vociferations of applause, and five days afterwards was answered, that I must be content to live on my own estate.

This contraction of my income gave me no disturbance, for a genius like mine was out of the reach of want. I had friends that would be proud to open their purses at my call, and prospects of such advancement as would soon reconcile my uncle, whom, upon mature deliberation, I resolved to receive into favour, without insisting on any acknowledgment of his offence, when the splendour of my condition should induce him to wish for my countenance. I therefore went up to London, before I had shewn the alteration of my condition by any abatement of my way of living, and was received by all my academical acquaintance with triumph and congratulation. I was immediately introduced among the wits and men of spirit; and in a short time had diversified myself of all my scholar's gravity, and obtained the reputation of a pretty fellow.

You will easily believe that I had no great knowledge of the world; yet I had been hindered, by the general disinclination every man feels to confess poverty, from telling to any one the resolution of my uncle, and for some time subsisted upon the stock of money which I had brought with me, and contributed my share as before to all our entertainments. But my pocket was soon emptied, and I was obliged to ask my friends for a small sum. This was a favour which we had often reciprocally received from one another; they supposed my

wants only accidental, and therefore willingly supplied them. In a short time I found a necessity of asking again, and was again treated with the same civility; but the third time they began to wonder what that old rogue my uncle could mean by sending a gentleman to town without money; and when they gave me what I asked for, advised me to stipulate for more regular remittances.

This somewhat disturbed my dream of constant affluence: but I was three days after completely awaked; for entering the tavern, where we met every evening, I found the waiters remitted their complaisance, and, instead of contending to light me up stairs, suffered me to wait for some minutes by the bar. When I came to my company, I found them unusually grave and formal; and one of them took a hint to turn the conversation upon the misconduct of young men, and enlarged upon the folly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, without being able to support the expence; an observation which the rest contributed either to enforce by repetition, or to illustrate by examples. Only one of them tried to divert the discourse, and endeavoured to direct my attention to remote questions, and common topics.

A man guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected. I went, however, next morning to breakfast with him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the conversation, and by a series of enquiries, drawing still nearer to the point, prevailed on him, not perhaps much against his will, to inform me, that Mr. Dash, whose father was a wealthy attorney near my native place, had, the morning before, received an account of my uncle's resentment, and communicated his intelligence with the utmost industry of grovelling insolence.

It was now no longer practicable to consort with my former friends, unless I would be content to be used as an inferior guest, who was to pay for his wine by mirth and flattery; a character which, if I could not shake it, I resolved to endure only among those who had never known me in the pride of plenty. I changed my lodgings, and frequented the coffee houses in a different region of the town; where I was very quickly distinguished by several young gentlemen of high birth and large estates, and began again to amuse my imagination with hopes.

hopes of preferment, though not quite so confidently as when I had less experience.

The first great conquest which this new scene enabled me to gain over myself was, when I submitted to confess to a party, who invited me to an expensive diversion, that my revenues were not equal to such golden pleasures; they would not suffer me however to stay behind, and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated. I took that opportunity of recommending myself to some office or employment, which they unanimously promised to procure me by their joint interest.

I had now entered into a state of dependence, and had hopes, or fears, from almost every man I saw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his misery who has many? I was obliged to comply with a thousand caprices, to concur in a thousand follies, and to countenance a thousand errors. I endured innumerable mortifications, if not from cruelty, at least from negligence, which

will creep in upon the kindest and most delicate minds, when they converse without the mutual awe of equal condition. I found the spirit and vigour of liberty every moment sinking in me, and a servile fear of displeasing, stealing by degrees upon all my behaviour, till no word, or look, or action, was my own. As the solicitude to please increased, the power of pleasing grew less, and I was always clouded with diffidence where it was most my interest and wish to shine.

My patrons considering me as belonging to the community, and therefore not the charge of any particular person, made no scruple of neglecting any opportunity of promoting me, which everyone thought more properly the business of another. An account of my expectations and disappointments, and the succeeding vicissitudes of my life, I shall give you in my following letter; which will be, I hope, of use to shew how ill he forms his schemes who expects happiness without freedom.

I am, &c.

## Nº XXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1750.

—— PAUPERIEM METUENS POTIUS METALLIS  
LIBERTATE CARET.——

HOR.

SO HE, WHO POVERTY WITH HORROR VIEWS,  
WHO SELLS HIS FREEDOM IN EXCHANGE FOR GOLD,  
(FREEDOM FOR MINES OF WEALTH TOO CHEAPLY SOLD)  
SHALL MAKE ETERNAL SERVITUDE HIS FATE,  
AND FEEL A HAUGHTY MASTER'S GALLING WEIGHT.

FRANCIS.

MR. RAMBLER,

AS it is natural for every man to think himself of importance, your knowledge of the world will incline you to forgive me, if I imagine your curiosity so much excited by the former part of my narration as to make you desire that I should proceed without any unnecessary arts of connection. I shall therefore not keep you longer in such suspense, as perhaps my performance may not compensate.

In the gay company with which I was now united, I found those allurements and delights, which the friendship of young men always affords; there was that openness which naturally produced confidence, that affability which, in some measure, softened dependence, and that ardour of profession which incited hope. When our hearts were dilated with merriment, promises were poured out with

unlimited profusion, and life and fortune were but a scanty sacrifice to friendship; but when the hour came at which any effort was to be made, I had generally the vexation to find that my interest weighed nothing against the slightest amusement, and that every petty avocation was found a sufficient plea for continuing me in uncertainty and want. Their kindness was indeed sincere; when they promised they had no intention to deceive; but the same juvenile warmth which kindled their benevolence, gave force in the same proportion to every other passion, and I was forgotten as soon as any new pleasure seized on their attention.

Vagario told me one evening, that all my perplexities should be soon at an end, and desired me from that instant to throw upon him all care of my fortune, for a post of considerable value was that day become

ant, and he knew his interest to procure it in the morning. I went to call on him early, that he might be dressed soon enough to wait on me. I waited till he came, and then I was admitted. I found him in a room with all the flame of gratitude; he was told by his servant, that having his lodgings, when he came to acquaintance who was going to him, he had been persuaded to accompany him to Dover, and that they were to post-horses two hours before

once very near to preferment by the means of Charinus, who at my request went to beg a place, which he thought he was likely to fill with great reputation, and in which I should have had opportunities of promoting his interest; and he pleased himself in gaining the mutual benefits that would be conferred, and the advances that would be made by our united strength. Therefore he went, equally warm in friendship and ambition, and left me to spare acknowledgments against him. At length he came back, and told me that he had met in his way going to breakfast in the countess's ladies importuned him too much to be refused; and that, having the morning with them, he was asked to dress himself for a ball, to which he was invited for the evening. He suffered several disappointments from loss and periwig-makers, who were unwilling to perform their work without patrons from court; and once an establishment for life by the countess's servant, sent to a neighbour to replenish a snuff-box.

I thought my solicitude at an office fell into the gift of my father, who being then in the country, could not very speedily send whose fondness would not permit him to refuse his son a less request. Hippodamus therefore forward with great expedition, expected every hour an account of it. A long time I waited without intelligence; but at last received from Newmarket, by which I learned that the races were begun, I saw the vehemence of his passion, well to imagine that he could himself his favourite amusement. I will not wonder that I was at last of the patronage of young men, as I found them not generally

to promise much greater fidelity as they advance in life; for I observed that what they gained in steadiness they lost in benevolence, and grew colder to my interest as they became more diligent to promote their own. I was convinced that their liberality was only profuseness, that as chance directed they were equally generous to vice and virtue, that they were warm but because they were thoughtless, and counted the support of a friend only amongst other gratifications of passion.

My resolution was now to ingratiate myself with men whose reputation was established, whose high stations enabled them to prefer me, and whose age exempted them from sudden changes of inclination. I was considered as a man of parts, and therefore easily found admission to the table of Hilarius, the celebrated orator, renowned equally for the extent of his knowledge, the elegance of his diction, and the acuteness of his wit. Hilarius received me with an appearance of great satisfaction, produced to me all his friends, and directed to me that part of his discourse in which he most endeavoured to display his imagination. I had now learned my own interest enough to supply him opportunities for smart remarks and gay sallies, which I never failed to echo and applaud. Thus I was gaining every hour on his affections, till unfortunately, when the assembly was more splendid than usual, his desire of admiration prompted him to turn his raillery upon me. I bore it for some time with great submission; and success encouraged him to redouble his attacks: at last my vanity prevailed over my prudence; I retorted his irony with such spirit, that Hilarius, unaccustomed to resistance, was disconcerted, and soon found means of convincing me that his purpose was not to encourage a rival, but to foster a parasite.

I was then taken into the familiarity of Argutio, a nobleman eminent for judgment and criticism. He had contributed to my reputation by the praises which he had often bestowed upon my writings, in which he owned that there were proofs of a genius that might rise to high degrees of excellence, when time or information had reduced it's exuberance. He therefore required me to consult him before the publication of any new performance, and commonly proposed innumerable alterations, without sufficient attention to the general design, or regard to my form of style, and mode



of imagination. But these corrections he never failed to press as indispensably necessary, and thought the least delay of compliance an act of rebellion. The pride of an author made this treatment insufferable; and I thought any tyranny easier to be borne than that which took from me the use of my understanding.

My next patron was Eutyches the statesman, who was wholly engaged in publick affairs, and seemed to have no ambition but to be powerful and rich. I found his favour more permanent than that of the others, for there was a certain price at which it might be bought; he allowed nothing to humour, or to affection, but was always ready to pay liberally for the service that he required. His demands were, indeed, very often such as virtue could not easily consent to gratify; but virtue is not to be consulted when men are to raise their fortunes by the favour of the great. His measures were censured; I wrote in his defence,

and was recompensed with a salary which the profits were never ready to give me without the pangs of remorse, that they were the reward of wisdom, a reward which nothing but the necessity, which the consumption of my estate in these wild pursuits had upon me, hindered me from turning back in the face of my corruption.

At this time my uncle died, and I became heir to a fortune. I had resolution to throw away the splendor which reproached me, and retire to an humbler station, which I am now endeavouring to cover the dignity of virtue, and make some reparation for my follies, by informing others, who may be led after the same pageants, and are about to engage in a course in which they are to purchase a thousand miseries, the privilege of penitence.

I am, &c.

Eu

## Nº XXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1750.

ILLI MORIS GRAVIS INCUBAT,  
QUI, NOTUS NIMIS OMNIBUS,  
IGNOTUS MORITUR SIBI.

SENECA.

TO HIM, ALAS! TO HIM, I FEAR,  
THE FACE OF DEATH WILL TERRIBLY APPEAR,  
WHEN IN HIS LIFE, FLATTERING HIS SENSELESS PRIDE  
BY BEING KNOWN TO ALL THE WORLD BESIDE,  
DOES NOT HIMSELF, WHEN HE IS DYING, KNOW,  
NOR WHAT HE IS, NOR WHITHER HE'S TO GO.

CowL

I Have shewn, in a late essay, to what errors men are hourly betrayed by a mistaken opinion of their own powers, and a negligent inspection of their own character. But as I then confined my observations to common occurrences, and familiar scenes, I think it proper to inquire, how far a nearer acquaintance with ourselves is necessary to our preservation from crimes as well as follies, and how much the attentive study of our own minds may contribute to secure to us the approbation of that Being to whom we are accountable for our thoughts and our actions, and whose favour must finally constitute our total happiness.

*If it be reasonable to estimate the difficulty of any enterprise by frequent mis-*

carriages, it may justly be said that it is not easy for a man to know himself; for wheresoever we turn our eyes we shall find almost all with whom we converse so nearly as to judge of our sentiments, indulging more false conceptions of their own virtue, they have been able to impose upon others, and congratulating themselves upon degrees of excellence which the fondest admirers cannot allow have attained.

Those representations of inferior virtue are generally considered as hypocrisy, and as snares laid for the defence and praise. But I believe the suspicion often unjust; those who propagate their own reputation, and the fraud by which they

elves deceived; for this failing is not to numbers, who seem to live at delusions, competitions, or pursuits appears on occasions which promise accession of honour or of profit, persons from whom very little is hoped or feared. It is, indeed, easy to tell how far we may be blinded by the love of ourselves, when we know how much a secondary passion clouds our judgment, and how few a man, in the first raptures of love, discover in the person or conduct of himself.

They lay open all the sources from error flows in upon him who conceals his own character, would remove exact knowledge of the human heart than perhaps the most acute and horrid observers have acquired. Since falsehood may be diversified without end, it is not unlikely that man admits an imposture in some peculiar to himself, as his views are seen accidentally directed, or his particularly combined.

These fallacies, however, there are, frequently insidious, which it may, as, not be useless to detect; because if they are gross, they may be fatal, and nothing but attention is needed to defeat them.

The sophistry by which men persuade themselves that they have those virtues they really want, is formed by substitution of single acts for habits. He who once relieved a friend from prison suffers his imagination to dwell for ever upon his own generosity; he yields his heart to indignation at those who are blind to it, or insensible to misery, and who ease themselves with the enjoyment of that wealth which they never allow others to partake. From any rebukes of the world, or reproaches of conscience, he has an appeal to ascend to knowledge; and though his life is a course of rapacity and avarice, he concludes himself to be tender liberal, because he has once performed an act of liberality and tender-

a glass which magnifies objects by the approach of one end to the eye, lessens by the application of the other, as are extenuated by the inversion of the fallacy, by which virtues are used. Those faults which we can-

not conceal from our own notice, are considered, however frequent, not as habitual corruptions, or settled practices, but as casual failures, and single lapses. A man who has, from year to year, set his country to sale, either for the gratification of his ambition or resentment, confesses that the heat of party now and then betrays the severest virtue to measures that cannot be seriously defended. He that spends his days and nights in riot and debauchery, owns that his passions oftentimes overpower his resolution. But each comforts himself that his faults are not without precedent, for the best and the wisest men have given way to the violence of sudden temptations.

There are men who always confound the praise of goodness with the practice, and who believe themselves mild and moderate, charitable and faithful, because they have exerted their eloquence in commendation of mildness, fidelity, and other virtues. This is an error almost universal among those that converse much with dependents, with such whose fear or interest disposes them to a seeming reverence for any declamation, however enthusiastick, and submission to any boast, however arrogant. Having none to recall their attention to their lives, they rate themselves by the goodness of their opinions, and forget how much more easily men may shew their virtue in their talk than in their actions.

The tribe is likewise very numerous of those who regulate their lives, not by the standard of religion, but the measure of other men's virtue; who lull their own remorse with the remembrance of crimes more atrocious than their own, and seem to believe that they are not bad while another can be found worse.

For escaping these and a thousand other deceits many expedients have been proposed. Some have recommended the frequent consultation of a wise friend admitted to intimacy, and encouraged to sincerity. But this appears a remedy by no means adapted to general use: for in order to secure the virtue of one, it presupposes more virtue in two than will generally be found. In the first, such a desire of rectitude and amendment, as may incline him to hear his own accusation from the mouth of him whom he esteems, and by whom, therefore, he will always hope that his faults are not discovered; and in the second such zeal

and honesty, as will make him content for his friend's advantage to lose his kindness.

A long life may be passed without finding a friend in whose understanding and virtue we can equally confide, and whose opinion we can value at once for it's justness and sincerity. A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings, because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain; or they are interested, and fearful to offend.

These objections have inclined others to advise, that he who would know himself should consult his enemies, remember the reproaches that are vented to his face, and listen for the censures that are uttered in private. For his great business is to know his faults; and those malignity will discover, and resentment will reveal. But this precept may be often frustrated; for it seldom happens that rivals or opponents are suffered to come near enough to know our conduct with so much exactness as that conscience should allow and reflect the accusation. The charge of an enemy is often totally false, and commonly so mingled with falsehood, that the mind takes advantage from the failure of one part to discredit the rest, and never suffers any disturbance afterward from such partial reports.

Yet it seems that enemies have been always found by experience the most faithful monitors; for adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, and this effect it must produce by withdrawing flatterers, whose business is to hide our weaknesses from us, or by giving loose to malice, and licence to reproach; or at least by cutting off those pleasures which called us away from meditation on our own conduct, and repressing that pride which too easily persuades us that we merit whatever we enjoy.

Part of these benefits it is in every man's power to procure to himself, by assigning proper portions of his life to the examination of the rest, and by putting himself frequently in such a situation, by retirement and abstraction, as *may weaken the influence of external objects.* By this practice he may obtain the

solitude of adversity without it's melancholy, it's intrusions without it's censures, and it's sensibility without it's perturbations.

The necessity of setting the world at a distance from us, when we are to take a survey of ourselves, has sent many from high stations to the severities of a monastick life; and, indeed, every man deeply engaged in business, if all regard to another state be not extinguished, must have the conviction, though perhaps not the resolution, of Valdesio, who, when he solicited Charles the Fifth to dismiss him, being asked whether he retired upon disgust, answered that he laid down his commission for no other reason but because *there ought to be some time for sober reflection between the life of a soldier and his death.*

There are few conditions which do not entangle us with sublunary hopes and fears, from which it is necessary to be at intervals disencumbered, that we may place ourselves in his presence who views effects in their causes, and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expresses it, consider things as if there were no other beings in the world but God and ourselves; or, to use language yet more awful, *may commune with our own hearts, and be still.*

Death, says Seneca, falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others, and too little to himself: and Pontanus, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought the study of our own hearts of so much importance, that he has recommended it from his tomb. *'Sum Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, quem amaverunt bonæ musæ, suspexerunt viri probi, honestaverunt reges domini; jam scis qui sim, vel qui potius fuerim; ego vero te, hospes, noscere in tenebris nequeo, sed teipsum ut noscas rogo.*—I am Pontanus, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knowest now who I am, or more properly who I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee; but I intreat thee to know thyself.'

I hope every reader of this paper will consider himself as engaged to the observation of a precept, which the wisdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce; a precept dictated by philosophers, inculcated by poets, and ratified by saints.

N<sup>o</sup> XXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1750.

PRUDENS FUTURI TEMPORIS EXITUM  
CALIGINOSA NOCTE PREMIT DEUS,  
RIDETQUE SI MORTALIS ULTRA  
FAS TREPIDET—

HOR.

BUT GOD HAS WISELY HID FROM HUMAN SIGHT  
THE DARK DECREES OF FUTURE FATE,  
AND SOWN THEIR SEEDS IN DEPTH OF NIGHT;  
HE LAUGHS AT ALL THE GIDDY TURNS OF STATE,  
WHEN MORTALS SEARCH TOO SOON, AND FEAR TOO LATE. DRYDEN.

**T**HERE is nothing recommended with greater frequency among the gayer poets of antiquity, than the secure possession of the present hour, and the dismissal of all the cares which intrude upon our quiet, or hinder, by importunate perturbations, the enjoyment of those delights which our condition happens to set before us.

The ancient poets are, indeed, by no means unexceptionable teachers of morality; their precepts are to be always considered as the sallies of a genius intent rather upon giving pleasure than instruction, eager to take every advantage of insinuation; and, provided the passions can be engaged on it's side, very little solicitous about the suffrage of reason.

The darkness and uncertainty through which the heathens were compelled to wander in the pursuit of happiness, may indeed be alleged as an excuse for many of their seducing invitations to immediate enjoyment, which the moderns, by whom they have been imitated, have not to plead. It is no wonder that such as had no promise of another state should eagerly turn their thoughts upon the improvement of that which was before them; but surely those who are acquainted with the hopes and fears of eternity might think it necessary to put some restraint upon their imagination, and reflect, that by echoing the songs of the ancient bacchanals, and transmuting the maxims of past debauchery, they not only prove that they want invention, but virtue, and submit to the servility of imitation only to copy that of which the writer, if he was to live now, would often be ashamed.

Yet as the errors and follies of a great genius are seldom without some *radiations of understanding*, by which *meaner minds* may be enlightened, the *incitements to pleasure* are, in those au-

thors, generally mingled with such reflections upon life, as well deserve to be considered distinctly from the purposes for which they are produced, and to be treasured up as the settled conclusions of extensive observation, acute sagacity, and mature experience.

It is not without true judgment that on these occasions they often warn their readers against enquiries into *futurity*, and solicitude about events which lie hid in causes yet unactive, and which time has not brought forward into the view of reason. An idle and thoughtless resignation to chance, without any struggle against calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is indeed below the dignity of a reasonable being, in whose power Providence has put a great part even of his present happiness; but it shews an equal ignorance of our proper sphere, to harass our thoughts with conjectures about things not yet in being. How can we regulate events of which we yet know not whether they will ever happen? And why should we think, with painful anxiety, about that on which our thoughts can have no influence?

It is a maxim commonly received, that a wise man is never surprised; and, perhaps, this exemption from astonishment may be imagined to proceed from such a prospect into futurity, as gave previous intimation of those evils which often fall unexpected upon others that have less foresight. But the truth is, that things to come, except when they approach very nearly, are equally hidden from men of all degrees of understanding; and if a wise man is not amazed at sudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but less upon futurity. He never considered things not yet existing as the proper objects of his attention; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, nor ever realized nonentities to his mind. He is not surprised

surprised because he is not disappointed, and he escapes disappointment because he never forms any expectations.

The concern about things to come, that is so justly censured, is not the result of those general reflections on the variability of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the universal insecurity of all human acquisitions, which must always be suggested by the view of the world; but such a desponding anticipation of misfortune, as fixes the mind upon scenes of gloom and melancholy, and makes fear predominant in every imagination.

Anxiety of this kind is nearly of the same nature with jealousy in love, and suspicion in the general commerce of life; a temper which keeps the man always in alarms, disposes him to judge of every thing in a manner that least favours his own quiet, fills him with perpetual stratagems of counteraction, wears him out in schemes to obviate evils which never threatened him, and at length perhaps contributes to the production of those mischiefs of which it had raised such dreadful apprehensions.

It has been usual in all ages for moralists to represent the swellings of vain hope by representations of the innumerable casualties to which life is subject, and by instances of the unexpected defeat of the wisest schemes of policy, and sudden subversions of the highest eminences of greatness. It has, perhaps, not been equally observed, that all these examples afford the proper antidote to fear as well as to hope, and may be applied with no less efficacy as consolations to the timorous, than as restraints to the proud.

Evil is uncertain in the same degree as good; and for the reason that we ought not to hope too securely, we ought not to fear with too much dejection. The state of the world is continually changing, and none can tell the result of the next vicissitude. Whatever is afloat in the stream of time, may, when it is very near us, be driven away by an accidental blast, which shall happen to cross the general course of the current. The sudden accidents by which the powerful are depressed, may fall upon those whose malice we fear; and the greatness by which we expect to be overborn may become another proof of the false flatteries of fortune. Our enemies may become weak, or we grow strong, before

our encounter; or we may advance against each other without ever meeting.

There are, indeed, natural evils we can flatter ourselves with no of escaping, and with little of debate of the ills which are apprehended from human malignity, or the contention of rival interests, we may alleviate the terror by considering our persecutors are weak and ignorant and mortal like ourselves.

The misfortunes which arise from the concurrence of unhappy incidents never be suffered to disturb us before they happen; because, if the breast is laid open to the dread of mere probabilities of misery, life must be given to dismal solicitude, and quiet must for ever.

It is remarked by old Cornutus that it is absurd to be afraid of the dissolution of the body; because certainly it happens, and can by no art or artifice be avoided. Whether the sentiment be entirely just, I shall examine; but certainly, if it be right to fear events which must happen yet more evidently contrary to reason to fear those which may never happen, and which, if they should upon us, we cannot resist.

As we ought not to give way any more than indulgence to hope, because the objects both of fear and hope are yet uncertain, so we ought to trust the representations of one more than of the other, because they are both fallacious; as hope enlarges and fear aggravates calamity. It is really allowed, that no man ever the happiness of possession proportion to that expectation which incites desire, and invigorated his pursuit; any man found the evils of life more formidable in reality, as they were described to him by his own imagination. The species of distress brings with it peculiar supports, some unforeseen of resisting, or power of enduring, for justly blames some pious persons indulge their fancies too much, and, by the force of imagination, place the ancient martyrs in flames, and question the validity of their own faith, because they shrink at the thoughts of flames and tortures. As, says he, 'sufficient that I am able to encounter the temptation; now assault you; when God sees me, he may send strength.'

is in itself painful; and, when  
 es not to safety, is painful with-  
 Every consideration, therefore,  
 groundless terrors may be re-  
 adds something to human hap-  
 It is likewise not unworthy of  
 that in proportion as our cares  
 oyed upon the future, they are

abstracted from the present, from the only  
 time which we can call our own; and of  
 which, if we neglect the duties to make  
 provision against visionary attacks, we  
 shall certainly counteract our own pur-  
 pose; for he, doubtless, mistakes his true  
 interest, who thinks that he can increase  
 his safety when he impairs his virtue.

N<sup>o</sup> XXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1750.

VULTUS VBI TUUS  
 AFFLUIT POPULO, GRATIOR IT DIES,  
 ET SOLES MELIUS NITENT.

HOR.

WHENE’ER THY COUNTENANCE DIVINE  
 TH’ ATTENDANT PEOPLE CHEERS,  
 THE GENIAL SUNS MORE RADIANT SHINE,  
 THE DAY MORE GLAD APPEARS.

ELPHINSTON.

RAMBLER,

ERE are few tasks more un-  
 ateful than for persons of no-  
 speak their own praises. In some  
 wever, this must be done for the  
 good; and a generous spirit will  
 occasions assert it's merit, and  
 itself with becoming warmth.  
 rcumstances, Sir, are very hard  
 liar. Could the world be brought  
 ne as I deserve, it would be a  
 benefit. This makes me apply  
 that my case being fairly stated  
 er so generally esteemed, I may  
 longer from ignorant and child-  
 dicies.

der brother was a Jew. A very  
 ple person, but somewhat austere  
 manner: highly and deservedly  
 oy his near relations and inti-  
 mately unfit for mixing in a  
 ociety, or gaining a general ac-  
 ce among mankind. In a ve-  
 dd age he retired from the world,  
 the bloom of youth came into  
 eding him in all his dignities;  
 ned, as I might reasonably flatter  
 to be the object of universal love  
 m. Joy and gladness were born  
 e; cheerfulness, good-humour,  
 volence, always attended and en-  
 ny infancy. That time is long  
 o long, that idle imagination  
 o fancy me wrinkled, old, and  
 able; but, unless my looking-  
 ceives me, I have not yet lost  
 rm, one beauty of my earliest  
 However, thus far is too certain,  
 every body just what they chuse  
 me, so that to very few I ap-

pear in my right shape; and, though  
 naturally I am the friend of human kind,  
 to few, very few comparatively, am I use-  
 ful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is  
 utterly impossible for me to avoid being  
 in all sorts of places and companies; and  
 I am therefore liable to meet with per-  
 petual affronts and injuries. Though I  
 have as natural an antipathy to cards and  
 dice, as some people have to a cat, many  
 and many an assembly am I forced to  
 endure; and, though rest and compo-  
 sure are my peculiar joy, am worn out  
 and harassed to death with journeys by  
 men and women of quality, who never  
 take one but when I can be of the party.  
 Some, on a contrary extreme, will never  
 receive me but in bed, where they spend  
 at least half of the time I have to stay  
 with them; and others are so monstrously  
 ill-bred as to take physick on pur-  
 pose when they have reason to expect me.  
 Those who keep upon terms of more  
 politeness with me, are generally so cold  
 and constrained in their behaviour, that  
 I cannot but perceive myself an unwell-  
 come guest; and even among persons de-  
 serving of esteem, and who certainly have  
 a value for me, it is too evident that, ge-  
 nerally, whenever I come I throw a dis-  
 nefs over the whole company, that I am  
 entertained with a formal stiff civility,  
 and that they are glad when I am fairly  
 gone.

How bitter must this kind of recep-  
 tion be to one formed to inspire delight,  
 admiration, and love! To one capable  
 of answering and rewarding the greatest  
 warmth and delicacy of sentiments!

I was

I was bred up among a set of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmost honour and respect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and strange vicissitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in England there was a time when I lived according to my heart's desire. Whenever I appeared, publick assemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with persons of quality and fashion, early dressed as for a court, to pay me their devoirs. Cheerful hospitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country parish as a kind of social bond between the squire, the parson, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where blest my appearance: they do so still, and keep their best cloaths to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honest country-folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, and sometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

Even in these my best days there were persons who thought me too demure and grave. I must, forsooth, by all means be instructed by foreign masters, and taught to dance and play. This method of education was so contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not succeed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different set. They were so excessively scandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to despoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that had been tricked out with by my last misjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been used to gather in the fields and gardens; nay, they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarse and awkward. I was now obliged to spend my whole life in hearing sermons; nor permitted so much as to smile upon any occasion.

In this melancholy disguise I became a perfect bugbear to all children and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general hush, and immediate stop to all pleasantness of look or discourse; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took such a disgust to me in those tedious hours of yawning, that having transmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though it is long since I

have recovered my natural pleasing tone of voice. Would but receive my visits kindly, and to what I could tell them—let it without vanity—how charming companion should I be! to eve could I talk on the subjects most reading and most pleasing. W great and ambitious I would d of honours and advancements, tinctions to which the whole world be witness, of unenvied dignities: rable preferments. To the rich I tell of inexhaustible treasures, a sure method to attain them. I teach them to put out their money best interest; and instruct the k pleasure how to secure and improve the highest degree. The beauty learn of me how to preserve an e ing bloom. To the afflicted I wo minister comfort, and relaxation busy.

As I dare promise myself y attest the truth of all I have ad there is no doubt but many will sious of improving their acqu with me; and that I may not be t too difficult, I will tell you, ir how I wish to be received.

You must know, I equally h idleness and hurry. I would ever be welcomed, at a tolerably earl with decent good-humour and g I must be attended in the great ha cularly appropriated to me with: but I do not insist upon finery; pi of appearance, and perfect neat all I require. I must at dinner be with a temperate, but cheerful meal; both the neighbours and t should be the better for me. So I must have tête-à-tête with my k tertainers, and the rest of my visit be spent in pleasant walks and among sets of agreeable people, discourse as I shall naturally di in reading some few selected out numberless books that are dedic me, and go by my name. A nan alas! as the world stands at makes them oftener thrown as taken up. As those conversati books should be both well cho give some advice on that head m sibly furnish you with a future and any thing you shall offer on half will be of great service to Mr. Rambler, your faithful s servant,

N<sup>o</sup> XXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1750.

IN EGO MENDOSOS AUSIM DEFENDERE MORES,  
FALSAQUE PRO VITIIS ARMA TENERE MEIS.

OVID.

RUPTED MANNERS I SHALL NE’ER DEFEND;  
B, FALSELY WITTY, FOR MY FAULTS CONTEND.

ELPHINSTON.

OUGH the fallibility of man’s case, and the narrowness of his dge, are very liberally confessed, conduct of those who so willingly the weakness of human nature, to discern that this acknowledgment is not altogether sincere; at least, it make it with a tacit reserve in of themselves, and that with whatse they give up the claim of their ours, they are desirous of being t exempt from faults in their own t, and from error in their opinions. certain and obstinate opposition, we may observe made to confutation, however clear, and to reproof, howrder, is an undoubted argument, ne dormant privilege is thought ttacked; for as no man can lose e neither possessor, nor imagines to possess, or be defrauded of that h he has no right, it is reasonable ose that those who break out into the softest contradiction, or the t censure, since they apparently le themselves injured, must fancy cient immunity violated, or some prerogative invaded. To be n, if they thought themselves li-mistake, could not be considered r shameful or wonderful, and they ot receive with so much emotion ence which only informed them t they knew before, nor struggle ch earnestness against an attack rived them of nothing to which ld themselves entitled. related of one of the philosophers, en an account was brought him of s death, he received it only with lection—‘ I knew that my son mortal.’ He that is convinced of r, if he had the same knowledge own weakness, would, instead of g for artifices, and brooding ma-only regard such oversights as endages of humanity, and paci- if with considering that he had own man to be a fallible being.

If it be true that most of our passions are excited by the novelty of objects, there is little reason for doubting that to be considered as subject to fallacies of ratiocination, or imperfection of knowledge, is to a great part of mankind entirely new; for it is impossible to fall into any company where there is not some regular and established subordination, without finding rage and vehemence produced only by difference of sentiments about things in which neither of the disputants have any other interest than what proceeds from their mutual unwillingness to give way to any opinion that may bring upon them the disgrace of being wrong.

I have heard of one, that, having advanced some erroneous doctrines in philosophy, refused to see the experiments by which they were confuted: and the observation of every day will give new proofs with how much industry subterfuges and evasions are sought to decline the pressure of resistless arguments, how often the state of the question is altered, how often the antagonist is wilfully misrepresented, and in how much perplexity the clearest positions are involved by those whom they happen to oppose.

Of all mortals, none seem to have been more infected with this species of vanity than the race of writers, whose reputation arising solely from their understanding, gives them a very delicate sensibility of any violence attempted on their literary honour. It is not unpleasing to remark with what solicitude men of acknowledged abilities will endeavour to palliate absurdities and reconcile contradictions, only to obviate criticisms to which all human performances must ever be exposed, and from which they can never suffer, but when they teach the world, by a vain and ridiculous impatience, to think them of importance.

Dryden, whose warmth of fancy and haste of composition very frequently hurried him into inaccuracies, heard him-

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self



self sometimes exposed to ridicule for having said in one of his tragedies—

I follow fate, which does too fast pursue.

That no man could at once follow and be followed, was, it may be thought, too plain to be long disputed; and the truth is, that Dryden was apparently betrayed into the blunder by the double meaning of the word Fate, to which in the former part of the verse he had annexed the idea of Fortune, and in the latter that of Death; so that the sense only was, *though pursued by Death, I will not resign myself to despair, but will follow Fortune, and do and suffer what is appointed.* This, however, was not completely expressed; and Dryden being determined not to give way to his critics, never confessed that he had been surprised by an ambiguity; but finding luckily in Virgil an account of a man moving in a circle, with this expression—*Et se sequiturque fugitque*—‘Here,’ says he, ‘is the passage in imitation of which I wrote the line that my critics were pleased to condemn as nonsense; not but I may sometimes write nonsense, though they have not the fortune to find it.’

Every one sees the folly of such mean doublings to escape the pursuit of criticism; nor is there a single reader of this poet who would not have paid him greater veneration, had he shewn consciousness enough of his own superiority to set such cavils at defiance, and owned that he sometimes slipped into errors by the tumult of his imagination, and the multitude of his ideas.

It is happy when this temper discovers itself only in little things, which may be right or wrong without any influence on the virtue or happiness of mankind. We may, with very little inquietude, see a man persist in a project which he has found to be impracticable, live in an inconvenient house because it was contrived by himself, or wear a coat of a particular cut in hopes by perseverance to bring it into fashion. These are indeed follies, but they are only follies; and, however wild or ridiculous, can very little affect others.

But such pride, once indulged, too frequently operates upon more important objects, and inclines men not only to vindicate their errors, but their vices; to persist in practices which their own hearts condemn, only lest they should

seem to feel reproaches, or be made wiser by the advice of others; or to search for sophisms tending to the confusion of all principles, and the evacuation of all duties, that they may not appear to ask what they are not able to defend.

Let every man who finds vanity so far predominant as to betray him to the danger of this last degree of corruption, pause a moment to consider what will be the consequences of the plea which he is about to offer for a practice to which he knows himself not led at first by reason, but impelled by the violence of desire, surprized by the suddenness of passion, or seduced by the soft approaches of temptation, and by imperceptible gradations of guilt. Let him consider what he is going to commit, by forcing his understanding to patronise those appetites which it is its chief business to hinder and reform.

The cause of virtue requires so little art to defend it, and good and evil, when they have been once shewn, are so easily distinguished, that such apologists seldom gain proselytes to their party, nor have their fallacies power to deceive any but those whose desires have clouded their discernment. All that the best faculties thus employed can perform is, to persuade the hearers that the man is hopeless whom they only thought vicious, that corruption has passed from his manners to his principles, that all endeavours for his recovery are without prospect of success, and that nothing remains but to avoid him as infectious, or hunt him down as destructive.

But if it be supposed that he may impose on his audience by partial representations of consequences, intricate deductions of remote causes, or perplexed combinations of ideas, which having various relations appear different as viewed on different sides; that he may sometimes puzzle the weak and well-meaning, and now and then seduce, by the admiration of his abilities, a young mind still fluctuating in unsettled notions, and neither fortified by instruction, nor enlightened by experience; yet what must be the event of such a triumph? A man cannot spend all his life in frolick: age, or disease, or solitude, will bring some hours of serious consideration; and it will then afford no comfort to think that he has extended the dominion of vice, that he has loaded himself with the crimes of others, and can

know the extent of his own wickedness, or make reparation for the mischief that he has caused. There is not, as in all the stores of ideal anguish, a sight more painful than the conceits of having propagated corruptly vitiating principles, of having seducingly drawn others from the paths of virtue, but blocked up the way by which they could return, of having blinded to every beauty but the paint of vice, and deafened them to every voice but the alluring voice of the tyrant's suggestion.

There is yet another danger in this sort of men who cannot deceive others, but are often successful in deceiving themselves; they weave their sophistry, their own reason is entangled, and they are in their positions till they are created by themselves; by often contending they grow sincere in the cause, and are wishing for demonstrative arguments, they at last bring themselves to say that they have found them. They are then at the uttermost verge of infatuation, and may die without having been able to rekindle in their minds which they own pride and contumacy have extinguished.

These are men who can be charged with

fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or virtue, are generally most ready to allow them: for, not to dwell on things of solemn and awful consideration, the humility of confessors, the tears of saints, and the dying terrors of persons eminent for piety and innocence, it is well known that Cæsar wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of Gaul; and that Hippocrates, whose name is perhaps in rational estimation greater than Cæsar's, warned posterity against a mistake into which he had fallen. 'So much,' says Celsus, 'does the open and artless confession of an error become a man conscious that he has enough remaining to support his character.'

As all error is meanness, it is incumbent on every man who consults his own dignity, to retract it as soon as he discovers it, without fearing any censure so much as that of his own mind. As justice requires that all injuries should be repaired, it is the duty of him who has seduced others by bad practices, or false notions, to endeavour that such as have adopted his errors should know his retraction, and that those who have learned vice by his example, should by his example be taught amendment.

## Nº XXXII. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1750.

Ὅσά τι δαιμόνισσι τύχαις βροτοὶ ἀλγέ' ἔχουσιν,  
 ὅν ἂν μᾶρ' ἔχῃ, πρὸς αἶψα φέρε, μὴδ ἀγανάκισμα.  
 Ἴσθαι δὲ στίβου καθόσον δύνη.

PYTHAG.

OF ALL THE WOES THAT LOAD THE MORTAL STATE,  
 WHATEVER THY PORTION, MILDLY MEET THY FATE;  
 BUT EASE IT AS THOU CANST—

ELPHINSTON.

A large part of human life passes in a state contrary to our natural disposition, that one of the principal topics of moral instruction is the art of bearing miseries. And such is the certainty that it is the duty of every man to furnish his mind with those principles which may enable him to act under it with decency and propriety.

The sect of ancient philosophers that have carried this necessary preparation to the highest perfection, were the Stoicks, or scholars of Zeno, whose stupaustic virtue pretended to an

exemption from the sensibilities of unenlightened mortals, and who proclaimed themselves exalted, by the doctrines of their sect, above the reach of those miseries which embitter life to the rest of the world. They therefore removed pain, poverty, loss of friends, exile, and violent death, from the catalogue of evils; and passed, in their haughty style, a kind of irreversible decree, by which they forbade them to be counted any longer among the objects of terror or anxiety, or to give any disturbance to the tranquillity of a wise man.

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This edict was, I think, not universally observed; for though one of the more resolute, when he was tortured by a violent disease, cried out, that let pain harass him to it's utmost power, it should never force him to consider it as other than indifferent and neutral: yet all had not stubbornness to hold out against their senses; for a weaker pupil of Zeno is recorded to have confessed, in the anguish of the gout, that *he now found pain to be an evil*.

It may however be questioned, whether these philosophers can be very properly numbered among the teachers of patience; for if pain be not an evil, there seems no instruction requisite how it may be borne; and therefore, when they endeavour to arm their followers with arguments against it, they may be thought to have given up their first position. But such inconsistencies are to be expected from the greatest understandings, when they endeavour to grow eminent by singularity, and employ their strength in establishing opinions opposite to nature.

The controversy about the reality of external evils is now at an end. That life has many miseries, and that those miseries are, sometimes at least, equal to all the powers of fortitude, is now universally confessed; and therefore it is useful to consider not only how we may escape them, but by what means those which either the accidents of affairs or the infirmities of nature, must bring upon us, may be mitigated and lightened, and how we may make those hours less wretched, which the condition of our present existence will not allow to be very happy.

The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical, but palliative. Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature, and interwoven with our being; all attempts therefore to decline it wholly are useless and vain: the armies of pain send their arrows against us on every side, the choice is only between those which are more or less sharp, or tinged with poison of greater or less malignity; and the strongest armour which reason can supply will only blunt their points, but cannot repel them.

The great remedy which Heaven has put in our hands is patience; by which, though we cannot lessen the torments of the body, we can in a great measure preserve the peace of the mind, and shall

suffer only the natural and genuine force of an evil, without heightening it's acrimony, or prolonging it's effects.

There is indeed nothing more unsuitable to the nature of man in any calamity than rage and turbulence, which without examining whether they are not sometimes impious, are at least always offensive, and incline others rather to hate and despise than to pity and assist us. If what we suffer has been brought upon us by ourselves, it is observed by an ancient poet, that patience is eminently our duty, since no one should be angry at feeling that which he has deserved.

*Leniter ex merito quicquid fatiare ferendum est.*  
Let pain deserv'd without complaint be borne.

And surely, if we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, patience, whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.

In those evils which are allotted to us by Providence, such as deformity, privation of any of the senses, or old age, it is always to be remembered, that impatience can have no present effect, but to deprive us of the consolations which our condition admits, by driving away from us those by whose conversation or advice we might be amused or helped; and that with regard to futurity it is yet less to be justified, since, without lessening the pain, it cuts off the hope of that reward, which he by whom it is inflicted will confer upon them that bear it well.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience is to be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, that, if properly applied, might remove the cause. Turenne, among the acknowledgments which he used to pay in conversation to the memory of those by whom he had been instructed in the art of war, mentioned one with honour, who taught him not to spend his time in regretting any mistake which he had made, but to set himself immediately and vigorously to repair it.

Patience and submission are very carefully to be distinguished from cowardice and

and indolence. We are not to repine, but we may lawfully struggle; for the calamities of life, like the necessities of nature, are calls to labour and exercises of diligence. When we feel any pressures of distress, we are not to conclude that we can only obey the will of Heaven by languishing under it, any more than when we perceive the pain of thirst we are to imagine that water is prohibited. Of misfortune it never can be certainly known whether, as proceeding from the hand of God, it is an act of favour or of punishment: but since all the ordinary dispensations of providence are to be interpreted according to the general analogy of things, we may conclude that we have a right to remove one inconvenience as well as another; that we are only to take care lest we purchase ease with guilt; and that our Maker's purpose, whether of reward or severity, will be answered by the labours which he lays us under the necessity of performing.

This duty is not more difficult in any state than in diseases intensely painful, which may indeed suffer such exacerbations as seem to strain the powers of life to their utmost stretch, and leave very little of the attention vacant to precept or reproof. In this state the nature of man requires some indulgence, and every extravagance but impiety may be easily forgiven him. Yet, lest we should think ourselves too soon entitled to the mournful privileges of irresistible misery, it is proper to reflect, that the utmost anguish which human wit can contrive, or human malice can inflict, has been borne with constancy; and that if the pains of disease be, as I believe they are, sometimes greater than those of artificial torture, they are therefore in their own nature shorter, the vital frame is quickly broken, or the union between soul and body is for a time suspended by insensibility, and we soon cease to feel our maladies when they

once become too violent to be borne. I think there is some reason for questioning whether the body and mind are not so proportioned, that the one can bear all that can be inflicted on the other, whether virtue cannot stand its ground as long as life, and whether a soul well principled will not be separated sooner than subdued.

In calamities which operate chiefly on our passions, such as diminution of fortune, loss of friends, or declension of character, the chief danger of impatience is upon the first attack, and many expedients have been contrived, by which the blow may be broken. Of these the most general precept is, not to take pleasure in any thing of which it is not in our power to secure the possession to ourselves. This counsel, when we consider the enjoyment of any terrestrial advantage, as opposite to a constant and habitual solicitude for future felicity, is undoubtedly just, and delivered by that authority which cannot be disputed; but in any other sense, is it not like advice not to walk lest we should stumble, or not to see lest our eyes should light upon deformity? It seems to me reasonable to enjoy blessings with confidence, as well as to resign them with submission, and to hope for the continuance of good which we possess without insolence or voluptuousness, as for the restitution of that which we lose without despondency or murmurs.

The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience must arise from frequent reflection on the wisdom and goodness of the God of nature, in whose hands are riches and poverty, honour and disgrace, pleasure and pain, and life and death. A settled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the possibility of turning miseries into happiness, by receiving them rightly, will incline us to *bless the name of the Lord, whether he gives or takes away.*

Nº XXXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1750.

QUOD CARET ALTERNA REQUIE DURABILE NON EST.

OVID.

ALTERNATE REST AND LABOUR LONG ENDURE.

**I**N the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was

yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure, and constant plenty,

plenty, under the protection of Rest; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring, eat the fruits which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor, when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, because only one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed; the year was divided into seasons; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The summer and autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency, but winter was without any relief; Famine, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of Famine, who scattered the ground every where with carcases, Labour came down upon earth. Labour was the son of Necessity, the nursing of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governors. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy

*with the sun; he had the implements of*

husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice—'Mortals! see here the power to whom you are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures and all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of Rest, an impotent and deceitful goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either Famine or Disease, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.'

'Awake therefore to the call of Labour. I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air it's fowls, and the forest it's beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth, and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies, by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you shall fell the oak, and divide rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure.'

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered Labour as their only friend, and halted to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded store-houses.

Thus Labour and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw Famine gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of Lassitude, who was known by her sunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage,

then

as slackened, their hands shook, instruments of Labour fell from p.  
 d with this horrid phantom, they with regret on their easy com-  
 mith the solicitations of Labour, n to wish again for the golden  
 rich they remembered to have nder the reign of Rest, whom  
 lved again to visit, and to whom ended to dedicate the remain-  
 of their lives. Rest had not world; they quickly found her; stone for their former desertion,  
 ner to the enjoyment of those ons which Labour had procured

erefore took leave of the groves ies, which she had hitherto in- and entered into palaces, re-  
 self in alcoves, and slumbered : winter upon beds of down, and ner in artificial grottos with cas-  
 ying before her. There was always something wanting to : her felicity, and she could ne-  
 her returning fugitives to that which they knew before their  
 ents with Labour: nor was her n entirely without controul, for  
 obliged to share it with Luxury, she always looked upon her as  
 friend, by whom her influence ality destroyed while it seemed  
 omoted.

two soft associates, however, for some time without visible dis-  
 ant, till at last Luxury betrayed ge, and let in Disease to seize up-  
 rorshippers. Rest then flew away, the place to the usurpers; who  
 ed all their arts to fortify them- their possession, and to strenght-  
 nterest of each other.  
 had not always the same enemy: places she escaped the incursions  
 ase; but had her residence invad- more slow and subtle intruder,  
 frequently, when every thing imposed and quiet; when there  
 ther pain within, nor danger with- her every flower was in bloom,  
 ry gale freighted with perfumes; would enter with a languishing  
 ining look, and throw herself be couch, placed and adorned

for the accommodation of Rest. No sooner was she seated, than a general gloom spread itself on every side, the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves, and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

Rest had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to Luxury, who promised by her arts to drive Satiety away; and others, that were more wise, or had more fortitude, went back again to Labour, by whom they were indeed protected from Satiety, but delivered up in time to Lassitude, and forced by her to the bowers of Rest.

Thus Rest and Labour equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful, and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. Labour saw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to Rest, and Rest found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of Labour. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them; and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promised to guard the frontiers of each other; so that, whenever hostilities were attempted, Satiety should be intercepted by Labour, and Lassitude expelled by Rest. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased; and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, Rest afterwards became pregnant by Labour, and was delivered of Health; a benevolent goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign, by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between Rest and Labour.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1750.

—NON SINE VANO  
AURARUM ET SILVÆ METU.—

ALARM'D WITH EV'RY RISING GALE,  
IN EV'RY WOOD, IN EV'RY VALE.

HOR.

ELPHINSTON.

I Have been censured for having hitherto dedicated so few of my speculations to the ladies; and indeed the moralist whose instructions are accommodated only to one half of the human species, must be confessed not sufficiently to have extended his views. Yet, it is to be considered, that masculine duties afford more room for counsels and observations, as they are less uniform, and connected with things more subject to vicissitude and accident; we therefore find that, in philosophical discourses which teach by precept, or historical narratives that instruct by example, the peculiar virtues or faults of women fill but a small part; perhaps generally too small; for so much of our domestick happiness is in their hands, and their influence is so great upon our earliest years, that the universal interest of the world requires them to be well instructed in their province; nor can it be thought proper, that the qualities by which so much pain or pleasure may be given, should be left to the direction of chance.

I have, therefore, willingly given a place in my paper to a letter, which, perhaps, may not be wholly useless to them whose chief ambition is to please, as it shews how certainly the end is missed by absurd and injudicious endeavours at distinction.

TO THE RAMBLER,

SIR,

I Am a young gentleman at my own disposal, with a considerable estate; and having passed through the common forms of education, spent some time in foreign countries, and made myself distinguished since my return in the politest company, I am now arrived at that part of life in which every man is expected to settle, and provide for the continuation of his lineage. I withstood for some time the solicitations and remonstrances of my aunts and uncles, but at last

was persuaded to visit Anthea, an heiress, whose land lies contiguous to mine, and whose birth and beauty are without objection. Our friends declared that we were born for each other, all those on both sides who had no interest in hindering our union contributed to promote it, and were conspiring to hurry us into matrimony, before we had an opportunity of knowing one another. I was, however, too old to be given away without my own consent; and having happened to pick up an opinion which to many of my relations seemed extremely odd, that a man might be unhappy with a large estate, determined to obtain a nearer knowledge of the person with whom I was to pass the remainder of my time. To protract the courtship was by no means difficult, for Anthea had a wonderful facility of evading questions which I seldom repeated, and of barring approaches which I had no great eagerness to press.

Thus the time passed away in visits and civilities, without any ardent professions of love, or formal offers of settlements. I often attended her to publick places; in which, as is well known, all behaviour is so much regulated by custom, that very little insight can be gained into the private character, and therefore I was not yet able to inform myself of her humour and inclinations.

At last I ventured to propose to her to make one of a small party, and spend a day in viewing a seat and gardens a few miles distant; and having, upon her compliance, collected the rest of the company, I brought at the hour a coach which I had borrowed from an acquaintance, having delayed to buy one myself, till I should have an opportunity of taking the lady's opinion for whose use it was intended. Anthea came down, but as she was going to step into the coach, started back with great appearance of terror, and told us that she durst not enter, for the shocking colour of the lining had so much the air

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mourning-coach in which she  
 and her aunt's funeral three years  
 that she should never have her  
 her aunt out of her head.

Now that it was not for lovers to  
 with their mistresses; I therefore  
 took the coach, and got another  
 way. Into this we all entered, the  
 man began to drive, and we were  
 got ourselves with the expectation  
 that we should see, when, upon a  
 inclination of the carriage, Anthea  
 fell out, that we were overthrown.  
 We were obliged to fix all our attention  
 on her, which she took care to keep up  
 wing her outcries, at every corner  
 we had occasion to turn: at inter-  
 vals entertained us with fretful com-  
 plaints of the uneasiness of the coach,  
 obliged me to call several times on  
 the coachman to take care and drive  
 it jolting. The poor fellow en-  
 deared to please us, and therefore  
 very slowly, till Anthea found out  
 his pace would only keep us longer  
 in the mire, and desired that I would  
 him to make more speed. He whip-  
 lashed the horses, the coach jolted again, and  
 a very complaisantly told us how  
 she repented that she made one of  
 many.

At last we got into the smooth road,  
 began to think our difficulties at  
 an end, when, on a sudden, Anthea saw  
 a black horse before us, which she could not  
 see to pass. We were, therefore,  
 obliged to alight, that we might walk  
 across the bridge; but when we came to it,  
 and it so narrow, that Anthea  
 could not set her foot upon it, and was  
 obliged to sit, after long consultation, to call  
 us back; and with innumerable  
 complaints, terrors, and lamentations,  
 crossed the brook.

It was necessary after this delay to  
 alter our pace, and directions were ac-  
 cordingly given to the coachman, when  
 he informed us, that it was com-  
 mon for the axle to catch fire with a  
 motion, and begged of me to look  
 every minute lest we should all be con-  
 sumed. I was forced to obey, and gave  
 from time to time the most solemn  
 assurances that all was safe, and that I  
 we should reach the place without  
 our lives either by fire or water.  
 As we passed on over ways soft and  
 with more or with less speed, but  
 with new vicissitudes of anxiety.  
 When the ground was hard, we were jolted;

if soft, we were sinking. If we went  
 fast, we should be overturned; if slowly,  
 we should never reach the place. At  
 length she saw something which she called  
 a cloud, and began to consider that at  
 that time of the year it frequently thun-  
 dered. This seemed to be the capital  
 terror, for after that the coach was suf-  
 fered to move on; and no danger was  
 thought too dreadful to be encountered,  
 provided she could get into a house be-  
 fore the thunder.

Thus our whole conversation passed  
 in dangers, and cares, and fears, and con-  
 solations, and stories of ladies dragged  
 in the mire, forced to spend all the night  
 on a heath, drowned in rivers, or burnt  
 with lightning; and no sooner had a  
 hair-breadth escape set us free from one  
 calamity, but we were threatened with  
 another.

At length we reached the house where  
 we intended to regale ourselves; and I  
 proposed to Anthea the choice of a great  
 number of dishes, which the place, be-  
 ing well provided for entertainment,  
 happened to afford. She made some ob-  
 jection to every thing that was offered;  
 one thing she hated at that time of the  
 year; another she could not bear since  
 she had seen it spoiled at Lady Feedwell's  
 table; another she was sure they could  
 not dress at this house; and another she  
 could not touch without French sauce.  
 At last she fixed her mind upon salmon,  
 but there was no salmon in the house.  
 It was however procured with great ex-  
 pedition; and when it came to the table  
 she found that her fright had taken away  
 her stomach, which indeed she thought  
 no great loss, for she could never believe  
 that any thing at an inn could be cleanly  
 got.

Dinner was now over, and the com-  
 pany proposed, for I was now past the  
 condition of making overtures, that we  
 should pursue our original design of visit-  
 ing the gardens. Anthea declared that  
 she could not imagine what pleasure we  
 expected from the sight of a few green  
 trees and a little gravel, and two or  
 three pits of clear water; that for her  
 part she hated walking till the cool of  
 the evening, and thought it very likely  
 to rain; and again wished that she had  
 staid at home. We then reconciled our-  
 selves to our disappointment, and began  
 to talk on common subjects, when An-  
 thea told us that, since we came to the  
 gardens, she would not hinder our satis-  
 faction.

faction. We all rose, and walked through the inclosures for some time, with no other trouble than the necessity of watching lest a frog should hop across the way, which Anthea told us would certainly kill her, if she should happen to see him.

Frogs, as it fell out, there were none; but when we were within a furlong of the gardens, Anthea saw some sheep, and heard the wether clink his bell, which she was certain was not hung upon him for nothing, and therefore no assurances nor intreaties should prevail upon her to go a step farther; she was sorry to disappoint the company, but her life was dearer to her than ceremony.

We came back to the inn; and Anthea now discovered that there was no time to be lost in returning, for the night would come upon us, and a thousand misfortunes might happen in the dark. The horses were immediately harnessed; and Anthea, having wondered what could seduce her to stay so long, was eager to

set out. But we had now a new sort of terror; every man we saw was a robber, and we were ordered sometimes to drive hard, lest a traveller whom we behind should overtake us; and sometimes to stop, lest we should catch him who was passing before us, alarmed many an honest man, giving him to spare her life as he perceived the coach, and drew me into quarrels with persons who encreased my fright, by kindly stopping to whether they could assist us. We came home; and the next day what a pleasant had been taking.

I suppose, Sir, I need not enquire what deductions may be made from this narrative, nor what happiness arise from the society of that woman, mistakes cowardice for elegance, imagines all delicacy to consist in being to be pleased.

I am, Sir,

Nº XXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1750.

NON PRONUBA JUNO,  
NON HYMENÆUS ADEST, NON ILLI GRATIA LECTO

OVID.

WITHOUT CONNUBIAL JUNO'S AID THEY WED;  
NOR HYMEN NOR THE GRACES BLESS THE BED.

ELPHINSTON

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS you have hitherto delayed the performance of the promise, by which you gave us reason to hope for another paper upon Matrimony, I imagine you desirous of collecting more materials than your own experience, or observation, can supply; and I shall therefore lay candidly before you an account of my own entrance into the conjugal state.

I was about eight and twenty years old, when, having tried the diversions of the town till I began to be weary, and being awakened into attention to more serious business by the failure of an attorney to whom I had implicitly trusted the conduct of my fortune, I resolved to take my estate into my own care, and methodise my whole life according to the strictest rules of economical prudence.

In pursuance of this scheme, I took leave of my acquaintance, who dismissed

me with numberless jests upon my system; having first endeavour'd to divert me from a design so little becoming a man of wit, by ridiculous allusions to the ignorance and rusticity into which many had sunk in their retirement; having distinguished themselves by witticisms and playhouses, and given of rising to uncommon eminence the gay part of mankind.

When I came first into the country, which, by a neglect not uncommon among young heirs, I had neglected since the death of my father, every thing in such confusion, that I utterly without practice in business had great difficulties to encounter in entangling the perplexities of my affairs; they however gave way to diligent application, and I perceived the advantage of keeping my own affairs, which they could require.

I had now visited my tenants, repaired my land, and repaired the

which for some years had been running to decay. These proofs of pecuniary wisdom began to recommend me, as a sober, judicious, thriving gentleman, to all my graver neighbours of the country, who never failed to celebrate my management in opposition to Thriftless and Latterwit, two smart fellows, who had estates in the same part of the kingdom, which they visited now and then in a frolick, to take up their rents beforehand, debauch a milk-maid, make a feast for the village, and tell stories of their own intrigues, and then rode post back to town to spend their money.

It was doubtful however for some time, whether I should be able to hold my resolution; but a short perseverance removed all suspicions. I rose every day in reputation by the decency of my conversation, and the regularity of my conduct, and was mentioned with great regard at the assizes, as a man very fit to be put in commission for the peace.

During the confusion of my affairs, and the daily necessity of visiting farms, adjusting contracts, letting leases, and superintending repairs, I found very little vacuity in my life, and therefore had not many thoughts of marriage; but in a little while the tumult of business subsided, and the exact method which I had established enabled me to dispatch my accounts with great facility. I had therefore now upon my hands the task of finding means to spend my time, without falling back into the poor amusements which I had hitherto indulged, or changing them for the sports of the field, which I saw pursued with so much eagerness by the gentlemen of the country, that they were indeed the only pleasures in which I could promise myself any partaker.

The inconvenience of this situation naturally disposed me to wish for a companion; and the known value of my estate, with my reputation for frugality and prudence, easily gained me admission into every family; for I soon found that no enquiry was made after any other virtue, nor any testimonial necessary, but of my freedom from incumbrances, and my care of what they termed the *main chance*. I saw, not without indignation, the eagerness with which the daughters, wherever I came, were set out to show; nor could I consider them in a *late much different from prostitution, when I found them ordered to play their*

airs before me, and to exhibit, by some seeming chance, specimens of their musick, their work, or their housewifery. No sooner was I placed at table, than the young lady was called upon to pay me some civility or other; nor could I find means of escaping, from either father or mother, some account of their daughters excellences, with a declaration that they were now leaving the world, and had no business on this side the grave, but to see their children happily disposed of; that she whom I had been pleased to compliment at table was indeed the chief pleasure of their age, so good, so dutiful, so great a relief to her mamma in the care of the house, and so much her papa's favourite for her cheerfulness and wit, that it would be with the last reluctance that they should part; but to a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom they might often visit, they would not so far consult their own gratification as to refuse her; and their tenderness should be shown in her fortune, whenever a suitable settlement was proposed.

As I knew their overtures not to proceed from any preference of me, before another equally rich, I could not but look with pity on young persons condemned to be set to auction, and made cheap by injudicious commendations; for how could they know themselves offered and rejected a hundred times, without some loss of that soft elevation, and maiden dignity, so necessary to the completion of female excellence?

I shall not trouble you with a history of the stratagems practised upon my judgment, or the allurements tried upon my heart; which, if you have, in any part of your life, been acquainted with rural politicks, you will easily conceive. Their arts have no great variety, they think nothing worth their care but money; and, supposing it's influence the same upon all the world, seldom endeavour to deceive by any other means than false computations.

I will not deny that, by hearing myself loudly commended for my discretion, I began to set some value upon my character, and was unwilling to lose my credit by marrying for love. I therefore resolved to know the fortune of the lady whom I should address, before I enquired after her wit, delicacy, or beauty.

This determination led me to Missa, the daughter of Christophalus, whose person was at least without deformity, and  
 L 2 whose

whose manners were free from reproach, as she had been bred up at a distance from all common temptations. To Mitissa, therefore, I obtained leave from her parents to pay my court, and was referred by her again to her father, whose direction she was resolved to follow. The question then was, only, what should be settled. The old gentleman made an enormous demand, with which I refused to comply. Mitissa was ordered to exert her power; she told me, that if I could refuse her papa, I had no love for her; that she was an unhappy creature, and that I was a perfidious man; then she burst into tears, and fell into fits. All this, as I was no passionate lover, had little effect. She next refused to see me; and because I thought myself obliged to write in terms of distress, they had once hopes of starving me into measures; but finding me inflexible, the father complied with my proposal, and told me he liked me the more for being so good at a bargain.

I was now married to Mitissa, and was to experience the happiness of a match made without passion. Mitissa soon discovered that she was equally prudent with myself, and had taken a husband only to be at her own command, and to have a chariot at her own call. She brought with her an old maid recommended by her mother, who taught her all the arts of domestic management; and was, on every occasion, her chief agent and director. They soon invented one reason or other to quarrel with all my servants, and either prevailed on me to turn them away, or treated them so ill, that

they left me of themselves, and supplied their places with some from my wife's relations. Th established a family, over which no authority, and which was in perpetual conspiracy against me; Mitissa considered herself as having separate interest, and thought not of her own but what she laid up with knowledge. For this reason she gave me false accounts of the expence of the house, joined with my tenants' complaints of hard times, and, by naming a steward of her own, took away soliciting abatements of the rent. My great hope is to outlive me, may enjoy what she has thus accumulated, and therefore she is always contriving some improvements of the future land; and once tried to prevent my injunction to hinder me from timber upon it for repairs. Her mother and mother assist her in her projects, and frequently hinting that she is used, and reproaching me with the faults that other ladies receive from their husbands.

Such, Sir, was my situation for years, till at last my patience was exhausted; and having one day introduced my father to my house, I laid my affairs before him, detected in several of her frauds, turned her steward, charged a constable's maid, took my business in my own hand, reduced her to a settled allowance, and now write this account to you against marrying those whom I have no reason to esteem.

I am, &

N<sup>o</sup> XXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1750.

Ἄμ' ἰπποῖο νομαῖας  
Τετραμέννοι σύριγγι. δῖλον δ' ὅτι προέουσιν.

HOMER.

—PIPING ON THEIR REEDS, THE SHEPHERDS GO;  
NOR FEAR AN AMBUSH, NOR SUSPECT A FOE.

POPE.

**T**HERE is scarcely any species of poetry that has allured more readers, or excited more writers, than the Pastoral. It is generally pleasing, because it entertains the mind with representations of scenes familiar to almost every imagination, and of which all can equally judge whether they are well described. It exhibits a life to which we

have been always accustomed to peace, and leisure, and innocence; therefore we readily set open for the admission of it's image, contribute to drive away care, perturbations, and suffer ourselves out resistance, to be transported to regions, where we are to meet nothing but joy, and plenty, and

where every gale whispers pleasure and every shade promises repose. as been maintained by some, who talk of what they do not know, pastoral is the most ancient poetry; indeed, since it is probable that it is nearly of the same antiquity as the rational nature, and since the first man was certainly rural, we may reasonably conjecture, that, as their words would necessarily be borrowed from objects with which they were acquainted, their compositions, being filled with such thoughts on the vibration as must occur to the first men, were pastoral hymns, like those

Milton introduces the original singing, in the day of innocence, to praise of their Maker.

For the same reason that pastoral poetry is the first employment of the human imagination, it is generally the first amusement of our minds. We see the fields, and meadows, and woods, from the time that our eyes open on life; and are pleased with birds, brooks, and breezes, much earlier than we engage among the actions and passions of mankind. We are therefore delighted with rural pictures, because we know the original at an age when our curiosity can be very little gratified by descriptions of courts and cities, which we never beheld, or representations of actions which we never felt.

The satisfaction received from this kind of writing not only begins early, but lasts long; we do not, as we advance into the intellectual world, throw it among other childish amusements, but sometimes, but willingly return to it in moments of indolence and relaxation. Images of true pastoral have always power of exciting delight, because the works of nature, from which they are drawn, have always the same order and beauty, and continue to force themselves upon our thoughts, being at once the most careless regard, and the most adequate to the strongest and severest contemplation. Our attention to stillness and tranquillity is much lessened by long knowledge of the busy and tumultuary part of the world. In childhood we turn our eyes to the country, as to the region of repose; we recur to it in old age as to a place of rest, and perhaps with that *secret and adventitious gladness, which we feel on reviewing those places,*

or recollecting those occurrences, that contributed to his youthful enjoyments, and bring him back to the prime of life, when the world was gay with the bloom of novelty, when mirth wanted on his side, and hope sparkled before him.

The sense of this universal pleasure has invited numbers without number to try their skill in pastoral performances, in which they have generally succeeded after the manner of other imitators, transmitting the same images in the same combination from one to another, till he that reads the title of a poem may guess at the whole series of the composition; nor will a man, after the perusal of thousands of these performances, find his knowledge enlarged with a single view of nature not produced before, or his imagination amused with any new application of those views to moral purposes.

The range of pastoral is indeed narrow; for though nature itself, philosophically considered, be inexhaustible, yet its general effects on the eye and on the ear are uniform, and incapable of much variety of description. Poetry cannot dwell upon the minuter distinctions, by which one species differs from another, without departing from that simplicity of grandeur which fills the imagination; nor dissect the latent qualities of things, without losing its general power of gratifying every mind by recalling its conceptions. However, as each age makes some discoveries, and those discoveries are by degrees generally known, as new plants or modes of culture are introduced, and by little and little become common, pastoral might receive, from time to time, small augmentations, and exhibit once in a century a scene somewhat varied.

But pastoral subjects have been often, like others, taken into the hands of those that were not qualified to adorn them; men to whom the face of nature was so little known, that they have drawn it only after their own imagination, and changed or distorted her features, that their portraits might appear something more than servile copies from their predecessors.

Not only the images of rural life, but the occasions on which they can be properly produced, are few and general.

The state of a man confined to the employments and pleasures of the country, is so little diversified, and exposed to so few

few of those accidents which produce perplexities, terrors, and surprises, in more complicated transactions, that he can be shewn but seldom in such circumstances as attract curiosity. His ambition is without policy, and his love without intrigue. He has no complaints to make of his rival, but that he is richer than himself; nor any disasters to lament, but a cruel mistress, or a bad harvest.

The conviction of the necessity of some new source of pleasure induced Sannazarius to remove the scene from the fields to the sea, to substitute fishermen for shepherds, and derive his sentiments from the piscatory life; for which he has been censured by succeeding critics, because the sea is an object of terror, and by no means proper to amuse the mind and lay the passions asleep. Against this objection he might be defended by the established maxim, that the poet has a right to select his images, and is no more obliged to shew the sea in a storm, than the land under an inundation; but may display all the pleasures, and conceal the dangers of the water, as he may lay his shepherd under a shady beech, without giving him an ague, or letting a wild beast look upon him.

There are, however, two defects in the piscatory eclogue, which perhaps cannot be supplied. The sea, though in hot countries it is considered by those who live like Sannazarius, upon the coast, as a place of pleasure and diversion, has notwithstanding much less variety than the land, and therefore will be sooner exhausted by a descriptive writer. When he has once shewn the sun rising or setting upon it, curled it's waters with the vernal breeze, rolled the waves in gentle succession to the shore, and enumerated the fish sporting in the shallows,

he has nothing remaining but common to all other poetry, the plaint of a nymph for a drowned lover, or the indignation of a fisher that others are refused, and Mycon's aid.

Another obstacle to the generation of this kind of poetry, is ignorance of maritime pleasures, in the greater part of mankind must live. To all the inland inhabited every region, the sea is only known by an immense diffusion of water which men pass from one country to other, and in which life is fire lost. They have, therefore, no opportunity of tracing in their own thoughts the descriptions of winding shores, calm bays, nor can look on the objects which they are mentioned, with sensations than on a sea-chart, metrical geography of Dionysius.

This defect Sannazarius was hindered from perceiving, by writing in a language to readers generally acquainted with the works of nature; but if he made his attempt in any vulgar tongue, he would soon have discovered how little he had endeavoured to make that which was not understood.

I am afraid it will not be found to improve the pastorals of antiquity any great additions or diversifications. Our descriptions may indeed differ from those of Virgil, as an English from an Italian summer, and, in some respects, as modern from ancient life; but nature is in both countries nearly the same, and as poetry has to do rather with the passions of men, which are uniform in all countries, than with their customs, which are changeable, the varieties which time or place can furnish will be inconsiderable: and endeavour to shew, in the next page, how little the latter ages have contributed to the improvement of the rustic man.

## Nº XXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1750.

CANTO QUÆ SOLITUS, SI QUANDO ARMENTA VOCABAT,  
AMPHION DIOCEUS.

VIRG.

SUCH STRAINS I SING AS ONCE AMPHION PLAY'D.

WHEN LISTENING FLOCKS THE POWERFUL CALL OBEY'D.

ELPHIN

**I**N writing or judging of Pastoral Poetry, neither the authors nor critics of latter times seem to have paid sufficient regard to the originals left us by antiquity, but have entangled themselves with unnecessary difficulties, by advancing

principles, which, having no foundation in the nature of things, are only to be rejected from a species of position in which, above all other nature is to be regarded.

It is therefore necessary to inquire

ter some more distinct and exact idea of this kind of writing. This may, I think, be easily found in the Pastorals of Virgil, from whose opinion it will not appear very safe to depart, if we consider that every advantage of nature, and of fortune, concurred to complete his productions; that he was born with great accuracy and severity of judgment, enlightened with all the learning of one of the brightest ages, and embellished with the elegance of the Roman court; that he employed his powers rather in improving than inventing, and therefore must have endeavoured to recompense the want of novelty by exactness; that taking Theocritus for his original, he found pastoral far advanced towards perfection, and that having so great a rival, he must have proceeded with uncommon caution.

If we search the writings of Virgil for the true definition of a pastoral, it will be found *a poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon a country life*. Whatsoever therefore may, according to the common course of things, happen in the country, may afford a subject for a pastoral poet.

In this definition, it will immediately occur to those who are versed in the writings of the modern criticks, that there is no mention of the golden age. I cannot indeed easily discover why it is thought necessary to refer descriptions of a rural state to remote times, nor can I perceive that any writer has consistently preserved the Arcadian manners and sentiments. The only reason, that I have read, on which this rule has been founded, is, that, according to the customs of modern life, it is improbable that shepherds should be capable of harmonious numbers, or delicate sentiments; and therefore the reader must exalt his ideas of the pastoral character, by carrying his thoughts back to the age in which the care of herds and flocks was the employment of the wisest and greatest men.

These reasoners seem to have been led into their hypothesis, by considering pastoral, not in general, as a representation of rural nature, and consequently as exhibiting the ideas and sentiments of those, whoever they are, to whom the country affords pleasure or employment, but simply as a dialogue, or narrative of men actually tending sheep, and busied in the lowest and most laborious of-

fices; from whence they very readily concluded, since characters must necessarily be preserved, that either the sentiments must sink to the level of the speakers, or the speakers must be raised to the height of the sentiments.

In consequence of these original errors, a thousand precepts have been given, which have only contributed to perplex and confound. Some have thought it necessary that the imaginary manners of the golden age should be universally preserved, and have therefore believed, that nothing more could be admitted in pastoral, than lilies and roses, and rocks and streams, among which are heard the gentle whispers of chaste fondness, or the soft complaints of amorous impatience. In pastoral, as in other writings, chastity of sentiment ought doubtless to be observed, and purity of manners to be represented; not because the poet is confined to the images of the golden age, but because, having the subject in his own choice, he ought always to consult the interest of virtue.

These advocates for the golden age lay down other principles, not very consistent with their general plan; for they tell us, that, to support the character of the shepherd, it is proper that all refinement should be avoided, and that some slight instances of ignorance should be interspersed. Thus the shepherd in Virgil is supposed to have forgot the name of Anaximander; and, in Pope, the term Zedick is so hard for a rustick apprehension. But if we place our shepherds in their primitive condition, we may give them learning among their other qualifications; and if we suffer them to allude at all to things of later existence, which perhaps cannot with any great propriety be allowed, there can be no danger of making them speak with too much accuracy, since they conversed with divinities, and transmitted to succeeding ages the arts of life.

Other writers, having the mean and despicable condition of a shepherd always before them, conceive it necessary to degrade the language of pastoral, by obsolete terms and rustick words, which they very leanelessly call Dorick, without reflecting, that they thus become authors of a mangled dialect, which no human being ever could have spoken, that they may as well refine the speech as the sentiments of their personage, and

that



that none of the inconsistencies which they endeavour to avoid, is greater than that of joining elegance of thought with coarseness of diction. Spenser begins one of his pastorals with studied barbarity—

Diggon Davie, I bid her good-day:

Or, Diggon her is, or I missay.

Dig. Her was her while it was day-light,  
But now her is a most wretched wight.

What will the reader imagine to be the subject on which speakers like these exercise their eloquence? Will he not be somewhat disappointed, when he finds them met together to condemn the corruptions of the Church of Rome? Surely, at the same time that a shepherd learns theology, he may gain some acquaintance with his native language.

Pastoral admits of all ranks of persons, because persons of all ranks inhabit the country. It excludes not, therefore, on account of the characters necessary to be introduced, any elevation or delicacy of sentiment; those ideas only are improper which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral. Such is the exclamation in Virgil—

*Nunc scio quid sit Amor, Liris in cantibus illum  
Ismarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,  
Nec generis nostri puerum, nec sanguinis, edunt.*

I know thee, Love; in deserts thou wert bred,  
And at the dugs of savage tygers fed;  
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains.

DRYDEN.

which Pope endeavouring to copy, was carried to still greater impropriety:

I know thee, Love, wild as the raging main,  
More fierce than tygers on the Lybian plain;  
Thou wert from Ætna's turning entrails torn;  
Begot in tempests, and in thunders born!

Sentiments like these, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem; but in pastoral they are particularly liable to censure, because it wants that exaltation above common life, which in tragick or heroic writings often reconciles us to bold flights and daring figures.

Pastoral being the representation of an action or passion, by it's effects upon a country life, has nothing peculiar but it's confinement to rural imagery, without which it ceases to be pastoral. This is it's true characteristic, and this it cannot lose by any dignity of sentiment, or beauty of diction. The Pollio of Virgil,

with all it's elevation, is a truly bucolick, though rejected by critics; for all the images are taken from the country, or from the religion of the age common to all parts of the empire.

The Silenus is indeed of a more reputable kind, because though the lies in the country, the song being religious and historical, had been adapted to any other audience or nation. Neither can it well be defended as fiction, for the introduction of a god to imply the golden age, and yet ludes to many subsequent transactions and mentions Gallus the poet's contemporary.

It seems necessary to the performance of this poem, that the occasion is supposed to produce it, be at least inconsistent with a country life, likely to interest those who have retired into places of solitude and quiet, the more busy part of mankind. It is therefore improper to give the title pastoral to verses in which the speaker, after the slight mention of their faults, fall to complaints of errors in the climate and corruptions in the government to lamentations of the death of so lustrous a person, whom, when our poet has called a shepherd, he has longer any labour upon his hands can make the clouds weep, and wither, and the sheep hang their heads without art or learning, genius or

It is part of Claudian's character his rustick, that he computes his not by the succession of consuls, but harvests. Those who pass their days in retreats distant from the theatres of science are always least likely to improve their imagination with publick affairs.

The facility of treating æsthetic events in the pastoral style has induced many writers, from whom more sentiment might have been expected, to the sorrow or the joy which the occasion required into the mouth of Daphnis or Thyrsis; and as one absurdity naturally has been expected to make way for another, they have written with utter disregard both of life and nature and filled their productions with natural allusions, with incredible fiction and with sentiments which neither the passion nor reason could have dictated the change which religion has made in the whole system of the world.

N<sup>o</sup> XXXVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1750.

AUREAM QUISQVIS MEDIOCRITATEM  
DILIGIT, TULUS CARET OBSEQUESTI  
SORDIDUS TECTI, CARET INVIDENDA  
SORDIDUS AULA.

HOR.

THE MAN WITHIN THE GOLDEN MEAN,  
WHO CAN HIS HOLDEST WISH CONTAIN,  
SECURELY VIEWS THE RUIN'D CELL,  
WHYRE SORDID WANT AND SORROW DWELL;  
AND IN HIMSELF SERENELY GREAT,  
DECLINES AN ENVIED ROOM OF STATE.

FRANCIS.

**A**MONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness, as well as virtue, consists in Mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is necessary, even to him who has no other care than to pass through the present state with ease and safety; and that the middle path is the road of security, on either side of which are not only the pitfalls of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, *μέτρον ἄριστον*—Mediocrity is 'best,' has been long considered as an universal principle, extended through the whole compass of life and nature. The experience of every age seems to have given it new confirmation, and to shew that nothing, however specious or alluring, is pursued with propriety, or enjoyed with safety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be considered as the most solid and durable of all terrestrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the possessor into many calamities, easily avoided by others that have been less bountifully enriched or adorned. We see every day women perish with infamy, by having been too willing to set their beauty to shew; and others, though not with equal guilt or misery, yet with very sharp remorse, languishing in decay, neglect, and obscurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deserve much regard, very few sighs would be vented for eminent and superlative elegance of form: 'For beautiful women,' says he, 'are seldom of any

'great accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour rather than virtue.'

Health and vigour, and a happy constitution of the corporeal frame, are of absolute necessity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requisite in yet a greater measure to the accomplishment of any thing illustrious or distinguished; yet even these, if we can judge by their apparent consequences, are sometimes not very beneficial to those on whom they are most liberally bestowed. They that frequent the chambers of the sick, will generally find the sharpest pains, and most stubborn maladies, among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and that superfluity of strength, which was at once their boast and their snare, has often, in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguish.

These gifts of nature are, however, always blessings in themselves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; since they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive of happiness, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption, or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of pursuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, because no skill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repress the discontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occasion in those who do not enough suspect their own frailty, nor consider

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how

how much less is the calamity of not possessing great powers, than of not using them aright.

Of all those things that make us superior to others, there is none so much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or constantly desired. Poverty is an evil always in our view; an evil complicated with so many circumstances of uneasiness and vexation, that every man is studious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of necessity; when this purpose is once attained, we naturally wish for more, that the evil which is regarded with so much horror, may be yet at a greater distance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a savage, will not be at rest till they are parted by some barrier, which may take away all possibility of a second attack.

To this point, if fear be not unreasonably indulged, Cleobulus would, perhaps, not refuse to extend his mediocrity. But it almost always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, states his wants by some new measure; and, from flying the enemy that pursued him, bends his endeavours to overtake those whom he sees before him. The power of gratifying his appetites encreases their demands; a thousand wishes crowd in upon him, importunate to be satisfied; and vanity and ambition open prospects to desire, which still grow wider, as they are more contemplated.

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an eagerness for increase of possessions deluges the soul, and we sink into the gulphs of insatiability, only because we do not sufficiently consider, that all real need is very soon supplied, and all real danger of it's invasion easily precluded; that the claims of vanity, being without limits, must be denied at last; and that the pain of repressing them is less pungent before they have been long accustomed to compliance.

Whosoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker succession of

flatteries, and a larger circle of ourselves.

There is one reason seldom which makes riches less desirable much wealth is very frequently sion of poverty. He whom the ness of abundance has once easily sinks into neglect of his and he that thinks he can afford negligent, is not far from being He will soon be involved in per which his inexperience will re surmountable; he will fly for those whose interest it is that he be more distressed, and will be at pieces by the vultures that devour over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were up by a long continuance of Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood common boundary of their ground: their flocks and herds panting for water, and in extremity of distress for water. On a sudden they became calmed, the birds ceased to call the flocks to bleat. They turned every way, and saw a being of stature advancing through the whom they knew upon his approach to be the Genius of Distress. In one hand he held the sheaves of wheat, and in the other the sabre of war. The shepherds stood trembling and would have retired before he called to them with a voice as the breeze that plays in the among the spices of Sabæa—“from your benefactor, children! dust! I am come to offer you which only your own folly can be vain. You here pray for water I will bestow; let me know how much you will be satisfied; not rashly; consider, that of which can be enjoyed by the body, is no less dangerous than scarcity; you remember the pain of thirst; not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request.” O Being, kind and beneficent Hamet, “let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook in summer shall never be dry; in winter never overflow.” “It is granted,” replies the Genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain bubbling up at their feet, scattered it's rills in





the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

On turning to Raschid, the Genius said to him likewise to offer his petition. 'What wilt thou, says Raschid, that thou turn the Ganges through my lands, with all his waters, and all his inhabitants?' Hamet was struck at the greatness of his neighbour's senses, and secretly repined in his heart, he had not made the same petition to him; when the Genius spoke—'Man, be not insatiable! remember to thee that is nothing which thou canst not use: and how are thy

wants greater than the wants of Hamet?' Raschid repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream that the moulds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

## Nº XXXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1750.

INFELIX—NULLI BENE NUPTA MARITO.

AU-ONIS.

UNBLEST, STILL DOOM'D TOWED WITH MISERY.

The condition of the female sex has been frequently the subject of comment to medical writers, because their constitution of body is such, that every life brings it's peculiar diseases; placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no choice than of dangers equally forceful; and whether they embrace marriage or determine upon a single life, exposed, in consequence of their constitution, to sickness, misery, and death.

It were to be wished that so great a source of natural infelicity might not be increased by adventitious and artificial causes; and that beings whose beauty is not behold without admiration; whose delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderness, might be suffered to enjoy every alleviation of their sufferings. But, however it has happened, the lot of the world seems to have been doomed in a kind of conspiracy against them, though it does not appear they had themselves an equal share in the establishment; and prescriptions by whomsoever they were begun, of long continuance, and by the force of great authority, seem to have not excluded them from content, whatever condition they shall pass through.

They refuse the society of men, and

continue in that state which is reasonably supposed to place happiness most in their own power, they seldom give those that frequent their conversation any exalted notions of the blessing of liberty; for whether it be that they are angry to see with what inconsiderate eagerness other heedless females rush into slavery, or with what absurd vanity the married ladies boast the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour to assert the natural dignity of their sex; whether they are conscious that like barren countries they are free, only because they were never thought to deliver the trouble of a conquest, or imagine that their sincerity is not always undisputed, when they declare their contempt of men; it is certain, that they generally appear to have some great and irreconcilable cause of uneasiness, and that many of them have at last been persuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had so long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they least became them.

What are the real causes of the impatience which the ladies discover in a virgin state, I shall perhaps take some other occasion to examine. That it is not to be envied for it's happiness, appears from the solicitude with which it is avoided; from the opinion universally

prevalent among the sex, that no woman continues long in it but because she is not invited to forsake it; from the disposition always shewn to treat old maids as the refuse of the world; and from the willingness with which it is often quitted at last, by those whose experience has enabled them to judge at leisure, and decide with authority.

Yet such is life, that whatever is proposed, it is much easier to find reasons for rejecting than embracing. Marriage, though a certain security from the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, has yet, as it is usually conducted, many disadvantages, that take away much from the pleasure which society promises, and might afford, if pleasures and pains were honestly shared, and mutual confidence inviolably preserved.

The miseries, indeed, which many ladies suffer under conjugal vexations, are to be considered with great pity, because their husbands are often not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by persuasion and importunity, equally resistless when urged by those whom they have been always accustomed to reverence and obey; and it very seldom appears, that those who are thus despotick in the disposal of their children, pay any regard to their domestick and personal felicity, or think it so much to be enquired whether they will be happy, as whether they will be rich.

It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other respect to be numbered with robbers and assassins, frequently commit, that, in their estimation, riches and happiness are equivalent terms. They have passed their lives with no other wish than that of adding acre to acre, and filling one bag after another, and imagine the advantage of a daughter sufficiently considered, when they have secured her a large jointure, and given her reasonable expectations of living in the midst of those pleasures with which she had seen her father and mother solacing their age.

There is an oeconomical oracle received among the prudential part of the world, which advises fathers to *marry their daughters lest they should marry themselves*; by which I suppose it is implied, that women left to their own conduct, generally unite themselves with such partners as can contribute very little to their felicity. Who was the author

of this maxim, or with what in it was originally uttered, I have discovered; but imagine that, solemnly it may be transmitted, never implicitly received, it can no authority which nature has; it cannot license Titius to be unj. Caia should be imprudent; nor give to imprison for life, lest liberty be ill employed.

That the ladies have sometimes incurred imputations which might produce edicts not much in their favour, must be confessed by their advocates; and I have indeed observed, that when the tenderness of their parents has preserved them from forced marriage, and left them large to chuse their own path in the byrith of life, they have made great advantage of their liberty commonly take the opportunity dependence to trifle away youth, their bloom in a hurry of diversifying in a succession too quick room for any settled reflection; the world without gaining experience and at last regulate their choices trifling as those of a girl, cenary as those of a miser.

Melanthia came to town upon the death of her father, with a very fortune, and with the reputation much larger; she was therefore flattered and caressed by many men of rank by some of understanding; but an insatiable desire of pleasure, not at leisure, from the park, the theatres, visits, assemblies, and querades, to attend seriously to disposal, but was still impatient of flatterer, and neglected marriage ways in her power; till in time herers fell away, wearied with expectation at her folly, or offended by constancy; she heard of concerts she was not invited, and was once forced to sit still at an after want of a partner. In this chance threw in her way Philo a man vain, glittering, and the as herself, who had spent a fortune in equipage and dress, and shining in the last suit for which a tailor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retire from extravagance by marriage, and had soon paid his court to Melanthia after some weeks of insensibility to him at a ball, and was wholly o

by his performance in a minuet. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philotryphus had no other method of pleasing: however, as neither was in any great degree vicious, they live together with no other unhappiness than vacuity of mind, and that tastelessness of life which proceeds from a satiety of juvenile pleasures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler employments. As they have known the fashionable world at the same time, they agree in their notions of all those subjects on which they ever speak; and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, are not much inclined to conversation, but very often join in one wish—'That they could sleep more, and think less.'

Argyris, after having refused a thousand offers, at last consented to marry Cotyhus, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mien, beauty of person, or force of understanding; who, while he courted her, could not always forbear allusions to her birth, and hints how cheaply she would purchase an alliance to so illustrious a family. His conduct from the hour of his marriage has been insufferably tyrannical; nor has he any other regard to her than what arises from his desire that her appearance may not disgrace him. Upon this principle, however, he always orders that she should be gaily dressed, and splendidly attended; and she has, among all her mortifications, the happiness to take place of her eldest sister.

## Nº XL. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1750.

—NEC DICET, CUR EGO AMICUM  
OFFENDAM IN NUGIS? HÆ NUGÆ SERIA DUCUNT  
IN MA- A DERISUM SEMEL.

HOR.

NOR SAY, FOR TRIFLES WHY SHOULD I DISPLEASE  
THE MAN I LOVE? FOR TRIFLES SUCH AS THESE  
TO SERIOUS MISCHIEFS LEAD THE MAN I LOVE,  
IF ONCE THE FLATTERER'S RIDICULE HE PROVE.

FRANCIS.

**I**T has been remarked, that authors are *genus irritabile*—a generation very easily put out of temper; and that they seldom fail of giving proofs of their irascibility upon the slightest attack of criticism, or the most gentle or modest crier of advice and information.

Writers being best acquainted with one another, have represented this character as prevailing among men of literature, which a more extensive view of the world would have shewn them to be diffused through all human nature, to mingle itself with every species of ambition and desire of praise, and to discover its effects with greater or less restraint, and under disguises more or less artful, in all places and all conditions.

The quarrels of writers, indeed, are more observed, because they necessarily appeal to the decision of the publick. Their enmities are incited by applauses from their parties, and prolonged by treacherous encouragement for general division; and when the contest happens

to rise high between men of genius and learning, its memory is continued for the same reason as its vehemence was at first promoted, because it gratifies the malevolence or curiosity of readers, and relieves the vacancies of life with amusement and laughter. The personal disputes, therefore, of rivals in wit are sometimes transmitted to posterity, when the grudges and heart-burnings of men less conspicuous, though carried on with equal bitterness, and productive of greater evils, are exposed to the knowledge of those only whom they nearly affect, and suffered to pass off and be forgotten among common and casual transactions.

The resentment which the discovery of a fault or folly produces, must bear a certain proportion to our pride, and will regularly be more acrimonious, as pride is more immediately the principle of action. In whatever, therefore, we wish or imagine ourselves to excel, we shall always be disposed to have our claims to reputation disputed, and more dis-

puted,



pleased, if the accomplishment he such as can expect reputation only for it's reward. For this reason, it is common to find men break out into rage at any insinuations to the disadvantage of their wit, who have borne with great patience reflections on their morals; and of women it has been always known, that no censure wounds so deeply, or rankles so long, as that which charges them with want of beauty.

As men frequently fill their imaginations with trifling pursuits, and please themselves most with things of small importance, I have often known very severe and lasting malevolence excited by unlucky censures, which would have fallen without any effect, had they not happened to wound a part remarkably tender. Guttulus, who valued himself upon the nicety of his palate, disinherited his eldest son for telling him that the wine, which he was then commending, was the same which he had sent away the day before, not fit to be drunk. Proculus withdrew his kindness from a nephew, whom he had always considered as the most promising genius of the age, for happening to praise in his presence the graceful horsemanship of Marius. And Fortunio, when he was privy-counsellor, procured a clerk to be dismissed from one of the publick offices, in which he was eminent for his skill and assiduity, because he had been heard to say, that there was another man in the kingdom on whose skill at billiards he would lay his money against Fortunio's.

Felicia and Floretta had been bred up in one house, and shared all the pleasures and endearments of infancy together. They entered upon life at the same time, and continued their confidence and friendship; consulted each other in every change of their dress, and every admission of a new lover; though every diversion more entertaining, whenever it happened that both were present; and, when separated, justified the conduct, and celebrated the excellences of one another. Such was their intimacy, and such their fidelity; till a birth-night approached, when Floretta took one morning an opportunity, as they were consulting upon new cloaths, to advise her friend not to dance at the ball, and informed her that her performance the year before had not answered the expectation which her other accomplishments had raised. Felicia com-

mended her sincerity, and thanked her for the caution; but told her that she danced to please herself, and was in very little concern what the men might take the liberty of saying, but that if her appearance gave her dear Floretta any uneasiness, she would stay away. Floretta had now nothing left but to make new protestations of sincerity and affection, with which Felicia was so well satisfied, that they parted with more than usual fondness. They still continued to visit, with this only difference, that Felicia was more punctual than before, and often declared how high a value she put upon sincerity, how much she thought that goodness to be esteemed which would venture to admonish a friend of an error, and with what gratitude advice was to be received, even when it might happen to proceed from mistake.

In a few months Felicia, with great seriousness, told Floretta, that though her beauty was such as gave charms to whatever she did, and her qualifications so extensive, that she could not fail of excellence in any attempt, yet she thought herself obliged by the duties of friendship to inform her, that if ever she betrayed want of judgment, it was by too frequent compliance with solicitations to sing, for that her manner was somewhat ungraceful, and her voice had no great compass. 'It is true,' says Floretta, 'when I sung three nights ago at Lady Sprightly's, I was hoarse with a cold; but I sing for my own satisfaction, and am not in the least pain whether I am liked. However, my dear Felicia's kindness is not the less; and I shall always think myself happy in so true a friend.'

From this time they never saw each other without mutual professions of esteem, and declarations of confidence, but went soon after into the country to visit their relations. When they came back, they were prevailed on, by the importunity of new acquaintance, to take lodgings in different parts of the town, and had frequent occasion, when they met, to bewail the distance at which they were placed, and the uncertainty which each experienced of finding the other at home.

Thus are the fondest and firmest friendships dissolved, by such openness and sincerity as interrupt our enjoyment of our own approbation, or recal us to the remem-

rance of those failings which we  
willing to indulge than to cor-

y no means necessary to imagine,  
who is offended at advice, was  
t of the fault, and resents the ad-  
n as a false charge; for perhaps  
it natural to be enraged when  
the strongest conviction of our  
ilt. While we can easily defend  
rafter, we are no more disturbed  
culation than we are alarmed by  
ny whom we are sure to conquer;  
ose attack, therefore, will bring  
ur without danger. But when  
feels the reprehension of a friend  
d by his own heart, he is easily  
nto resentment and revenge, either  
he hoped that the fault of which  
conscious had escaped the notice  
rs; or that his friend had looked  
with tenderness and extenuation,  
used it for the sake of his other  
or had considered him as too  
need advice, or too delicate to be  
l with reproach: or, because we  
feel, without pain, those reflect-  
ed which we have been endea-  
; to lay asleep; and when pain has  
d anger, who would not willing-  
ve, that it ought to be discharg-  
others, rather than on him-

resentment produced by sincerity,  
r be it's immediate cause, is so  
and generally so keen, that very  
e magnanimity sufficient for the  
of a duty, which, above most

others, exposes it's votaries to hardships  
and persecutions; yet friendship without  
it is of very little value, since the great  
use of so close an intimacy is that our  
virtues may be guarded and encouraged,  
and our vices repressed in their first ap-  
pearance by timely detection and salu-  
tary remonstrances.

It is decreed by Providence, that no-  
thing truly valuable shall be obtained in  
our present state, but with difficulty and  
danger. He that hopes for that advan-  
tage which is to be gained from unre-  
strained communication, must sometimes  
hazard, by unpleasing truths, that friend-  
ship which he aspires to merit. The  
chief rule to be observed in the exercise of  
this dangerous office, is to preserve it  
pure from all mixture of interest or va-  
nity; to forbear admonition or reproof,  
when our consciences tell us that they  
are incited, not by the hopes of reform-  
ing faults, but the desire of shewing our  
discernment, or gratifying our own pride  
by the mortification of another. It is  
not indeed certain that the most refined  
caution will find a proper time for bring-  
ing a man to the knowledge of his own  
failings, or the most zealous benevolence  
reconcile him to that judgment by which  
they are detected; but he who endea-  
vours only the happiness of him whom  
he reproves, will always have either the  
satisfaction of obtaining or deserving  
kindness; if he succeeds, he benefits his  
friend; and, if he fails, he has at least the  
consciousness that he suffers for only do-  
ing well.

## Nº XLI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1750.

NULLA RECORDANTI LUX EST INGRATA GRAVISQUE,  
NULLA FUIT CUJUS NON MEMINISSE VELIT.  
AMPLIAT ETATIS SPATIUM SIBI VIR BONUS, HOC EST  
VIVERE BIS, VITA POSSE PRIORE FRUI. MART.

NO DAY'S REMEMBRANCE SHALL THE GOOD REGRET,  
NOR WISH ONE BITTER MOMENT TO FORGET:  
THEY STRETCH THE LIMITS OF THIS NARROW SPAN;  
AND, BY ENJOYING, LIVE PAST LIFE AGAIN.

F. LEWIS.

of the hours of life are filled  
rich objects adequate to the mind  
and so frequently are we in  
present pleasure or employment,  
are forced to have recourse every  
to the past and future for sup-  
d satisfactions, and relieve the

vacuities of our being by recollection  
of former passages, or anticipation of  
events to come.

I cannot but consider this necessity of  
searching on every side for matter on  
which the attention may be employed, as  
a strong proof of the superior and celest-  
tial

tial nature of the soul of man. We have no reason to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extensive capacities, than the preservation of themselves, or their species, requires; they seem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at ease without employment, to feel few intellectual miseries or pleasures, and to have no exuberance of understanding to lay out upon curiosity or caprice, but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than such as corporal pain or pleasure impress upon them.

Of memory, which makes so large a part of the excellence of the human soul, and which has so much influence upon all its other powers, but a small portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief with which the dams lament the loss of their young, proportionate to the tenderness with which they care, the assiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offspring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, less than that of a human parent; but when it is taken away, it is very soon forgotten, and after a short absence, if brought again, wholly disregarded.

That they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their senses, and scarce any power of comparing the present with the past, and regulating their conclusions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection. The sparrow that was hatched last spring makes her first nest, the ensuing season, of the same materials, and with the same art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and shelters her first brood of chickens with all the prudence that she ever attains.

It has been asked by men who love to perplex any thing that is plain to common understandings, how reason differs from instinct; and Prior has with no great propriety made Solomon himself declare, that to distinguish them is *the fool's ignorance; and the pedant's pride*. To give an accurate answer to a question of which the terms are not completely understood, is impossible; we do not know in what either reason or instinct consist, and therefore cannot tell with exactness how they differ: but surely he that contemplates a ship and a bird's nest will not be long *without finding out*, that the idea of the

one was impressed at once, and continued through all the progressive descents of the species, without variation or improvement; and that the other is the result of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated observation, from less to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages and various professions.

Memory is the purveyor of reason, the power which places those images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exercised, and which treasures up the determinations that are once passed, as the rules of future action, or grounds of subsequent conclusions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, which may be said to place us in the class of moral agents. If we were to act only in consequence of some immediate impulse, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we should be pushed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reason for the most part to prefer one thing to another; because we could make no comparison but of objects which might both happen to be present.

We owe to memory not only the increase of our knowledge, and our progress in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleasures. Indeed, almost all that we can be said to enjoy is past or future; the present is in perpetual motion, leaves us as soon as it arrives, ceases to be present before it's presence is well perceived, and is only known to have existed by the effects which it leaves behind. The greatest part of our ideas arises, therefore, from the view before or behind us; and we are happy or miserable, according as we are affected by the survey of our life, or our prospect of future existence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at such a distance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn it upon pleasing scenes, and can promise ourselves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling those vexations and anxieties with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one side, and alarms us with dangers and disappointments, we can call in hope on the other, to solace us with rewards, and escapes, and victories; so that we are seldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally sooth ourselves

tranquillity, whenever any trouble happens to attack us.

therefore, I believe, much more for the solitary and thoughtful to themselves with schemes of the than reviews of the past. For we are pliant and ductile, and will be moulded by a strong fancy into form. But the images which represent are of a stubborn and unchangeable nature; the objects of remembrance have already existed, and left their marks behind them impressed upon the soul as to defy all attempts of radical change.

Our satisfactions, therefore, arising from memory are less arbitrary, they are solid; and are, indeed, the only which we can call our own. What we have once repossessed, as Dryden says it, *in the sacred treasure of the soul* out of the reach of accident, or loss, nor can be lost either by our carelessness, or another's malice:

—*Non tamen irritum  
quodcumque retro est efficiet, neque  
Diffuset, infestumque reddet,  
Quod fugies semel hora vexit.*

—fair or foul, or rain or shine,  
The joys I have possess'd in spite of fate  
are mine.  
Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r,  
What has been has been, and I have  
had my hour.

DRYDEN.

There is certainly no greater happiness than to be able to look back on a life well and virtuously employed, to our own progress in existence, by which we are excited neither shame nor regret. Life, in which nothing has been suffered to distinguish one day from another, is to him that has passed if it had never been, except that unconscious how ill he has husbanded at deposit of his Creator. Life, memorable by crimes, and diversified through its several periods by various events, is indeed easily reviewed, but viewed only with horror and re-

great consideration which ought to direct us in the use of the present, is to arise from the effect, which,

as well or ill applied, it must have upon the time to come; for though its actual existence be inconceivably short, yet its effects are unlimited; and there is not the smallest point of time but may extend its consequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reason to remember it for ever, with anguish or exultation.

The time of life in which memory seems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall easily into recitals of past transactions, and accounts of persons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave, it is more eminently true—

*Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare  
longam.*

Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,  
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years.

CREECH.

We have no longer any possibility of great vicissitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and those who have no hope before them, and to whom their present state is painful and irksome, must of necessity turn their thoughts back to try what retrospect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of those who wish to pass the last hours with comfort, to lay up such a treasure of pleasing ideas, as shall support the expences of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

—*Perte hinc, juvenisque senisque  
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica cauis.*

Seek here, ye young, the anchor of your mind;  
Here, suffering age, a blest provision find.

ELPHINSTON.

In youth, however unhappy, we solace ourselves with the hope of better fortune; and however vicious, appease our consciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at last, in which life has no more to promise, in which happiness can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleasure.

N<sup>o</sup> XLII. SATURDAY, AUGUST II, 1750.

MINI TARDA FLUUNT INGRATAQUE TEMPORA.

HOR.

HOW HEAVILY MY TIME REVOLVES ALONG.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER,

MR. RAMBLER,

**I** AM no great admirer of grave writings, and therefore very frequently lay your papers aside before I have read them through; yet I cannot but confess that, by slow degrees, you have raised my opinion of your understanding, and that, though I believe it will be long before I can be prevailed upon to regard you with much kindness, you have, however, more of my esteem than those whom I sometimes make happy with opportunities to fill my tea-pot, or pick up my fan. I shall therefore chuse you for the confidant of my distresses, and ask your counsel with regard to the means of conquering or escaping them, though I never expect from you any of that softness and pliancy, which constitutes the perfection of a companion for the ladies: as, in the place where I now am, I have recourse to the maltiff for protection, though I have no intention of making him a lap-dog.

My mamma is a very fine lady, who has more numerous and more frequent assemblies at her house than any other person in the same quarter of the town. I was bred from my earliest infancy in a perpetual tumult of pleasure, and remember to have heard of little else than messengers, visits, play-houses, and halls; of the awkwardness of one woman, and the coquetry of another; the charming convenience of some rising fashion, the difficulty of playing a new game, the incidents of a masquerade, and the dresses of a court-night. I knew before I was ten years old all the rules of paying and receiving visits, and to how much civility every one of my acquaintance was entitled; and was able to return, with the proper degree of reserve or of vivacity, the stated and established answer to every compliment; so that I was very soon celebrated as a wit and a beauty, and had heard before I was thirteen all that is ever said to a young lady. My

mother was generous to so uncommon a degree as to be pleased with my advance into life, and allowed me, without envy or reproof, to enjoy the same happiness with herself; though most women about her own age were very angry to see young girls so forward, and many fine gentlemen told her how cruel it was to throw new chains upon mankind, and to tyrannize over them at the same time with her own charms and those of her daughter.

I have now lived two and twenty years, and have passed of each year nine months in town, and three at Richmond; so that my time has been spent uniformly in the same company, and the same amusements, except as fashion has introduced new diversions, or the revolutions of the gay world have afforded new successions of wits and beaux. However, my mother is so good an economist of pleasure, that I have no spare hours upon my hands; for every morning brings some new appointment, and every night is hurried away by the necessity of making our appearance at different places, and of being with one lady at the opera, and with another at the card-table.

When the time came of settling our scheme of felicity for the summer, it was determined that I should pay a visit to a rich aunt in a remote county. As you know the chief conversation of all tea-tables, in the spring, arises from a communication of the manner in which time is to be passed till winter, it was a great relief to the barrenness of our topics, to relate the pleasures that were in store for me, to describe my uncle's seat, with the park and gardens, the charming walks, and beautiful waterfalls; and every one told me how much she envied me, and what satisfaction she had once enjoyed in a situation of the same kind.

As we are all credulous in our own favour, and willing to imagine some latent satisfaction in any thing which we have not experienced, I will confess to you,

hout restraint, that I had sufficient head to be filled with expectation of some nameless pleasure in a , and that I hoped for the happy that should set me free from id flutter, and ceremony, distant to the peaceful shade, and lull intent and tranquillity. To so myself under the misery of delay, I as heard a studious lady of my ance read pastorals. I was de- with scarce any talk but of leav- town, and never went to bed dreaming of groves, and mea- and frisking lambs.

ugh I had all my clothes in a nd saw the coach at the door; in with ecstacy, quarrelled with l for being too long in taking the other servants, and rejoiced und grew less which lay between e completion of my wishes. A brought me to a large old house, ssed on three sides with woody I looking from the front on a er, the sight of which renewed pectations of pleasure, and gave regret for having lived so long he enjoyment which these de- benes were now to afford me. came out to receive me, but in far removed from the present hat I could scarcely look upon ut laughter, which would have kind requital for the trouble ken to make herself fine against l. The night and the next morn- driven along with enquiries r family; my aunt then ex- ur pedigree, and told me stories reat-grandfather's bravery in ars, nor was it less than three re I could persuade her to leave self.

economy prevailed; she went al manner about her own af- I I was at liberty to range in nefs, and sit by the cascade. ity of the objects about me e for a while, but after a few were new no longer, and I soon perceive that the country was ment; that shades and flowers, and waters, had very soon ex- their power of pleasing, and not in myself any fund of sa- with which I could supply the customary amusements.

pily told my aunt, in the first

warmth of our embraces, that I had leave to stay with her ten weeks. Six only are yet gone; and how shall I live through the remaining four? I go out and return; I pluck a flower, and throw it away; I catch an insect, and when I have examined it's colours, set it at liberty; I fling a pebble into the water, and see one circle spread after another. When it chances to rain, I walk in the great hall, and watch the minute-hand upon the dial, or play with a litter of kittens, which the cat happens to have brought in a lucky time.

My aunt is afraid I shall grow melancholy; and therefore encourages the neighbouring gentry to visit us. They came at first with great eagerness to see the fine lady from London; but when we met, we had no common topic on which we could converse; they had no curiosity after plays, operas, or musick; and I find as little satisfaction from their accounts of the quarrels or alliances of families, whose names, when once I can escape, I shall never hear. The women have now seen me; know how my gown is made, and are satisfied; the men are generally afraid of me, and say little, because they think themselves not at liberty to talk rudely.

Thus am I condemned to solitude; the day moves slowly forward, and I see the dawn with uneasiness, because I consider that night is at a great distance. I have tried to sleep by a brook, but finds it's murmurs ineffectual; so that I am forced to be awake at least twelve hours, without visits, without cards, without laughter, and without flattery. I walk because I am disgusted with sitting still, and sit down because I am weary with walking. I have no motive to action, nor any object of love, or hate, or fear, or inclination. I cannot dress with spirit, for I have neither rival nor admirer. I cannot dance without a partner; nor be kind, or cruel, without a lover.

Such is the life of Euphelia, and such it is likely to continue for a month to come. I have not yet declared against existence, nor called upon the destinies to cut my thread; but I have sincerely resolved not to condemn myself to such another summer, nor too hastily to flatter myself with happiness. Yet I have heard, Mr. Rambler, of those who never thought themselves so much at ease

as in solitude; and cannot but suspect it to be some way or other my own fault, that, without great pain, either of mind or body, I am thus weary of myself; that the current of youth stagnates, and that I am languishing in a dead calm, for want of some external impulse. I shall therefore think you a benefactor to our sex, if you will teach me the art of

living alone; for I am confident of a thousand and a thousand and a ladies, who affect to talk with of the pleasures of the country reality, like me, longing for that and wishing to be delivered from selves by company and diversion.

I am, Sir, Your humble servant,  
EU

## Nº XLIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1750

FLUMINE PERPETUO TORRENS SOLET ACRIUS IRE,  
SED TAMEN HÆC BREVIS EST, ILLA PERENNIS AQUA.

OVID.

IN COURSE IMPETUOUS SOON THE TORRENT DRIES,  
THE BROOK A CONSTANT PEACEFUL STREAM SUPPLIES.

F. L.

IT is observed by those who have written on the constitution of the human body, and the original of those diseases by which it is afflicted, that every man comes into the world morbid, that there is no temperature so exactly regulated but that some humour is fatally predominant, and that we are generally impregnated, in our first entrance upon life, with the seeds of that malady, which, in time, shall bring us to the grave.

This remark has been extended by others to the intellectual faculties. Some that imagine themselves to have looked with more than common penetration into human nature, have endeavoured to persuade us that each man is born with a mind formed peculiar for certain purposes, and with desires unalterably determined to particular objects, from which the attention cannot be long diverted, and which alone, as they are well or ill pursued, must produce the praise or blame, the happiness or misery, of his future life.

This position has not, indeed, been hitherto proved with strength proportionate to the assurance with which it has been advanced, and, perhaps, will never gain much prevalence by a close examination.

If the doctrine of innate ideas be itself disputable, there seems to be little hope of establishing an opinion, which supposes that even complications of ideas have been given us at our birth, and that we are made by nature ambitious, or covetous, before we know the meaning of either power or money.

Yet as every step in the progression of existence changes our position with re-

spect to the things about us, so we are open to new assaults and dangers, and subjects us to influences from which any other situation is exempt; as a publick or a private youth and age, wealth and poverty, all some evil closely adherent, which not wholly be escaped but by the state to which it is annexed, submitting to the incumbrances of other condition; so it cannot be that every difference in the structure of the mind has its advantages and wants; and that failures and deficiencies inseparable from humanity, ever the powers of understanding extended or contracted, there will succeed or the other always be an advantage or error and miscarriage.

There seem to be some souls great, and others to little employed; some formed to soar aloft, and wide views, and others to grove ground, and confine their region to a narrow sphere. Of these the one is in danger of becoming negligent, the other by a pious solicitude; the one collects ideas, but confused and indistinct, the other is buried in minute accuracy without compass and without direction.

The general error of those who profess powerful and elevated understandings, is, that they form schemes of great extent, and flatter themselves hastily with success; they are too much forced to be great, and, by the necessity with which every man must imagine himself, imagine it still greater; therefore look out for undertakings beyond the limits of their abilities, and engage

with very little precaution, for they imagine that, without premeditated measures, they shall be able to find expedients in all difficulties. They are naturally apt to consider all prudential maxims as below their regard, to treat with contempt those securities and resources which others know themselves obliged to provide, and disdain to accomplish their purposes by established means, and common gradations.

Precipitation thus incited by the pride of intellectual superiority, is very fatal to great designs. The resolution of the combat is seldom equal to the vehemence of the charge. He that meets with an opposition which he did not expect, loses his courage. The violence of his first onset is succeeded by a lasting and unconquerable languor; miscarriage makes him fearful of giving way to new hopes; and the contemplation of an attempt, in which he has fallen below his own expectations, is painful and vexatious; he therefore naturally turns his attention to more pleasing objects, and habituates his imagination to other entertainments, till, by slow degrees, he quits his first pursuit, and suffers some other project to take possession of his thoughts, in which the same ardour of mind promises him again certain success, and which disappointments of the same kind compel him to abandon.

Thus too much vigour in the beginning of an undertaking, often intercepts and prevents the steadiness and perseverance always necessary in the conduct of a complicated scheme, where many interests are to be connected, many movements to be adjusted, and the joint effort of distinct and independent powers to be directed to a single point. In all important events which have been suddenly brought to pass, chance has been the agent rather than reason; and, therefore, however those who seemed to preside in the transaction may have been celebrated by such as loved or feared them, succeeding times have commonly considered them as fortunate rather than prudent. Every design in which the connection is regularly traced from the first motion to the last, must be formed and executed by calm immobility, and requires not only courage, but danger cannot turn aside, but constancy which fatigues cannot weary, and contrivance which impediments cannot exhaust.

All the performances of human art,

at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance: it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-ax, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

It is therefore of the utmost importance that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason, and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purposes; acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

The student who would build his knowledge on solid foundations, and proceed by just degrees to the pinacles of truth, is directed by the great philosopher of France to begin by doubting of his own existence. In like manner, whoever would complete any arduous and intricate enterprise, should, as soon as his imagination can cool after the first blaze of hope, place before his own eyes every possible embarrassment that may retard or defeat him. He should first question the probability of success, and then endeavour to remove the objections that he has raised. It is proper, says old Munkham, to exercise your horse on the more inconvenient side of the course, that if he should, in the race, be forced upon it, he may not be discouraged: and Horace advises his poetical friend to consider every day as the last which he shall enjoy, because that will always give pleasure which we receive beyond our hopes. If we alarm ourselves beforehand with more difficulties than we really find, we shall be animated by unexpected facility with doable spirit; and if we find our cautions and fears justified by the consequence, there will however happen nothing against which provision has not been made, no sudden shock will be received, nor will the main scheme be disconcerted.

There.



There is, indeed, some danger left he that too scrupulously balances probabilities, and too perspicaciously foresees obstacles, should remain always in a state of inaction, without venturing upon attempts on which he may perhaps spend his labour without advantage. But previous despondence is not the fault of those for whom this essay is designed; they who require to be warned against precipitation, will not suffer more fear to intrude into their contemplations than is necessary to allay the effervescence of an agitated fancy. As Des Cartes has kindly shewn how a man may prove to himself his own existence, if once he can be prevailed upon to question it, so the

ardent and adventurous will not be long without finding some plausible extenuation of the greatest difficulties. Such, indeed, is the uncertainty of all human affairs, that security and despair are equal follies; and as it is presumption and arrogance to anticipate triumphs, it is weakness and cowardice to prognosticate miscarriages. The numbers that have been stopped in their career of happiness are sufficient to shew the uncertainty of human foresight; but there are not wanting contrary instances of such success obtained against all appearances, as may warrant the boldest flights of genius, if they are supported by unshaken perseverance.

## Nº XLIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1750.

Ὀνείδης ἑρμῆϊ·

HOMER.

— DREAMS DESCEND FROM JOVE.

POPE.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made so strong an impression on me, that I remember it every word; and if you are not better employed, you may read the relation of it as follows.

Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was drest in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest, from

every baleful tree; the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

‘Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal, from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; this is the condition of all below the stars, and whoever endeavours to oppose it, acts in contradiction to the will of Heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate the solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings, and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears.’

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yew, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apparitions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of Death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to

life so deplorably wretched situation I spied on one deep muddy river, whose lled on in flow fullen mur- I determined to plunge, upon the brink, when I suddenly drawn back. I and was surpris'd by the relief object I had ever be- noot engaging charms of auty appeared in all her nt glories sparkled in her ir awful splendours were he gentlest looks of com- ace. At her approach the tre, who had before tor- nished away, and with her s she had caused. The s brightened into cheerful groves recovered their ver- whole region looked gay as the garden of Eden. I sported at this unexpect- id reviving pleasure began ights, when, with a look e sweetness, my beauteous uttered her divine instruc-

is Religion. I am the Truth and Love, and the benevolence, Hope, and monster from whole power you is called Superstition; id of Discontent, and her : Fear and Sorrow. Thus we are, she has often the assume my name and cha- seduces unhappy mortals the same, till she at length to the borders of Despair, labyris into which you were sink.

nd and survey the various the globe, which Heaven for the seat of the human onsider whether a world ely framed could be meant e of misery and pain. For s the lavish hand of Pros- sed such innumerable ob- ight, but that all might re- privilege of existence, and h gratitude to the benefi- of it? Thus to enjoy the has sent, is virtue and id to reject them merely pleasure, is pitiable igno- und perverseness. Infinite he source of created exist- eny tendency of every ra-

tional being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.

'What,' cried I, 'is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?'

'The true enjoyments of a reasonable being,' answered she mildly, 'do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their degree disqualify it for it's genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check it's course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally disordered, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is intitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful Parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improving heart. So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty. Shudder, poor mortal; at the thought of the gulph into which thou wast but now going to plunge.

'While the most faulty have ever en- courage.

couragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities; supported by the gladdening assurances that every sincere endeavour to outgrow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one, the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct to become what they desire. The christian and the hero are inseparable; and to aspirings of unassuming trust, and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to it-

self. Suffering is no duty; it is necessary to avoid guilt; good; nor pleasure a crime; it strengthens the inclinations, or lessens thegevity of virtue. The happiness of man in his present state is faint and low, compared with mortal prospects, and noble; but yet, whatever portion of contributing hand of Heaven to individual, is a needful refreshment for the present, far as it may not hinder that of his final destination.

Return then with me from misery to moderate enjoyment; grateful alacrity. Return to contracted views of solitude; per duties of a relative and being. Religion is not content and closets, nor restrained tirement. These are the trines of Superstition, but endeavours to break those benevolence and social affinity link the welfare of every with that of the whole.

that the greatest honour is to the Author of your being; a cheerful behaviour, as mind satisfied with his dispensation.

Here my preceptors pause going to express my acknowledgments for her discourse, when a new-risen sun darting his beams my windows, awakened me.

I am, your

by Mrs Elizabeth Carter.

Nº XLV, TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1750

Ἡμεῖς μετὰ τὴν γέννησιν συνήλθα,  
Ὅταν γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχόστολόν,  
ἄνδρ' ἔκδεξα σπῆλαι—

EURIP.

THIS IS THE CHIEF FELICITY OF LIFE,  
THAT CONCORD SMILE ON THE CONNUBIAL BED;  
BUT NOW 'TIS HATRED ALL—

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH, in the dissertations which you have given us on marriage, very just cautions are laid down against the common causes of infelicity, and the necessity of having, in that important choice,

the first regard to virtue, is inculcated; yet I cannot think so much exhausted, but the reflection would present to the questions, in the discussion of numbers are interested, andcepts which deserve to be more largely and forcibly impressed

seem, like most of the writers  
 re gone before you, to have al-  
 as an uncontested principle, that  
*ge is generally unhappy*: but I  
 ot whether a man who professes  
 : for himself, and concludes from  
 a observations, does not depart  
 is character when he follows the  
 hus implicitly, and receives inax-  
 hout recalling them to a new ex-  
 ion, especially when they com-  
 wide a circuit of life, and include  
 ariety of circumstances. As I  
 equal right with others to give  
 nion of the objects about me, and  
 title to determine concerning that  
 hich I have tried, than many who  
 it without experience; I am un-  
 to be restrained by mere autho-  
 um advancing what, I believe, an  
 e view of the world will confirm,  
 urriage is not commonly unhappy,  
 ife than as life is unhappy; and  
 st of those who complain of con-  
 miseries, have as much satisfac-  
 their nature would have admit-  
 their conduct procured, in any  
 ondition.

, indeed, common to hear both  
 epine at their change, relate the  
 els of their earlier years, blame  
 y and rashness of their own choice,  
 arn those whom they see coming  
 e world against the same precipi-  
 und infatuation. But it is to be  
 bered, that the days which they  
 h wish to call back, are the days  
 ly of celibacy but of youth, the  
 f novelty and improvement, of  
 and of hope, of health and vi-  
 f body, of gaiety and lightness  
 rt. It is not easy to surround life  
 ny circumstances in which youth  
 t be delightful; and I am afraid  
 hether married or unmarried, we  
 nd the vesture of terrestrial exist-  
 nore heavy and cumbrous, the  
 it is worn.

it they censure themselves for the  
 etion of their choice, is not a suf-  
 proof that they have chosen ill,  
 e see the same discontent at every  
 art of life which we cannot change.  
 rse with almost any man, grown  
 a profession, and you will find  
 gretting that he did not enter into  
 ifferent course, to which he too  
 ds his genius better adapted, or  
 ch he discovers that wealth and  
 : are more easily attained. 'The

' merchant,' says Horace, ' envies the  
 ' soldier, and the soldier recounts the  
 ' felicity of the merchant; the lawyer,  
 ' when his clients harass him, calls out  
 ' for the quiet of the countryman; and  
 ' the countryman, when business calls  
 ' him to town, proclaims that there  
 ' is no happiness but amidst opulence  
 ' and crowds.' Every man recounts  
 the inconveniences of his own station,  
 and thinks those of any other less, be-  
 cause he has not felt them. Thus the mar-  
 ried praise the ease and freedom of a sin-  
 gle state, and the single fly to marriage  
 from the weariness of solitude. From  
 all our observations we may collect with  
 certainty, that misery is the lot of man,  
 but cannot discover in what particular  
 condition it will find most alleviations;  
 or whether all external appendages are  
 not, as we use them, the causes either of  
 good or ill.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally  
 hopes for ease from change of posture;  
 he changes it, and finds himself equally  
 tormented: and of the same kind are the  
 expedients by which we endeavour to  
 obviate or elude those uneasinesses to  
 which mortality will always be subject.  
 It is not likely that the married state is  
 eminently miserable, since we see such  
 numbers, whom the death of their  
 partners has set free from it, entering it  
 again.

Wives and husbands are, indeed, in-  
 cessantly complaining of each other; and  
 there would be reason for imagining that  
 almost every house was infested with  
 perverseness or oppression beyond human  
 sufferance, did we not know upon how  
 small occasions some minds burst out into  
 lamentations and reproaches, and how  
 naturally every animal revenges his pain  
 upon those who happen to be near, with-  
 out any nice examination of it's cause.  
 We are always willing to fancy ourselves  
 within a little of happiness; and when,  
 with repeated efforts, we cannot reach  
 it, persuade ourselves that it is inter-  
 cepted by an ill-paired mate, since, if we  
 could find any other obstacle, it would  
 be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomists have often remarked, that  
 though our diseases are sufficiently nu-  
 merous and severe, yet when we enquire  
 into the structure of the body, the ten-  
 derness of some parts, the minuteness  
 of others, and the immense multiplicity  
 of animal functions that must concur  
 to the healthful and vigorous exercise of  
 all

all our powers, there appears reason to wonder rather that we are preserved so long, than that we perish so soon, and that our frame subsists for a single day, or hour, without disorder, rather than that it should be broken or obstructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The same reflection arises in my mind, upon observation of the manner in which marriage is frequently contracted. When I see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables, and their beds, without any enquiry, but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting themselves for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make articles for their children, without enquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they have found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them; some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some only because they are sick of themselves; I am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find it's pleasures so great that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient custom of the Muscovites, the men and women never saw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this method many un-

suitable matches were produced; but my tempers associated that we lived to give pleasure to each other, perhaps, among a people so little where the paucity of gratification the uniformity of life, gave necessity for imagination to interpose objections, there was not much capricious dislike, and while neither cold nor hunger, they quietly together, without any the defects of one another.

Amongst us, whom knowledge made nice, and affluence warlike, are, indeed, more cautions to secure tranquillity; and yet in the manner in which those couples have singled out each other for we shall, perhaps, not think Russians lost much by their For the whole endeavour of ties, during the time of courtship, hinder themselves from being and to disguise their natural real desires, in hypocritical studied compliance, and contentation. From the time that is avowed, neither sees the other a mask; and the cheat is manifest on both sides with so much uncovered afterwards with so much more, that each has reason to find some transformation has had the wedding-night, and that by imposture one has been caught another married.

I desire you, therefore, Mr. to question all who shall hereafter to you with matrimonial concerns concerning their behaviour in of courtship, and inform them are neither to wonder nor repeat a contract begun with fraud in disappointment.

I am

Nº XLVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 17

— GENUS, ET PROAVOS, ET QUÆ NON FECIMUS IPSI,  
VIX EA NOSTRA VOCO.

OVID.

NOTHING FROM MY BIRTH OR ANCESTORS I CLAIM;  
ALL IS MY OWN, MY HONOUR AND MY SHAME.

TO THE RAMBLER.

<sup>313,</sup>  
**S**INCE I find that you have paid so much regard to my complaints as to publish them, I am inclined by vanity,

or gratitude, to continue our correspondence; and indeed, without either motives, am glad of an opportunity to write, for I am not accustomed in any thing that swells my

re none with whom I can freely  
se. While I am thus employed,  
edious hours will slip away, and  
return to watch the clock, I shall  
at I have disburdened myself of  
the day.

I perceive that I do not pretend to  
with much consideration of any  
out my own convenience; and, not  
deal from you my real sentiments,  
le time which I have spent, against  
ll, in solitary meditation, has not  
contributed to my veneration for  
s. I have now sufficient reason  
pect that, with all your splendid  
ions of wisdom, and seeming re-  
or truth, you have very little sin-  
; that you either write what you  
think, and willingly impose upon  
nd, or that you take no care to  
right, but while you set up your-  
as guides, mislead your followers  
edulity, or negligence; that you  
ce to the publick whatever notions  
in speciously maintain, or elegant-  
refs, without enquiring whether  
re just; and transcribe hereditary  
ods from old authors perhaps as  
ant and careless as yourselves.

u may perhaps wonder that I ex-  
myself with so much acrimony on  
tion in which women are supposed  
re very little interest; and you are  
enough, for I have seen many in-  
s of the fauciness of scholars, to  
e, that I am more properly em-  
d in playing with my kittens, than  
ing myself airs of criticism, and  
ring the learned. But you are mis-  
, if you imagine that I am to be  
idated by your contempt, or silen-  
y your reproofs. As I read, I have  
it to judge; as I am injured, have a  
to complain; and these privileges,  
I have purchased at so dear a rate,  
I not easily be persuaded to relin-  
read has, indeed, never been my  
ess; but as there are hours of leisure  
most active life, I have passed the  
duties of time, which the diver-  
of the town left upon my hands, in  
ng over a large collection of tra-  
s and romances, where, amongst  
sentiments, common to all authors  
is clats, I have found almost every  
filled with the charms and happiness  
ountry life; that life to which every  
man in the highest elevation of his  
erity is contriving to retire; that  
which every tragick heroine in some

scene or other wishes to have been born,  
and which is represented as a certain re-  
fuge from folly, from anxiety, from pas-  
sion, and from guilt.

It was impossible to read so many pas-  
sionate exclamations, and soothing de-  
scriptions, without feeling some desire to  
enjoy the state in which all this felicity  
was to be enjoyed; and therefore I re-  
ceived with raptures the invitation of my  
good aunt, and expected that by some  
unknown influence I should find all hopes  
and fears, jealousies and competitions,  
vanish from my heart upon my first ar-  
rival at the seats of innocence and tran-  
quillity; that I should sleep in halcyon  
bowers, and wander in elysian gardens,  
where I should meet with nothing but  
the softness of benevolence, the candour  
of simplicity, and the cheerfulness of  
content; where I should see reason ex-  
erting her sovereignty over life, without  
any interruption from envy, avarice, or  
ambition, and every day passing in such  
a manner as the severest wisdom should  
approve.

This, Mr. Rambler, I tell you I  
expected, and this I had by an hundred  
authors been taught to expect. By this  
expectation I was led hither, and here I  
live in perpetual uneasiness, without any  
other comfort than that of hoping to re-  
turn to London.

Having, since I wrote my former let-  
ter, been driven, by the mere necessity  
of escaping from absolute inactivity, to  
make myself more acquainted with the af-  
fairs and inhabitants of this place, I am  
now no longer an absolute stranger to  
rural conversation and employments, but  
am far from discovering in them more  
innocence or wisdom, than in the senti-  
ments or conduct of those with whom I  
have passed more cheerful and more fa-  
shionable hours.

It is common to reproach the tea-  
table, and the park, with giving oppor-  
tunities and encouragement to scandal.  
I cannot wholly clear them from the  
charge; but must, however, observe, in  
favour of the modish prattlers, that, if  
not by principle, we are at least by ac-  
cident, less guilty of defamation than  
the country ladies. For having greater  
numbers to observe and censure, we are  
commonly content to charge them only  
with their own faults or follies, and sel-  
dom give way to malevolence, but such  
as arises from some injury or affront,  
real or imaginary, offered to ourselves.

But in these distinct provinces, where the same families inhabit the same houses from age to age, they transmit and recount the faults of a whole succession. I have been informed how every estate in the neighbourhood was originally got, and find, if I may credit the accounts given me, that there is not a single acre in the hands of the right owner. I have been told of intrigues between beaux and toasts that have been now three centuries in their quiet graves; and am often entertained with traditional scandal on persons of whose names there would have been no remembrance, had they not committed somewhat that might disgrace their descendants.

In one of my visits I happened to commend the air and dignity of a young lady, who had just left the company; upon which two grave matrons looked with great sines at each other, and the elder asked me whether I had ever seen the picture of Henry the Eighth. You may imagine that I did not immediately perceive the propriety of the question; but after having waited awhile for information, I was told that the lady's grandmother had a great great grandmother that was an attendant on Anna Bullen, and supposed to have been too much a favourite of the king.

If once there happens a quarrel between the principal persons of two families, the malignity is continued without end, and it is common for old maids to fall out about some election, in which their grandfathers were competitors: the heart-burnings of the civil war are not yet extinguished; there are two families in the neighbourhood who have destroyed each other's game from the time of

Philip and Mary; and when an account came of an inundation, which had injured the plantations of a worthy gentleman, one of the hearers remarked, with exultation, that he might now have some notion of the ravages committed by his ancestors in their retreat from Bosworth.

Thus malice and hatred descend here with an inheritance; and it is necessary to be well versed in history, that the various factions of this county may be understood. You cannot expect to be on good terms with families who are resolved to love nothing in common; and, in selecting your intimates, you are perhaps to consider which party you most favour in the barons wars. I have often lost the good opinion of my aunt's visitants by confounding the interests of York and Lancaster; and was once censured for sitting silent when William Rufus was called a tyrant. I have, however, now thrown aside all pretences to circumspection, for I find it impossible in less than seven years to learn all the requisite cautions. At London, if you know your company; and their parents, you are safe; but you are here suspected of alluding to the slips of great-grandmothers, and of reviving contests which were decided in armour by the redoubted knights of ancient times. I hope therefore that you will not condemn my impatience, if I am weary of attending where nothing can be learned, and of quarrelling where there is nothing to contest, and that you will contribute to divert me while I stay here by some facetious performance.

I am, Sir,

EUPHELIA.

N<sup>o</sup> XLVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1750.

QUANQUAM HIS SOLATIIS ACQUIESCAM, DEBILITOR ET FRANGOR EADEM ILLA HUMANITATE QUÆ ME, UT HOC IPSUM PERMITTEREM, INDUXIT, NON IDEO TAMEN VELIM DURIOR FIERI: NEC IGNORO ALIOS HUIUSMODI CASUS NIHIL AMPLIUS VOCARE QUAM DAMNUM; EOQUE SIBI MAGNOS HOMINES ET SAPIENTES VIDERI. QUI AN MAGNI SAPIENTESQUE SINT, NESCIO: HOMINES NON SUNT. HOMINIS EST ENIM AFFICHI DOLORE, SENTIRE: RESISTERE TAMEN, ET SOLATIA ADMITTERE; NON SOLATIIS NON EGERE.

PLIN.

THESE PROCEEDINGS HAVE AFFORDED ME SOME COMFORT IN MY DISTRESS; NOTWITHSTANDING WHICH, I AM STILL DISPIRITED, AND UNHINGED BY THE SAME MOTIVES OF HUMANITY THAT INDUCED ME TO GRANT SUCH INDULGENCES. HOWEVER, I BY NO MEANS WISH TO BECOME LESS SUSCEPTIBLE OF TENDERNESS. I KNOW THESE KIND OF MISFORTUNES WOULD BE ESTIMATED BY OTHER PERSONS ONLY AS COMMON LOSSES, AND FROM SUCH SENSATIONS THEY WOULD CONCEIVE THEMSELVES GREAT AND WISE MEN. I SHALL NOT DETERMINE EITHER THEIR GREATNESS OR THEIR WISDOM; BUT I AM CERTAIN THEY HAVE NO HUMANITY. IT IS THE PART OF A MAN TO BE AFFECTED WITH GRIEF; TO FEEL SORROW, AT THE SAME TIME THAT HE IS TO RESIST IT, AND TO ADMIT OF COMFORT.

EARL OF OBERRY.

OF the passions with which the mind of man is agitated, it may be observed, that they naturally hasten towards their own extinction, by inciting and quickening the attainment of their objects. Thus fear urges our flight, and desire animates our progress; and if there are some which perhaps may be indulged till they outgrow the good appropriated to their satisfaction, as it is frequently observed of avarice and ambition, yet their immediate tendency is to some means of happiness really existing, and generally within the prospect. The miser always imagines that there is a certain sum that will fill his heart to the brim; and every ambitious man, like King Pyrrhus, has an acquisition in his thoughts that is to terminate his labours, after which he shall pass the rest of his life in ease or gaiety, in repose or devotion.

Sorrow is perhaps the only affection of the breast that can be excepted from this general remark, and it therefore deserves the particular attention of those who have assumed the arduous province of preserving the balance of the mental constitution. The other passions are diseases indeed, but they necessarily direct us to their proper cure. A man at once feels the pain, and knows the medicine, to which he is carried with greater haste as the evil which requires it is more excruciating, and cures himself by unerring instinct, as the wounded stags of Crete are related by *Ælian* to have re-

course to vulnerary herbs. But for sorrow there is no remedy provided by nature; it is often occasioned by accidents irreparable, and dwells upon objects that have lost or changed their existence; it requires what it cannot hope, that the laws of the universe should be repealed; that the dead should return, or the past should be recalled.

Sorrow is not that regret for negligence or error which may animate us to future care or activity, or that repentance of crimes for which, however irrevocable, our Creator has promised to accept it as an atonement; the pain which arises from these causes has very salutary effects, and is every hour extenuating itself by the reparation of those miscarriages that produce it. Sorrow is properly that state of the mind in which our desires are fixed upon the past, without looking forward to the future, an incessant wish that something were otherwise than it has been, a tormenting and harassing want of some enjoyment or possession which we have lost, and which no endeavours can possibly regain. Into such anguish many have sunk upon some sudden diminution of their fortune, an unexpected blast of their reputation, or the loss of children or of friends. They have suffered all sensibility of pleasure to be destroyed by a single blow, have given up for ever the hopes of substituting any other object in the room of that which they lament, resigned their lives to gloom and despondency, and

WOLFE



worn themselves out in unavailing misery.

Yet so much is this passion the natural consequence of tenderness and endearment, that however painful and however useless, it is justly reproachful not to feel it on some occasions; and so widely and constantly has it always prevailed, that the laws of some nations, and the customs of others, have limited a time for the external appearances of grief caused by the dissolution of close alliances, and the breach of domestick union.

It seems determined by the general suffrage of mankind, that sorrow is to a certain point laudable, as the offspring of love, or at least pardonable as the effect of weakness; but that it ought not to be suffered to increase by indulgence, but must give way after a stated time to social duties, and the common avocations of life. It is at first unavoidable, and therefore must be allowed, whether with or without our choice; it may afterwards be admitted as a decent and affectionate testimony of kindness and esteem; something will be extorted by nature, and something may be given to the world. But all beyond the bursts of passion, or the forms of solemnity, is not only useless but culpable; for we have no right to sacrifice, to the vain longings of affection, that time which Providence allows us for the task of our station.

Yet it too often happens that sorrow, thus lawfully entering, gains such a firm possession of the mind, that it is not afterwards to be ejected; the mournful ideas, first violently impressed, and afterwards willingly received, so much engross the attention, as to predominate in every thought, to darken gaiety, and perplex ratiocination. An habitual sadness seizes upon the soul, and the faculties are chained to a single object, which can never be contemplated but with hopeless uneasiness.

From this state of dejection it is very difficult to rise to cheerfulness and alacrity, and therefore many who have laid down rules of intellectual health, think preservatives easier than remedies, and teach us not to trust ourselves with favourite enjoyments, not to indulge the luxury of fondness, but to keep our minds always suspended in such indifference, that we may change the objects about us without emotion.

An exact compliance with this rule

might perhaps contribute to tranquility, but surely it would never produce happiness. He that regards none but himself, as to be afraid of losing them, is for ever without the gentle pleasing sympathy and confidence; he has no melting fondness, no warm benevolence, nor any of those homely pleasures which nature annexes to the plainest pleasures. And as no man can claim more tenderness than he must forfeit his share in that officious watchful kindness which love dictates, and those lenient endearments which love only can soften him by; such as have more warmth of heart; for who would be the friend to him, whom, with whatever assistance may be courted, and with whatever vices obliged, his principles will refuse to make equal returns, and who you have exhausted all the influence of good-will, can only be prevailed upon to be an enemy?

An attempt to preserve life in a state of neutrality and indifference, is as sonable and vain. If by exclusion we could shut out grief, we should deserve very serious attention; but since, however we may debilitate ourselves from happiness, misery will find its way at many inlets, and the overflow of pain will force our regard, though we withhold it from the invisible pleasures, we may surely endeavour to raise life above the middle point, and at one time, since it will not sink below it at another.

But though it cannot be reason to gain happiness for fear of losing it, yet it must be confessed, that in relation to the pleasure of possession, there must be for some time our sorrow for it is therefore the province of the philosopher to enquire whether such passions do not quickly give way to milder pleasures. Some have thought that the most effectual way to clear the heart from its grossness is to drag it by force into the region of merriment. Others imagine such a transition is too violent, and commend rather to sooth it into tranquillity, by making it acquainted with miseries more dreadful and afflictions more frequent, diverting to the calamities of our condition which we are inclined to close upon our own misfortunes.

It may be doubted whether a

medies will be sufficiently powerful. The efficacy of mirth it is not easy to try, and the indulgence of mirth may be suspected to be one of those medicines which will destroy, and does not cure.

Safe and general antidote against idleness is employment. It is common-sense, that among soldiers and sailors, though there is much kindness, and little grief; they see their friend about any of that lamentation which is indulged in security and idleness, but they have no leisure to spare from the care of themselves; and whoever shall find his thoughts equally busy, will find himself equally unaffected with irreparable losses.

Time is observed generally to wear out sorrow, and its effects might doubtless be accelerated by quickening the succession, and enlarging the variety of objects.

*Si tempore longo  
Leniri poterit luctus, tu sperne morari,  
Qui sapiet sibi tempus eris.*—

GROTIUS.

'Tis long ere time can mitigate your grief;  
To wildum fly, the quickly brings relief.

F. LEWIS.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

## XLVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1750.

NON EST VIVERE, SED VALERE, VITA.

MART.

FOR LIFE IS NOT TO LIVE, BUT TO BE WELL.

ELPHINSTON.

LONG the innumerable follies, by which we lay up in our youth mirth and remorse for the success of our lives, there is scarce any which warnings are of less efficacy than the neglect of Health. When the springs of motion are yet elastic, the heart bounds with vigour, and the sparks sparkle with spirit, it is with content that we are taught to conceive of idleness that every hour is bringing us, or to imagine that the nerves are now braced with so much health, and the limbs which play with cheerful activity, will lose all their vigour under the gripe of time, relax with idleness, and totter with debility.

The arguments which have been against complaints under the misfortune, the philosophers have, I think, to add the incredulity of those who will not recount our sufferings. But if the posture of lamentation be to excite is surely superfluous for age and health to tell their plaintive stories; it presupposes sympathy, and a contention will shew them, that those who do not feel pain, seldom think that they should; and a short recollection will inmost every man, that he is only he insult which he has given, may remember how often he has

mocked infirmity, laughed at its cautions, and censured its impatience.

The valetudinarian race have made the care of health ridiculous by suffering it to prevail over all other considerations, as the miser has brought frugality into contempt, by permitting the love of money not to share, but to engross his mind; they both err alike, by confounding the means with the end; they grasp at health only to be well, as at money only to be rich; and forget that every terrestrial advantage is chiefly valuable, as it furnishes abilities for the exercise of virtue.

Health is indeed so necessary to all the duties, as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a short gratification brings weakness and diseases upon himself, and for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion, and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his own happiness, but as a robber of the publick; as a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, and refused that part which Providence assigns him in the general task of human nature.

There

There are perhaps very few conditions more to be pitied than that of an active and elevated mind, labouring under the weight of a distempered body; the time of such a man is always spent in forming schemes, which a change of wind hinders him from executing, his powers fume away in projects and in hope, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleases his ambition with the fame he shall acquire, or his benevolence with the good he shall confer. But in the night the skies are overcast, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience, and distraction, and has no longer any wish but for ease, nor any attention but to misery. It may be said that disease generally begins that equality which death completes; the distinctions which set one man so much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him but the consciousness of innocence.

There is among the fragments of the Greek poets a short hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and from his own imagination new colours to the picture. The particular occasion of this little composition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been sick, and in the first raptures of returning vigour addressed Health in the following manner:

Τύχῃα προσέειπε Μανέρον,  
Μετά σὺ ναίωμαι  
Τὸ λαιπόμενον βιωτᾶς·  
Σὺ δὲ μοι πρόσθερον εὖνοικος εἶης  
Ἐὶ γὰρ τις ἢ πλεῖν χάρις ἢ τιμὴν,  
Τὰς εὐδαιμονίας τ' ἀνθρώπων  
Βασιλίδος ἀρχῆς, ἢ πόθων,  
Οἷς ἀφροδίτης Ἀφροδίτης ἀρεσκον θηρεύουσιν  
ἢ εἰ τις ἄλλα δίδεν ἀνθρώποις τίχῃς,  
ἢ πῶς ἂν ἀμπαυὸν σφαιρίσαι·

Μετά τοῦ μακαρία Τύχῃα,  
Τίθῃαι πάντα, καὶ λαμπρὰ χάριτον  
Σίβει δὲ χάρις, ὅδῃς εὐδαιμονία

Health, most venerable of the powers of heaven! with thee may the remaining of my life be passed, nor do thou reblest me with thy residence. For where there is of beauty or of pleasure in us in descendants, or in sovereign command the highest summit of human enjoyment or in those objects of desire which we endeavour to chase into the toils of whatever delight, or whatever sol granted by the celestials, to soften our tiques, in thy presence, thou parent of opiness, all those joys spread out and rich; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure, and without thee no man is

Such is the power of health, that without it's co-operation every other condition is torpid and lifeless, as the power of vegetation without the sun. An this bliss is commonly thrown away in thoughtless negligence, or in fool experiments on our own strength; it perish without remembering it's value, or waste it to show how much we to spare; it is sometimes given up to management of levity and chance, sometimes fold for the applause of and debauchery.

Health is equally neglected, and equal impropriety, by the votaries of business and the followers of pleasure. Some men ruin the fabric of the body by incessant revels, and others intemperate studies; some batter themselves with excess, and others sap it by inactivity. To the noisy route of bacchanalia, where it will be to little purpose that vice is offered, though it requires no abilities to prove, that he loses power who loses health; their clamours are loud for the whispers of caution they run the course of life with too precipitance to stop at the call of wisdom. Nor, perhaps, will they that are in adding thousands to thousand much regard to him that shall direct to hasten more slowly to their end. Yet, since lovers of money are generally cool, deliberate, and thoughtful, might surely consider, that the good ought not to be sacrificed to the pleasure. Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured; but thousands and tens of thousands are of small avail to alleviate the torments of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or refuse

of digestion. Poverty is, indeed, from which we naturally fly; but it run from one enemy to another, and shelter in the arms of sickness.

*jecere animam! quam vellint æthere alto  
pauperiem, et dures tolerare labores!*  
Useful indigence in vain they pray,  
Of wealth who throw their lives away.

He who loses their health in an ir-  
and impetuous pursuit of literary  
dishments, are yet less to be ex-  
for they ought to know that the  
not forced beyond it's strength,

but with the loss of more vigour than is  
proportionate to the effect produced.  
Whoever takes up life before-hand, by  
depriving himself of rest and refreshment,  
must not only pay back the hours, but  
pay them back with usury; and for the  
gain of a few months but half enjoyed,  
must give up years to the listlessness of  
languor, and the implacability of pain:  
They whose endeavour is mental excel-  
lence, will learn perhaps too late, how  
much it is endangered by diseases of the  
body; and find that knowledge may easily  
be lost in the starts of melancholy,  
the flights of impatience, and the peevish-  
ness of decrepitude.

° XLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1750.

NON OMNIS MORIAR, MULTAQUE PARS MEI  
VITABIT LIBITINAM, USQUE EGO POSTERA  
CRESCAM LAUDE RECLINS.

HOR.

WHOLE HORACE SHALL NOT DIE; HIS SONGS SHALL SAVE  
THE GREATEST PORTION FROM THE GREEDY GRAVE.

CREECH.

THE first motives of human actions  
are those appetites which Provi-  
has given to man in common with  
t of the inhabitants of the earth.  
Immediately after our birth, thirst and  
incline us to the breast, which  
by instinct, like other young  
creatures, and when we are satisfied, we  
our uneasiness by importunate  
cessant cries, till we have obtained  
or posture proper for repose.

The next call that rouses us from a  
inactivity, is that of our passions;  
we quickly begin to be sensible of hope,  
fear, love and hatred, desire and  
pain; these arising from the power  
of comparison and reflection, extend  
our knowledge, as our reason strength-  
ens, and our knowledge enlarges. At  
first we have no thought of pain, but  
we actually feel it; we afterwards  
begin to fear it; yet not before it ap-  
pears very nearly; but by degrees  
we view it at a greater distance, and  
lurking in remote consequences.  
Pain in time improves into caution,  
and we learn to look round with vi-  
gilance and solicitude, to stop all the  
ways at which misery can enter, and  
to learn to endure many things in  
this troublesome and unpleasing, be-  
cause we know by reason, or by expe-  
rience, that our labour will be overba-  
lanced by the reward, that it will ei-

ther procure some positive good, or avert,  
some evil greater than itself.

But as the soul advances to a fuller  
exercise of it's powers, the animal ap-  
petites, and the passions immediately  
arising from them, are not sufficient to  
find it employment; the wants of nature  
are soon supplied, the fear of their re-  
turn is easily precluded, and something  
more is necessary to relieve the long in-  
tervals of inactivity, and to give those  
faculties, which cannot lie wholly qui-  
escent, some particular direction. For  
this reason, new desires and artificial pas-  
sions are by degrees produced; and,  
from having wishes only in consequence  
of our wants, we begin to feel wants in  
consequence of our wishes; we persuade  
ourselves to set a value upon things  
which are of no use, but because we have  
agreed to value them; things which can  
neither satisfy hunger, nor mitigate pain,  
nor secure us from any real calamity,  
and which, therefore, we find of no es-  
teem among those nations whose arts and  
barbarous manners keep them al-  
ways anxious for the necessities of life.

This is the original of avarice, vanity,  
ambition, and generally of all the  
desires which arise from the comparison  
of our condition with that of others.  
He that thinks himself poor, because his  
neighbour is richer; he that, like Corne-  
lius, would rather be the first man of a vil-  
lage,

lage, than the second in the capital of the world, has apparently kindled in himself desires which he never received from nature, and acts upon principles established only by the authority of custom.

Of those adscititious passions, some, as avarice and envy, are universally condemned; some, as friendship and curiosity, generally praised: but there are others about which the suffrages of the wise are divided, and of which it is doubted, whether they tend most to promote the happiness, or increase the miseries of mankind.

Of this ambiguous and disputable kind is the love of fame, a desire of filling the minds of others with admiration, and of being celebrated by generations to come with praises which we shall not hear. This ardour has been considered by some, as nothing better than splendid madness, as a flame kindled by pride, and fanned by folly; for what, say they, can be more remote from wisdom, than to direct all our actions by the hope of that which is not to exist till we ourselves are in the grave? To pant after that which can never be possessed, and of which the value thus wildly put upon it, arises from this particular condition, that, during life, it is not to be obtained? To gain the favour, and hear the applauses of our contemporaries, is indeed equally desirable with any other prerogative of superiority, because fame may be of use to smooth the paths of life, to terrify opposition, and fortify tranquillity; but to what end shall we be the darlings of mankind, when we can no longer receive any benefits from their favour? It is more reasonable to wish for reputation, while it may yet be enjoyed; as Anacreon calls upon his companions to give him for present use the wine and garlands which they purpose to bestow upon his tomb.

The advocates for the love of fame allege in it's vindication, that it is a passion natural and universal; a flame lighted by Heaven, and always burning with greatest vigour in the most enlarged and elevated minds. That the desire of being praised by posterity implies a resolution to deserve their praises, and that the folly charged upon it is only a noble and disinterested generosity, which is not felt, and therefore not understood, by those who have been always accustomed to refer every thing to them-

selves, and whose selfishness contracted their understandings. A soul of man, formed for eternally springs forward beyond limits of corporeal existence, and to consider herself as co-operating in future ages, and as co-extending in endless duration. That the urged with so much petulant reproach of labouring for what not be enjoyed, is founded on an opinion which may with great probability be doubted; for since we suppose the powers of the soul to be enlarged in duration, why should we consider it's knowledge of sublunary things as contracted or extinguished?

Upon an attentive and impartial view of the argument, it will appear that the love of fame is to be rather than extinguished; and should be taught not to be weakly about their memory, but to assure that they may be remembered for their virtues, since no operation will be able to transmit virtue beyond the grave.

It is evident that fame, merely as the immortality of it, is not less likely to be the reward of actions than of good; he that has no certain principle for the regulation of his conduct, whose single aim is to be forgotten. And history assures us, that this blind and undisciplined appetite of renown has always been certain in it's effects, and directed to certain opportunities, indifferent to the benefit or devastation of the world. When Themistocles complained that the trophies of Miltiades hindered sleep, he was animated by the desire to perform the same services in the future. But Cæsar, when he wept at the picture of Alexander, having no opportunities of action, let his tears break out to the ruin of his country.

If, therefore, the love of fame is indulged by the mind as an independent and predominant passion, generous and irregular; but it may be fully employed as an inferior and secondary motive, and will serve to revive our activity, when we languish and lose sight of that more valuable, and more certain reward, which ought always first hope and our last. But strongly impressed upon our mind, virtue is not to be pursued as

means to fame, but fame to be accepted as the only recompence which mortals can bestow on virtue; to be accepted with complacence, but not sought with eagerness. Simply to be remembered is no advantage; it is a privilege which satire as well as panegyrick can confer, and is not more enjoyed by Titus or Constatine, than by Timocreon of Rhodes, of whom we only know from his epitaph, *that he had eaten many a meal, drank many a flaggon, and uttered many a reproach.*

Πολλὰ φάγον, καὶ πολλὰ πωλόν, καὶ πολλὰ  
κακ' εἰπόν  
Ἄνθρ' ὅπως, καί μαι Τιμοκρίαν ῥόδιος.

The true satisfaction which is to be drawn from the consciousness that we shall share the attention of future times, must arise from the hope, that with our name our virtues will be propagated; and that those whom we cannot benefit in our lives, may receive instruction from our examples, and incitement from our renown.

Nº L. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1750.

CREDEBANT HOC GRANDE NEFAS, ET MORTE PIANDUM,  
SI JUVENIS VETULO NON ASSURREXERAT, ATQUE  
BARBATO CUICUNQUE PUER, LICET IPSE VIDERET  
FLURA DOMI FRAGA, ET MAJORES GLANDIS ACERVO,

JUV.

AND HAD NOT MEN THE HOARY HEAD REVER'D,  
AND BOYS PAID REV'RENCE WHEN A MAN APPEAR'D,  
BOTH MUST HAVE DI'D, THO' RICHER SKINS THEY WORE,  
AND SAW MORE HEAPS OF ACORNS IN THEIR STORE.

CRÆCÆ.

I Have always thought it the business of those who turn their speculations upon the living world, to commend the virtues, as well as to expose the faults of their contemporaries, and to confute a false as well as to support a just accusation; not only because it is peculiarly the business of a monitor to keep his own reputation untainted, lest those who can once charge him with partiality should indulge themselves afterwards in disbelieving him at pleasure; but because he may find real crimes sufficient to give full employment to caution or repentance, without distracting the mind by needless scruples and vain solitudes.

There are certain fixed and stated reproaches that one part of mankind has in all ages thrown upon another, which are regularly transmitted through continued successions, and which he that has once suffered them is certain to use with the same undistinguishing vehemence, when he has changed his station, and gained the prescriptive right of inflicting on others what he had formerly endured himself.

To these hereditary imputations, of which no man sees the justice till it becomes his interest to see it, very little regard is to be shewn; since it does not appear that they are produced by ratio-

ination or enquiry, but received implicitly, or caught by a kind of instantaneous contagion, and supported rather by willingness to credit than ability to prove them.

It has been always the practice of those who are desirous to believe themselves made venerable by length of time, to censure the new comers into life, for want of respect to grey hairs and sage experience, for ready confidence in their own understandings, for hasty conclusions upon partial views, for disregard of counsels which their fathers and grandfathers are ready to afford them, and a rebellious impatience of that subordination to which youth is condemned by nature, as necessary to it's security from evils into which it would be otherwise precipitated by the rashness of passion, and the blindness of ignorance.

Every old man complains of the growing depravity of the world, of the petulance and insolence of the rising generation. He recounts the decency and regularity of former times, and celebrates the discipline and sobriety of the age in which his youth was passed; a happy age which is now no more to be expected, since confusion has broken in upon the world, and thrown down all the boundaries of civility and reverence.

It is not sufficiently considered how much he assumes who dares to claim the privilege of complaining: for as every man has, in his own opinion, a full share of the miseries of life, he is inclined to consider all clamorous uneasiness as a proof of impatience rather than of affliction, and to ask, 'What merit has this man to show, by which he has acquired a right to repine at the distributions of nature? Or, why does he imagine that exemptions should be granted him from the general condition of man?' We find ourselves excited rather to captiousness than pity; and instead of being in haste to soothe his complaints by sympathy and tenderness, we enquire, whether the pain be proportionate to the lamentation; and whether, supposing the affliction real, it is not the effect of vice and folly, rather than calamity.

The querulousness and indignation which is observed so often to disfigure the last scene of life, naturally leads us to enquiries like these. For surely it will be thought, at the first view of things, that if age be thus contemned and ridiculed, insulted and neglected, the crime must at least be equal on either part. They who have had opportunities of establishing their authority over minds ductile and unresisting, they who have been the protectors of helplessness, and the instructors of ignorance, and who yet retain in their own hands the power of wealth, and the dignity of command, must defeat their influence by their own misconduct, and make use of all these advantages with very little skill, if they cannot secure to themselves an appearance of respect, and ward off open mockery, and declared contempt.

The general story of mankind will evince, that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. Gross corruption, or evident imbecility, is necessary to the suppression of that reverence with which the majority of mankind look upon their governors, on those whom they see surrounded by splendour, and fortified by power. For though men are drawn by their passions into forgetfulness of invisible rewards and punishments, yet they are easily kept obedient to those who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is dissipated by such wickedness and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed.

It may, therefore, very reasonably be

suspected that the old draw upon themselves the greatest part of those which they so much lament, and age is rarely despised but when it is tempestible. If men imagine that excesses of debauchery can be mended by time, that knowledge is the sequence of long life, however thoughtlessly employed, that prudence will supply the want of skill or honesty, can it raise much that their hopes are disappointed that they see their posterity railing to trust their own eyes in the progress into life, than enlist themselves under guides who have lost their way?

There are, indeed, many truths which time necessarily and certainly teaches which might, by those who have been educated from experience, be communicated to their successors at a cheap but dictates, though liberally bestowed, are generally without effect. The teacher gains few proselytes to the instruction which his own behaviour contradicts; and young men mislead themselves by counsel, because they are ready to believe that those who are low in practice can must excel in theory. Thus the practical knowledge is retarded, and the world long in the same state, and every race is to gain the prudence of the predecessors by committing and in the same miscarriages.

To secure to the old that in which they are willing to claim which might so much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is absolutely necessary that they give themselves up to the duties of declining age and contentedly resign to youth its pleasures, its frolics, and its peries. It is a hopeless endeavour to unite the contrarieties of spring and winter; it is unjust to claim the privilege of age, and retain the playfulness of childhood. The young always magnify the ideas of the wisdom and gravity of men, whom they compare to a distance from their own ranks of existence; and naturally on those whom they find trifling long hards, with contempt and emulation, like that which women contend with boys in those professions in which boys must always excel if they will dress crippled limbs in broidery, endeavour at gaiety w

ices; and darken assemblies of  
with the ghastliness of disease;  
well expect those who find  
rions obstructed will hoot them  
d that if they descend to com-  
with youth, they must bear the  
of successful rivals.

*is, edifi satis atque biliffi:  
bire tibi est.*

ad your share of mirth, of meat and  
ink;

to quit the scene; 'tis time to think.

ELPHINSTON.

er vice of age, by which the  
neration may be alienated from  
verity and censoriousness, that  
allowance to the failings of  
, that expects artfulness from  
d, and constancy from youth,

that is peremptory in every command,  
and inexorable to every failure. There  
are many who live merely to hinder hap-  
piness, and whose descendants can only  
tell of long life, that it produces suspi-  
cion, malignity, perverseness, and per-  
secution: and yet even these tyrants can  
talk of the ingratitude of the age, curse  
their heirs for impatience, and wonder  
that young men cannot take pleasure in  
their fathers company.

He that would pass the latter part of  
life with honour and decency, must,  
when he is young, consider that he shall  
one day be old; and remember, when he  
is old, that he has once been young.  
In youth he must lay up knowledge for  
his support when his powers of acting  
shall forsake him; and in age forbear to  
animadvert with rigour on faults which  
experience only can correct.

## 9 LI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1750.

STULTUS LABOR EST INEPTIARUM.

MART.

NOW FOOLISH IS THE TOIL OF TRIFLING CARES!

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

ou have allowed a place in your  
per to Euphelia's letters from  
stry, and appear to think no  
human life unworthy of your  
. I have resolved, after many  
with idleness and diffidence,  
ou some account of my enter-  
in this sober season of univer-  
it, and to describe to you the  
ents of those who look with  
t on the pleasures and diver-  
polite life, and employ all their  
of censure and invective upon  
ness, vanity, and folly, of dress,  
d conversation.

a tiresome and vexatious journey  
ys had brought me to the house,  
station, regularly sent for seven  
ether, had at last induced me to  
ummer, I was surpris'd, after  
jes of my first reception, to find,  
f the leisure and tranquillity  
ural life always promises, and,  
nducted, might always afford,  
d wildness of care, and a tu-  
burry of diligence, by which

every face was clouded, and every motion  
agitated. The old lady, who was my  
father's relation, was, indeed, very full  
of the happiness which she received from  
my visit, and, according to the forms of  
obsolete breeding, insisted that I should  
recompence the long delay of my com-  
pany with a promise not to leave her  
till winter. But, amidst all her kind-  
ness and caresses, she very frequently  
turned her head aside, and whispered,  
with anxious earnestness, some order to  
her daughters, which never failed to  
send them out with unpolite precipita-  
tion. Sometimes her impatience would  
not suffer her to stay behind; she begged  
my pardon, she must leave me for a mo-  
ment; she went, and returned and sat  
down again, but was again disturbed by  
some new care, dismissed her daughters  
with the same precipitation, and followed  
them with the same countenance of busi-  
ness and solicitude.

However I was alarmed at this shew  
of eagerness and disturbance, and how-  
ever my curiosity was excited by such  
busy preparations as naturally promised  
some great event, I was yet too much a  
stranger



stranger to gratify myself with enquiries; but finding none of the family in mourning, I pleased myself with imagining that I should rather see a wedding than a funeral.

At last we sat down to supper, when I was informed that one of the young ladies, after whom I thought myself obliged to enquire, was under a necessity of attending some affair that could not be neglected: soon afterward my relation began to talk of the regularity of her family, and the inconvenience of London hours; and at last let me know that they had proposed that night to go to bed sooner than was usual, because they were to rise early in the morning to make cheesecakes. This hint sent me to my chamber, to which I was accompanied by all the ladies, who begged me to excuse some large sieves of leaves and flowers that covered two thirds of the floor, for they intended to distil them when they were dry, and they had no other room that so conveniently received the rising sun.

The scent of the plants hindered me from rest, and therefore I rose early in the morning with a resolution to explore my new habitation. I stole unperceived by my busy cousins into the garden, where I found nothing either more great or elegant, than in the same number of acres cultivated for the market. Of the gardener, I soon learned that his lady was the greatest manager in that part of the country, and that I was come hither at the time in which I might learn to make more pickles and preserves, than could be seen at any other house a hundred miles round.

It was not long before her ladyship gave me sufficient opportunities of knowing her character, for she was too much pleased with her own accomplishments to conceal them; and took occasion, from some sweetmeats which she set next day upon the table, to discourse for two long hours upon robs and gellies; laid down the best methods of conserving, reserving, and preserving all sorts of fruit; told us with great contempt of the London lady in the neighbourhood, by whom these terms were very often confounded; and hinted how much she should be ashamed to set before company, at her own house, sweetmeats of so dark a colour as she had often seen at Mistress Sprightly's.

It is, indeed, the great business of her

life, to watch the skillet on the fire, to see it simmer with the due degree of heat, and to snatch it off at the moment of projection; and the employments to which she has bred her daughters, are to turn rose-leaves in the shade, to pick out the seeds of currants with a quill, to gather fruit without bruising it, and to extract bean-flower water for the skin. Such are the tasks with which every day, since I came hither, has begun and ended, to which the early hours of life are sacrificed, and in which that time is passing away which never shall return.

But to reason or expostulate, are hopeless attempts. The lady has settled her opinions, and maintains the dignity of her own performances with all the firmness of stupidity accustomed to be flattered. Her daughters having never seen any house but their own, believe their mother's excellence on her own word. Her husband is a mere sportsman, who is pleased to see his table well furnished, and thinks the day sufficiently successful, in which he brings home a leash of hares to be potted by his wife.

After a few days I pretended to want books, but my lady soon told me that none of her books would suit my taste; for her part, she never loved to see young women give their minds to such follies, by which they would only learn to use hard words; she bred up her daughters to understand a house, and whoever should marry them, if they knew any thing of good cookery, would never repent it.

There are, however, some things in the culinary sciences too sublime for youthful intellects; mysteries into which they must not be initiated till the years of serious maturity, and which are referred to the day of marriage, as the supreme qualification for connubial life. She makes an orange pudding, which is the envy of all the neighbourhood, and which she has hitherto found means of mixing and baking with secrecy, that the ingredient to which it owes its flavour has never been discovered. She, indeed, conducts this great affair with all the caution that human policy can suggest. It is never known before-hand when this pudding will be produced; she takes the ingredients privately into her own closet, employs her maids and daughters in different parts of the house, orders the oven to be heated for a pie, and places the pudding in it with her own hands,

h of the oven is then stopped, inquiries are vain.

composition of the pudding she ever, promised Clarinda, that saves her in marriage, she shall without reserve. But the art of English capers she has not yet herself to discover; but seems that secret shall perish with her, alchymists have obstinately supreme art of transmuting metals.

ventured to lay my fingers on of receipts, which she left upon, having intelligence that a vescofeberry-wine had burst the But though the importance of sufficiently engrossed her care, at any recollection of the danger her secrets were exposed, I able to make use of the golden; for this treasure of hereditary ge was so well concealed by the of spelling used by her grandmother, and herself, that I lly unable to understand it, and opportunity of consulting the for want of knowing the language which it's answers were re-

indeed, necessary, if I have any o her ladyship's esteem, that I pply myself to some of these al accomplishments; for I over, two days ago, warning her s, by my mournful example, negligence of pastry, and ignorance: 'For you saw,' said she, with all her pretensions to know- she turned the partridge the way when she attempted to cut, I believe, scarcely knows the ice between paste raised, and a dish.'

reason, Mr. Rambler, why I Lady Bustle's character before desire to be informed whether, opinion, it is worthy of imitation whether I shall throw away the which I have hitherto thought it to read, for *The Lady's Closet*, *The Complete Servant Maid*, *Court Cook*, and resign all character right and wrong, for the art

of scalding damascenes without bursting them, and preserving the whiteness of pickled mushrooms.

Lady Bustle has, indeed, by this incessant application to fruits and flowers, contracted her cares into a narrow space, and set herself free from many perplexities with which other minds are disturbed. She has no curiosity after the events of a war, or the fate of heroes in distress; she can hear, without the least emotion, the ravage of a fire, or devastations of a storm; her neighbours grow rich or poor, come into the world or go out of it, without regard, while she is pressing the gelly-bag, or airing the store-room; but I cannot perceive that she is more free from disquiets than those whose understandings take a wider range. Her marigolds, when they are almost cured, are often scattered by the wind, and the rain sometimes falls upon fruit when it ought to be gathered dry. While her artificial wines are fermenting, her whole life is restlessness and anxiety. Her sweetmeats are not always bright; and the maid sometimes forgets the just proportions of salt and pepper, when venison is to be baked. Her preserves mould, her wines sour, and pickles mother; and, like all the rest of mankind, she is every day mortified with the defeat of her schemes, and the disappointment of her hopes.

With regard to vice and virtue she seems a kind of neutral being. She has no crime but luxury, nor any virtue but chastity; she has no desire to be praised but for her cookery, nor wishes any ill to the rest of mankind, but that whenever they aspire to a feast, their custards may be wheyish, and their pie-crusts tough.

I am now very impatient to know whether I am to look on these ladies as the great patterns of our sex, and to consider preserves and pickles as the business of my life; whether the censures which I now suffer be just; and whether the brewers of wines, and the distillers of washes, have a right to look with insolence on the weakness of

CORNELIA.

N<sup>o</sup> LII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15,

——— QUOTIES FLENTI THESEIUS HEROS  
 SISTE MODUM, DIXIT, NEQUE ENIM FORTUNA QUERENDA  
 SOLA TUA EST, SIMILES ALIORUM RESPICE CASUS,  
 MITIUS ISTA FERES.

Ovid.

NOW OFT IN VAIN THE SON OF THESEUS SAID,  
 THE STORMY BORROWS BE WITH PATIENCE LAID:  
 NOR ARE THY FORTUNES TO BE WEPT ALONE;  
 WEIGH OTHERS' WOE, AND LEARN TO BEAR THY OWN.

Ca

**A**MONG the various methods of consolation, to which the miseries inseparable from our present state have given occasion, it has been, as I have already remarked, recommended by some writers to put the sufferer in mind of heavier pressures, and more excruciating calamities, than those of which he has himself reason to complain.

This has, in all ages, been directed and practised; and, in conformity to this custom, Lipsius, the great modern master of the Stoick philosophy, has in his celebrated treatise on *steadiness of mind*, endeavoured to fortify the breast against too much sensibility of misfortune, by enumerating the evils which have in former ages fallen upon the world, the devastation of wide-extended regions, the sack of cities, and massacre of nations. And the common voice of the multitude uninstructed by precept, and unprejudiced by authority, which, in questions that relate to the heart of man, is, in my opinion, more decisive than the learning of Lipsius, seems to justify the efficacy of this procedure; for one of the first comforts which one neighbour administers to another, is a relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumstances of greater bitterness.

But this medicine of the mind is like many remedies applied to the body, of which, though we see the effects, we are unacquainted with the manner of operation, and of which, therefore, some, who are unwilling to suppose any thing out of the reach of their own sagacity, have been inclined to doubt whether they have really those virtues for which they are celebrated, and whether their reputation is not the mere gift of fancy, prejudice, and credulity.

Consolation, or comfort, are words which, in their proper acceptation, signify some alleviation of that pain to

which it is not in our power to proper and adequate remedy; but rather an augmentation of the burden of bearing, than a diminution of burthen. A prisoner is relieved that sets him at liberty, but not comforted from such as suggestions by which he is made partaker of the inconvenience of confinement; that grief which arises from a loss he only brings the true remedy; he makes his friend's condition better; but he may be properly a comforter, who by persuading him of the pain of poverty, and the style of Hesiod, that *but not the whole*.

It is, perhaps, not immediately obvious, how it can lull the pain of misfortune, or appease the throes of anguish, to hear that other men are miserable; others, perhaps, wholly indifferent, whose pride is not envenomed by envy, and whose fall can excite no resentment. Some topics of consolation, like that which gave spirit to the captive of Sesostris, the perpetual vicissitudes of mutability of human affairs, properly raise the dejected as proud, and have an immediate effect to exhilarate and revive. But it avails the man who languishes in gloom of sorrow, without emerging into the sunshine of hope, to hear that others are deeper in the dungeon of misery, led with heavier chains, and afflicted with darker desperation?

The solace arising from this comparison seems indeed the weakest of others, and is perhaps never properly applied, but in cases where there is place for reflections of more pleasing efficacy. But even in calamities life is by no means

ills incurable, a thousand losses, a thousand difficulties insurmountable, are known, or will be known, to sons of men. Native deformity rectified, a dead friend cannot mend the hours of youth trifled away, or lost in sickness, cannot aid.

The oppression of such melancholy has been found useful to take us out of the world, to contemplate scenes of distress in which we are struggling round us, and ourselves with the *terribiles visu* the various shapes of misery, the havoc of terrestrial happiness at all corners almost without remembrance down our hopes at the harvest, and when we have built castles to the top, ruin their founda-

The effect of this meditation is, to furnish a new employment for the passions, and engages the passions on objects; as kings have sometimes employed themselves from a subject too great to be governed and too powerful to be crushed, by passing him in a province, till his popularity has cooled, or his pride been repressed. Attention is dissipated by variety, more weakly upon any single object than a torrent may be drawn off to channels, which, pouring down a selected body, cannot be resisted. The idea of comfort is, therefore, unavailing; a severe paroxysm of corporeal pain the mind is every instant liable to misery, and in the first moment of any sudden evil; but will certainly be of use against encroaching gloom, and a settled habit of gloominess.

It is rather advantageous, as it supplies opportunities of making comparisons in our own favour. We are very little of the pain, or of the loss, which does not begin and end with us; it is otherwise than relative; whether we are poor, great or little, in comparison to the number that excel us, or to us, in any of these respects; therefore, a man whose uneasiness is a reflexion on any misfortune which befalls him below those with whom he is equal, is comforted by finding that his is not yet the lowest.

There is another kind of comparison, which we make towards the vice of envy, illustrated by an old poet, whose

system will not afford many reasonable motives to content. 'It is,' says he, 'pleasing to look from shore upon the tumults of a storm, and to see a ship struggling with the billows; it is pleasing, not because the pain of another can give us delight, but because we have a stronger impression of the happiness of safety.' Thus, when we look abroad, and behold the multitudes that are groaning under evils heavier than those which we have experienced, we shrink back to our own state, and, instead of repining that so much must be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

By this observation of the miseries of others, fortitude is strengthened, and the mind brought to a more extensive knowledge of her own powers. As the heroes of action catch the flame from one another, so they to whom Providence has allotted the harder task of suffering with calmness and dignity, may animate themselves by the remembrance of those evils which have been laid on others, perhaps naturally as weak as themselves, and bear up with vigour and resolution against their own oppressions, when they see it possible that more severe afflictions may be borne.

There is still another reason why, to many minds, the relation of other men's infelicity may give a lasting and continual relief. Some, not well instructed in the measures by which Providence distributes happiness, are perhaps misled by divines, who, as Bellarmine makes temporal prosperity one of the characters of the true church, have represented wealth and ease as the certain concomitants of virtue, and the unfailling result of the Divine approbation. Such sufferers are dejected in their misfortunes, not so much for what they feel, as for what they dread; not because they cannot support the sorrows, or endure the wants, of their present condition, but because they consider them as only the beginnings of more sharp and more lasting pains. To these mourners it is an act of the highest charity to represent the calamities which not only virtue has suffered, but virtue has incurred; to inform them that one evidence of a future state is the uncertainty of any present reward for goodness; and to remind them, from the highest authority, of the distresses and penury of men of whom the world was not worthy.

N<sup>o</sup> LIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1750.

Οὐδὲ τῶν ἀνθρώπων.

EPIGRAM. VET.

HUSBAND TRY POSSESSIONS.

**T**HERE is scarcely among the evils of human life, any so generally dreaded as Poverty. Every other species of misery, those, who are not much accustomed to disturb the present moment with reflection, can easily forget, because it is not always forced upon their regard: but it is impossible to pass a day or an hour in the confluxes of men, without seeing how much indigence is exposed to contumely, neglect, and insult; and, in it's lowest state, to hunger and nakedness; to injuries against which every passion is in arms, and to wants which nature cannot sustain.

Against other evils the heart is often hardened by true or by false notions of dignity and reputation: thus we see dangers of every kind faced with willingness, because bravery in a good or bad cause is never without it's encomiasts and admirers. But in the prospect of poverty there is nothing but gloom and melancholy; the mind and body suffer together; it's miseries bring no alleviations; it is a state in which every virtue is obscured, and in which no conduct can avoid reproach: a state in which cheerfulness is insensibility, and dejection sullenness, of which the hardships are without honour, and the labours without reward.

Of these calamities there seems not to be wanting a general conviction; we hear on every side the noise of trade, and see the streets thronged with numberless multitudes, whose faces are clouded with anxiety, and whose steps are hurried by precipitation, from no other motive than the hope of gain; and the whole world is put in motion by the desire of that wealth, which is chiefly to be valued as it secures us from poverty; for it is more useful for defence than acquisition, and is not so much able to procure good as to exclude evil.

Yet there are always some whose passions or follies lead them to a conduct opposite to the general maxims and practice of mankind; some who seem to rush upon poverty with the same eagerness

with which others avoid it; who see their revenues hourly lessened, and the estates which they inherit from their ancestors mouldering away, without resolution to change their course of life; who persevere against all remonstrances, and go forward with full career, though they see before them the precipice of destruction.

It is not my purpose, in this paper, to expostulate with such as ruin their fortunes by expensive schemes of buildings and gardens, which they carry on with the same vanity that prompted them to begin; chusing, as it happens in a thousand other cases, the remote evil before the lighter, and deferring the shame of repentance till they incur the miseries of distress. Those for whom I intend my present admonitions, are the thoughtless, the negligent, and the dissolute; who having, by the viciousness of their own inclinations, or the seducements of alluring companions, been engaged in habits of expence, and accustomed to move in a certain round of pleasures disproportioned to their condition, are without power to extricate themselves from the enchantments of custom, avoid thought because they know it will be painful, and continue from day to day, and from month to month, to anticipate their revenues, and sink every hour deeper into the gulphs of usury and extortion.

This folly has less claim to pity, because it cannot be imputed to the vehemence of sudden passion; nor can the mischief which it produces be extenuated as the effect of any single act, which rage or desire might execute before there could be time for an appeal to reason. These men are advancing towards misery by soft approaches, and destroying themselves, not by the violence of a blow, which, when once given, can never be recalled, but by a slow poison, hourly repeated, and obstinately continued.

This conduct is so absurd when it is examined by the unprejudiced eye of rational judgment, that nothing but experience

rience could evince it's possibility; yet, absurd as it is, the sudden fall of some families, and the sudden rise of others, prove it to be common; and every year sees many wretches reduced to contempt and want by their costly sacrifices to pleasure and vanity.

It is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract it's own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection, too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader, too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself; unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes, Sirens that entice him to shipwreck, and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn, or pity, neither of which can afford much gratification to pride, on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence; and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by taylor and jockies, vintners and attorneys, who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is yet not discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flat-

teries, if they could last, might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied; but the time is always hastening forward when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround them with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness; and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be embittered. How can he then be envied for his felicity, who knows that it's continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wanted in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuseness?

It appears evident that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expence there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation, and affected lavishment, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly: having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot, and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection, and lay that reason asleep which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still their tyranny, with incessant their usual gratifications, and mainder of life passes away in penitance, or impotent desire.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE  
RAMBLER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

° LIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1750.

TRUDITUR DIES DIX,  
NOVÆQUE PERGUNT INTERIRE LUNÆ;  
TU SECANDA MARMORA  
LOCAS SUB IPSUM FUNUS, ET SEPULCHRI  
IMMEMOR STRUIS DOMOS.

HOR.

DAY PRESSES ON THE HEELS OF DAY,  
AND MOONS INCREASE TO THEIR DECAY;  
BUT YOU, WITH THOUGHTLESS PRIDE ELATE,  
UNCONSCIOUS OF IMPENDING FATE,  
COMMAND THE PILLAR'D DOME TO RISE,  
WHEN, LO! THY TOMB FORGOTTEN LIES.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER,

I have lately been called, from a  
glad life of business and ac-  
tivity, to attend the last hours of  
friend; an office which has filled  
not with melancholy, at least  
ous reflections, and turned my  
towards the contemplation of  
jects which, though of the im-  
portance, and of indubitable  
are generally secluded from  
by the jollity of health, the  
employment, and even by the  
versions of study and specula-  
they become accidental topics  
sation and argument, yet rarely  
into the heart, but give occa-  
to some subtilties of reasoning,  
ies of declamation, which are  
plauded, and forgotten.  
Indeed, not hard to conceive  
in accustomed to extend his  
ugh a long concatenation of  
effects, to trace things from  
to their period, and compare  
the ends, may discover the

weakness of human schemes; detect the  
fallacies by which mortals are deluded;  
shew the insufficiency of wealth, honours,  
and power, to real happiness; and please  
himself and his auditors with learned  
lectures on the vanity of life.

But though the speculatist may see and  
shew the folly of terrestrial hopes, fears and  
desires, every hour will give proofs that  
he never felt it. Trace him through the  
day or year, and you will find him act-  
ing upon principles which he has in com-  
mon with the illiterate and unenlighten-  
ed, angry and pleased like the lowest of  
the vulgar, pursuing, with the same ar-  
dour, the same designs; grasping, with all  
the eagerness of transport, those riches  
which he knows he cannot keep; and swell-  
ing with the applause which he has gain-  
ed by proving that applause is of no value.

The only conviction that rushes upon  
the soul, and takes away from our ap-  
petites and passions the power of resist-  
ance, is to be found, where I have re-  
ceived it, at the bed of a dying friend.  
To enter this school of wisdom is not  
the peculiar privilege of geometers; the



the most sublime and important precepts require no uncommon opportunities, nor laborious preparations; they are enforced without the aid of eloquence, and understood without skill in analytick science. Every tongue can utter them, and every understanding can conceive them. He that wishes in earnest to obtain just sentiments concerning his condition, and would be intimately acquainted with the world, may find instructions on every side. He that desires to enter behind the scene, which every art has been employed to decorate, and every passion labours to illuminate, and wishes to see life stripped of those ornaments which make it glitter on the stage, and exposed in it's natural meanness, impotence, and nakedness, may find all the delusion laid open in the chamber of disease: he will there find vanity divested of her robes, power deprived of her sceptre, and hypocrisy without her mask.

The friend whom I have lost was a man eminent for genius; and, like others of the same class, sufficiently pleased with acceptance and applause. Being caressed by those who have perfections and riches in their disposal, he considered himself as in the direct road of advancement, and had caught the flame of ambition by approaches to it's object. But in the midst of his hopes, his projects and his gaities, he was seized by a lingering disease, which, from it's first stage, he knew to be incurable. Here was an end of all his visions of greatness and happiness; from the first hour that his health declined, all his former pleasures grew tasteless. His friends expected to please him by those accounts of the growth of his reputation, which were formerly certain of being well received; but they soon found how little he was now affected by compliments, and how vainly they attempted, by flattery, to exhilarate the languor of weakness, and relieve the solicitude of approaching death. Whoever would know how much piety and virtue surpass all external goods, might here have seen them weighed against each other, where all that gives motion to the active, and elevation to the eminent, all that sparkles in the eye of hope, and pants in the bosom of suspicion, at once became dust in the balance, without weight and without regard. Riches, authority, and praise, lose all their influence when they are considered as riches which go long-

row shall be bestowed upon and authority which shall this night e-  
ver, and praise which, however  
or however sincere, shall, after  
moments, be heard no more.

In those hours of seriousness, nothing appeared to raise his spirits, or gladden his heart, but the reflection of acts of goodness, nor did it catch his attention but some opportunity for the exercise of the duties of humanity. Every thing that terminated or terminated at the grave was received with indifference, and regarded in consequence of the habit of it, than from any opinion that it had value; it had little more power over his mind than a bubble now broken, a dream from which he was awake. His whole powers were grossed by the consideration of state, and all conversation was that had not some tendency to draw him from human affairs, and to direct his prospects into futurity.

It is now past; we have closed and heard him breathe the groan of expiration. At the sight of this sight, I felt a sensation never known to me before; a confusion of painful feelings of sorrow, a glow of grief without a name. The thoughts that entered my soul were too strong to be resisted, and too piercing to be forgotten; but such violence cannot be long continued; the storm subsided in a short time retired, and grew calm.

I have from that time frequently involved in my mind the effect of the observation of death upon those who are not wholly without power and use of reflection; for the greater part it is wholly unperceived by their friends and their enemies the grave without raising any emotion, or reminding them of themselves on the edge of the precipice, and that they must soon fall into the gulph of eternity.

It seems to me remarkable that it increases our veneration for the great and extenuates our hatred of the wicked. Those virtues which once we admired, as Horace observes, because they were our own, can now no longer obtain our reputation, and we have therefore no interest to suppress their praise. The wickedness which we feared with indignity is now become impotent. A man whose name filled us with

t, and indignation, can at last be  
ed only with pity or contempt.  
n a friend is carried to his grave,  
nce find excuses for every weak-  
nd palliations of every fault; we  
t a thousand endearments, which  
glided off our minds without im-  
a thousand favours unrepaid, a  
d duties unperformed; and wish,  
wish, for his return, not so much  
may receive, as that we may be-  
ppiness, and recompense that kind-  
rich before we never understood.  
re is not, perhaps, to a mind well  
ted, a more painful occurrence,  
e death of one whom we have in-  
without reparation. Our crime  
now irretrievable; it is indelibly  
ed, and the stamp of fate is fixed  
it. We consider, with the most  
re anguish, the pain which we have  
and now cannot alleviate, and the  
which we have caused, and now  
repair.

the same kind are the emotions  
the death of an emulator or com-  
produces. Whoever had quali-  
alarm our jealousy, had excel-  
to deserve our fondness; and to  
ver ardour of opposition interest  
nflame us, no man ever outlived an  
whom he did not then wish to

have made a friend. Those who are  
versed in literary history know, that the  
elder Scaliger was the redoubted antago-  
nist of Cardan and Erasmus; yet at the  
death of each of his great rivals he re-  
lented, and complained that they were  
snatched away from him before their re-  
conciliation was completed.

*Tu ne etiam moreris? Ab! quid me temptas,  
Erasmè,  
Ante meum quam sit conciliatus amor?*

Art thou too fall'n? ere anger could subside,  
And love return, has great Erasmus died?

Such are the sentiments with which  
we finally review the effects of passion,  
but which we sometimes delay till we can  
no longer rectify our errors. Let us  
therefore make haste to do what we shall  
certainly at last wish to have done; let us  
return the caresses of our friends, and  
endeavour by mutual endearments to  
heighten that tenderness which is the  
balm of life. Let us be quick to re-  
pent of injuries while repentance may  
not be a barren anguish, and let us open  
our eyes to every rival excellence, and  
pay early and willingly those honours  
which justice will compel us to pay at  
last.

ATHANATUS.

## Nº LV. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1750.

MATURO PROPOR DESINE FUNERI  
INTER IUDERE VIRGINES,  
ET STELLIS MACULAM SPARGERE CANDIDIS:  
NON SIQUID PHOLOEN SATIS  
ET TE, CHLORI, DECT.—

HCR.

NOW NEAR TO DEATH THAT COMES BUT SLOW,  
NOW THOU ART STEPPING DOWN BELOW;  
SPORT NOT AMONGST THE BLOOMING MAIDS,  
BUT THINK ON GHOSTS AND EMPTY SHADES:  
WHAT SUITS WITH PHLOE IN HER BLOOM,  
GREY CHLORIS, WILL NOT THEE BECOME;  
A RED IS DIFFERENT FROM A TOMB.

CREECH.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

re been but a little time conver-  
t in the world, yet I have already  
quent opportunities of observing  
the efficacy of remonstrance and  
unt, which, however extorted by  
ion, or supported by reason, are  
d by one part of the world as re-  
censured by another as peevish-

ness, by some heard with an appearance  
of compassion, only to betray any of  
those sallies of vehemence and resent-  
ment which are apt to break out upon  
encouragement, and by others passed over  
with indifference and neglect, as matters  
in which they have no concern, and  
which, if they should endeavour to ex-  
amine or regulate, they might draw mis-  
chief upon themselves.

Yc

Yet since it is no less natural for those who think themselves injured to complain, than for others to neglect their complaints, I shall venture to lay my case before you, in hopes that you will enforce my opinion, if you think it just, or endeavour to rectify my sentiments, if I am mistaken. I expect at least, that you will divest yourself of partiality, and that whatever your age or solemnity may be, you will not with the dotard's insolence pronounce me ignorant and foolish, perverse and refractory, only because you perceive that I am young.

My father dying when I was but ten years old, left me, and a brother two years younger than myself, to the care of my mother, a woman of birth and education, whose prudence or virtue he had no reason to distrust. She felt, for some time, all the sorrow which nature calls forth, upon the final separation of persons dear to one another; and as her grief was exhausted by its own violence, it subsided into tenderness for me and my brother, and the year of mourning was spent in caresses, consolations, and instruction, in celebration of my father's virtues, in professions of perpetual regard to his memory, and hourly instances of such fondness as gratitude will not easily suffer me to forget.

But when the term of this mournful felicity was expired, and my mother appeared again without the ensigns of sorrow, the ladies of her acquaintance began to tell her, upon whatever motives, that it was time to live like the rest of the world; a powerful argument, which is seldom used to a woman without effect. Lady Giddy was incessantly relating the occurrences of the town; and Mrs. Gravely told her privately, with great tenderness, that it began to be publickly observed how much she overacted her part, and that most of her acquaintance suspected her hope of procuring another husband to be the true ground of all that appearance of tenderness and piety.

All the officiousness of kindness and folly was busied to change her conduct. She was at one time alarmed with censure, and at another fired with praise. She was told of balls, where others shone only because she was absent; of new comedies to which all the town was crowding; and of many ingenious ironies, by which domestic diligence was made contemptible.

It is difficult for virtue to stand alone

against fear on one side, and pleasure the other; especially when no crime is proposed, and prudence can suggest many reasons for restraint and indulgence. My mamma last persuaded to accompany M. dy to a play. She was received with a boundless profusion of company and attended home by a very fine man. Next day she was with her culty prevailed on to play at Mrs. Ly's, and came home gay and lively the distinctions that had been awakened her vanity, and good luck kept her principles of frugality fighting her disturbance. She now in second entrance into the world, friends were sufficiently industrious to prevent any return to her for every morning brought message visitation, and every evening was in places of diversion, from which for some time complained that rather be absent. In a short time began to feel the happiness of acting out controul, of being unaccounted her hours, her expences, and her company; and learned by degrees an expression of contempt or pitiless mention of ladies whose husbands suspected of restraining their play or their play, and confessed that it to go and come as she pleased.

I was still favoured with social dental precepts and transient ments, and was now and then kissed for smiling like my papa: part of her morning was spent comparing the opinion of her maid: liner, contriving some variations of dress, visiting shops, and sending compliments; and the rest of the day too short for visits, cards, and concerts.

She now began to discover that impossible to educate children at home. Parents could not be always in their sight; the society was contagious; company bred boldness and spirit; emulated industry; and a large school naturally the first step into the open. A thousand other reasons she some of little force in themselves so well seconded by pleasure, vanity, idleness, that they soon overcame remaining principles of kindness, piety; and both I and my brother dispatched to boarding schools.

How my mamma spent her time

is thus disburthened I am not able to inform you, but I have reason to believe that trifles and amusements took no hold of her heart. At first she was at school, and afterwards she came to me; but in a short time, both her visits and her letters were at an end; no other notice was taken of me, nor was I to remit money for my support.

When I came home at the vacation, I was coldly received, with an air of indifference—'That this girl will presently be a woman.' I was, after the usual manner, sent to school again, and overheard her say, as I was a going, 'Well, I shall recover.'

Six months more I came again; with the usual childish alacrity, was taken to my mother's embrace, when she said to me with exclamations at the greatness and enormity of my growth, 'She said, never seen any body grow so much at my age. She was no other girls spread at that rate, and they used to have children look like women before their time. I was disappointed, and retired without hearing any more than—'Nay, if you are an angel, Madam Streeple, you may walk off.' When once the forms of civility are worn, there remains little hope of receiving kindness or decency. My mamma made this appearance of resentment a pretence for continuing her malignity, and for Miss Maypole, for that was her name, was never mentioned or alluded to but with some expression of dislike.

I had yet the pleasure of dressing me as a child; and I know not when I have been thought fit to change a bit, had I not been rescued by a sister of my father, who could bear to see women in hanging-sheets, and therefore presented me with a gown, for which I should have ought myself under great obligation. She not accompanied her father, but gave some hints that my mamma now considers her age, and give

me her ear-rings, which she had shewn long enough in publick places.

I now left the school, and came to live with my mamma, who considered me as an usurper that had seized the rights of a woman before they were due, and was pushing her down the precipice of age, that I might reign without a superior. While I am thus beheld with jealousy and suspicion, you will readily believe that it is difficult to please. Every word and look is an offence. I never speak, but I pretend to some qualities and excellencies, which it is criminal to possess; if I am gay, she thinks it early enough to coquette; if I am grave, she hates a prude in bibs; if I venture into company, I am in haste for a husband; if I retire to my chamber, such matron-like ladies are lovers of contemplation. I am on one pretence or other generally excluded from her assemblies, nor am I ever suffered to visit at the same place with my mamma. Every one wonders why she does not bring Miss more into the world; and when she comes home in vapours I am certain that she has heard either of my beauty or my wit, and expects nothing for the ensuing week but taunts and menaces, contradiction and reproaches.

Thus I live in a state of continual persecution, only because I was born ten years too soon, and cannot stop the course of nature or of time, but am unhappily a woman before my mother can willingly cease to be a girl. I believe you would contribute to the happiness of many families, if, by any arguments or persuasions, you could make mothers ashamed of rivaling their children; if you could shew them, that though they may refuse to grow wise, they must inevitably grow old; and that the proper solaces of age are not musick and compliments, but wisdom and devotion; that those who are so unwilling to quit the world will soon be driven from it; and that it is therefore their interest to retire while there yet remains a few hours for nobler employments. I am, &c.

N<sup>o</sup> LVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1750.

—VALEAT RES LUDICRA, SINE  
PALMA NEGATA MACRUM, DONATA REDUCIT OPIMUM.

HOR.

FAREWELL THE STAGE; FOR HUMBL Y I DISCLAIM  
SUCH FOND FRUITS OF PLEASURE, OR OF FAME,  
IF I MUST SINK IN SHAME, OR SWELL WITH PRIDE,  
AS THE GAY PALM IS GRANTED OR DENIED.

FRANCIS.

NOTHING is more displeasing than to find that offence has been received when none was intended, and that pain has been given to those who were not guilty of any provocation. As the great end of society is mutual beneficence, a good man is always uneasy when he finds himself acting in opposition to the purposes of life; because though his conscience may easily acquit him of *malice prepense*, of settled hatred or contrivances of mischief, yet he seldom can be certain that he has not failed by negligence or indolence; that he has not been hindered from consulting the common interest by too much regard to his own ease, or too much indifference to the happiness of others.

Nor is it necessary that, to feel this uneasiness, the mind should be extended to any great diffusion of generosity, or melted by uncommon warmth of benevolence; for that prudence which the world teaches, and a quick sensibility of private interest, will direct us to shun needless enmities; since there is no man whose kindness we may not some time want, or by whose malice we may not some time suffer.

I have therefore frequently looked with wonder, and now and then with pity, at the thoughtlessness with which some alienate from themselves the affections of all whom chance, business, or inclination, brings in their way. When we see a man pursuing some darling interest, without much regard to the opinion of the world, we justly consider him as corrupt and dangerous, but are not long in discovering his motives; we see him actuated by passions which are hard to be resisted, and deluded by appearances which have dazzled stronger eyes. But the greater part of those who set mankind at defiance by hourly irritation, and who live but to inspire malignity, and multiply enemies, have no hopes to foster, no designs to promote,

nor any expectations of attaining power by insolence, or of climbing to greatness by trampling on others. They give up all the sweets of kindness, for the sake of peevishness, petulance, or gloom; and alienate the world by neglect of the common forms of civility, and breach of the established laws of conversation.

Every one must, in the walks of life, have met with men of whom all speak with censure, though they are not chargeable with any crime, and whom none can be persuaded to love, though a reason can scarcely be assigned why they should be hated; and who, if their good qualities and actions sometimes force a commendation, have their panegyrick always concluded with confessions of disgust; 'He is a good man, but I cannot like him.' Surely such persons have sold the esteem of the world at too low a price, since they have lost one of the rewards of virtue, without gaining the profits of wickedness.

This ill economy of fame is sometimes the effect of stupidity. Men whose perceptions are languid and sluggish, who lament nothing but loss of money, and feel nothing but a blow, are often at a difficulty to guess why they are encompassed with enemies, though they neglect all those arts by which men are endeared to one another. They comfort themselves that they have lived irreproachably; that none can charge them with having endangered his life, or diminished his possessions; and therefore conclude that they suffer by some invincible fatality, or impute the malice of their neighbours to ignorance or envy. They wrap themselves up in their innocence, and enjoy the congratulations of their own hearts, without knowing or suspecting that they are every day deservedly incurring reprimands, by withholding from those with whom they converse, that regard, or appearance of re-

gard,

gard, to which every one is entitled by the customs of the world.

There are many injuries which almost every man feels, though he does not complain; and which, upon those whom virtue, elegance, or vanity, have made delicate and tender, fix deep and lasting impressions; as there are many arts of graciousness and conciliation, which are to be practised without expence, and by which those may be made our friends who have never received from us any real benefit. Such arts, when they include neither guilt nor meanness, it is surely reasonable to learn, for who would want that love which is so easily to be gained? And such injuries are to be avoided; for who would be hated without profit?

Some, indeed, there are, for whom the excuse of ignorance or negligence cannot be alleged; because it is apparent that they are not only careless of pleasing, but studious to offend; that they contrive to make all approaches to them difficult and vexatious, and imagine that they aggrandize themselves by wasting the time of others in useless attendance, by mortifying them with slights, and teasing them with affronts.

Men of this kind are generally to be found among those that have not mingled much in general conversation, but spent their lives amidst the obsequiousness of dependants, and the flattery of parasites; and by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Tyranny, thus avowed, is indeed an exuberance of pride, by which all mankind is so much enraged, that it is never quietly endured, except in those who can reward the patience which they exact; and insolence is generally surrounded only by such whose baseness inclines them to think nothing insupportable that produces gain, and who can laugh at scurrility and rudeness with a luxurious table and an open purse.

But though all wanton provocations and contemptuous insolence are to be diligently avoided, there is no less danger in timid compliance and tame resignation. It is common for soft and fearful tempers to give themselves up implicitly to the direction of the bold, the turbulent, and the overbearing; of those whom they do not believe wiser or better than themselves; to recede from the best designs where opposition must be encour-

tered; and to fall off from virtue for fear of censure.

Some firmness and resolution is necessary to the discharge of duty: but it is a very unhappy state of life in which the necessity of such struggles frequently occurs; for no man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy while he believes himself in the right, and exerted with bitterness, if even to his own conviction he is detected in the wrong.

Even though no regard be had to the external consequences of contrariety and dispute, it must be painful to a worthy mind to put others in pain; and there will be danger lest the kindest nature may be vitiated by too long a custom of debate and contest.

I am afraid that I may be taxed with insensibility by many of my correspondents, who believe their contributions unjustly neglected. And, indeed, when I sit before a pile of papers, of which each is the production of laborious study, and the offspring of a fond parent; I, who know the passions of an author, cannot remember how long they have lain in my boxes unregarded, without imagining to myself the various changes of sorrow, impatience, and resentment, which the writers must have felt in this tedious interval.

These reflections are still more awakened, when, upon perusal, I find some of them calling for a place in the next paper, a place which they have never yet obtained; others writing in a style of superiority and haughtiness, as secure of deference, and above fear of criticism; others humbly offering their weak assistance with softness and submission, which they believe impossible to be resisted; some introducing their compositions with a menace of the contempt which he that refuses them will incur; others applying privately to the booksellers for their interest and solicitation; every one by different ways endeavouring to secure the bliss of publication. I cannot but consider myself as placed in a very uncomfortable situation, where I am forced to repress confidence, which it is pleasing to indulge, to repay civilities with appearances of neglect, and so frequently to offend those by whom I never was offended.

I know well how rarely an author, fired with the beauties of his new composition, contains his raptures in his own

bosom, and how naturally he imparts to his friends his expectations of renown; and as I can easily conceive the eagerness with which a new paper is snatched up by one who expects to find it filled with his own production; and, perhaps, has called his companions to share the pleasure of a second perusal; I grieve for the disappointment which he is to feel at the fatal inspection. His hopes, however, do not yet forsake him; he is certain of giving lustre the next day. The next day comes, and again he pants with expectation; and having dreamed of laurels and Parnassus, casts his eyes upon the barren page with which he is doomed never more to be delighted.

For such cruelty, what atonement can be made? for such calamities, what al-

leviation can be found? I am afraid that the mischief already done must be without reparation; and all that deserves my care is prevention for the future. Let, therefore, the next friendly contributor, whoever he be, observe the cautions of Swift, and write secretly in his own chamber, without communicating his design to his nearest friend, for the nearest friend will be pleased with an opportunity of laughing. Let him carry it to the post himself, and wait in silence for the event. If it is published and praised, he may then declare himself the author; if it be suppressed, he may wonder in private without much vexation; and if it be censured, he may join in the cry, and lament the dulness of the writing generation.

## Nº LVII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1750.

NON INTELLIGUNT HOMINES QUAM MAGNUM VECTIGAL SIT PARSIMONIA.

TULL.

THE WORLD HAS NOT YET LEARNED THE RICHES OF FRUGALITY.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am always pleased when I see literature made useful, and scholars descending from that elevation which, as it raises them above common life, must likewise hinder them from beholding the ways of men, otherwise than in a cloud of bustle and confusion. Having lived a life of business, and remarked how seldom any occurrences emerge for which great qualities are required, I have learned the necessity of regarding little things; and though I do not pretend to give laws to the legislators of mankind, or to limit the range of those powerful minds that carry light and heat through all the regions of knowledge; yet I have long thought, that the greatest part of those who lose themselves in studies, by which I have not found that they grow much wiser, might, with more advantage both to the publick and themselves, apply their understandings to domestick arts, and store their minds with axioms of humble prudence, and private economy.

Your late paper on frugality was very elegant and pleasing; but, in my opinion, not sufficiently adapted to common readers, who pay little regard to the musick of periods, the artifice of connection, or the arrangement of the flowers of rhetorick; but require a few plain and

cogent instructions, which may sink into the mind by their own weight.

Frugality is so necessary to the happiness of the world, so beneficial in its various forms to every rank of men, from the highest of human potentates, to the lowest labourer or artificer; and the miseries which the neglect of it produces are so numerous and so grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of address, and adapted to every class of understanding.

Whether those who treat morals as a science will allow frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it necessary to enquire. For I, who draw my opinions from a careful observation of the world, am satisfied with knowing, what is abundantly sufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is at least a quality which can seldom exist without some virtues, and without which few virtues can exist. Frugality may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption; it will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

If

any who do not dread dangerous to virtue, yet man-animous enough in abhor-rective to happiness; and want is terrible, upon what-ought to think themselves in the sage maxims of our ancestors; and attain the of contracting expence: for ality none can be rich, and few would be poor.

ther acts of virtue, or ex-vidiom, a concurrence of istances is necessary, some wledge must be attained, non gifts of nature possessed, rtunity produced by an ex-ombination of things; but er of saving what is already, must be easy of acq-ny mind; and as the exam- may shew that the highest ot safely neglect it, a thou-s will every day prove, that nay practise it with success. nnot be within the reach of rs, because to be rich is to than is commonly placed in d; and if many could ob-

which now makes a man name of wealth must then d to still greater accumula-I am not certain that it is ssible to exempt the lower kind from poverty; because ever be the wealth of the some will always have least, has less than any other is y poor; yet I do not see any ssity that many should be indispensable conveniencies am sometimes inclined to t, casual calamities except-ght, by universal prudence, in universal exemption from at he who should happen to ight notwithstanding have

ut entering too far into spe- hich I do not remember ical calculator has attempt- hich the most perspicacious be easily bewildered, it is they to whom Providence no other care but of their nd their own virtue, which greater part of mankind, it incitements to personal ce, whatever might be it's upen provinces or nations,

by which it is never likely to be tried, we know with certainty that there is scarcely any individual entering the world, who, by prudent parsimony, may not reasonably promise himself a cheer-ful competence in the decline of life.

The prospect of penury in age is so gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him must resolve to avoid it; and it must be avoided generally by the science of sparing. For though in every age there are some who, by bold adventures, or by favourable accidents, rise suddenly to riches, yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of such rare events: and the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expence must be resolutely reduced.

You must not therefore think me sink- ing below the dignity of a practical philosopher, when I recommend to the consideration of your readers, from the statesman to the apprentice, a position replete with mercantile wisdom, *A penny saved is two-pence got*; which may, I think, be accommodated to all conditions, by observing not only that they who pursue any lucrative employment will save time when they forgo expence, and that the time may be em- ployed to the increase of profit; but that they who are above such minute consider- ations, will find, by every victory over appetite or passion, new strength added to the mind, will gain the power of re- fusing those sollicitations by which the young and vivacious are hourly assault- ed, and in time set themselves above the reach of extravagance and folly.

It may, perhaps, be enquired by those who are willing rather to caviil than to learn, what is the just measure of frugality; and when expence, not abso- lutely necessary, degenerates into profu- sion? To such questions no general an- swer can be returned; since the liberty of spending, or necessity of parsimony, may be varied without end by different cir- cumstances. It may, however, be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expence should not exceed his revenue*. A maxim so obvi- ous and incontrovertible, that the civil law ranks the prodigal with the mad- man, and debars them equally from the conduct of their own affairs. Another precept arising from the former, and in- deed included in it, is yet necessary to be distinctly unpressed upon the warm,



the fanciful, and the brave—*Let no man anticipate uncertain profits.* Let no man presume to spend upon hopes, to trust his own abilities for means of deliverance from penury, to give a loose to his present desires, and leave the reckoning to fortune or to virtue.

To these cautions, which, I suppose, are, at least among the graver part of mankind, undisputed, I will add another—*Let no man squander against his inclination.* With this precept it may be, perhaps, imagined easy to comply; yet if those whom profusion has hurried in prisons, or driven into banishment,

were examined, it would be found that very few were ruined by their own choice, or purchased pleasure with the loss of their estates; but that they suffered themselves to be borne away by the violence of those with whom they conversed, and yielded reluctantly to a thousand prodigalities, either from a trivial emulation of wealth and spirit, or a mean fear of contempt and ridicule; an emulation for the prize of folly, or the dread of the laugh of fools.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble Servant.  
SOPHOCLES.

Nº LVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1759.

EPICURUS DEVIAT, TULLIUS  
CURTÆ NESCIO QUID SEMPER ARBITRARI.

HOR.

BUT, WHILE IN HEAPS HIS WICKED WEALTH ASCENDS,  
HE IS NOT OF HIS WISH POSSESS'D;  
THERE'S SOMETHING WANTING STILL TO MAKE HIM BLESS'D.

FRANCIS.

**A**S the love of Money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what number of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavour to eradicate a desire, which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which, perhaps, had not lost it's power, even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of it's proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shewn, that by all the wit and reason which this favourite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth, when he

had tried it's inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure, and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune; but, however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be, perhaps, seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labour or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest; but though they, therefore, decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher; for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every

wishes every scene of life to  
 as soon as it is beheld. Such  
 d high and low stations equally  
 satisfy the wishes of a disem-  
 id, and were unable to shelter  
 s in the closest retreat from  
 ment, solicitude, and misery.  
 ough these admonitions have  
 neglected by those who either  
 iches, or were able to procure  
 is not rashly to be determined  
 are altogether without use; for  
 the greatest part of mankind  
 onfined to conditions compa-  
 nean, and placed in situations  
 ch they naturally look up with  
 ie eminences before them, those  
 not be thought ill employed  
 : administered remedies to dis-  
 tmoist universal, by showing,  
 t we cannot reach may very  
 orborn, that the inequality of  
 on, at which we murmur, is  
 oft part less than it seems, and  
 greatness, which we admire at a  
 has much fewer advantages,  
 h less splendor, when we are  
 o approach it.

ie business of moralists to de-  
 frauds of fortune, and to show  
 imposes upon the careless eye,  
 k succession of shadows, which  
 ik to nothing in the gripe; that  
 ves life in extrinsick ornaments,  
 ve only for show, and are laid  
 the hours of solitude and of  
 and that when greatness aspires  
 felicity or to wisdom, it shakes  
 distinctions which dazzle the  
 id awe the suppliant.

r be remarked, that they whose  
 has not afforded them the light  
 or religious instruction, and  
 est all their ideas by their own  
 digest them by their own un-  
 ings, seem to consider those who  
 l in ranks of remote superiority,  
 another and higher species of  
 As themselves have known lit-  
 misery than the consequences of  
 ey are with difficulty persuaded  
 re there is wealth there can be  
 or that those who glitter in dig-  
 glide along in affluence, can be  
 ed with pains and cares like  
 ich lie heavy upon the rest of

prejudice is, indeed, confined  
 well meanness and the darkest  
 ; but it is so confined only be-

cause others have been shown it's folly  
 and it's falsehood, because it has been  
 opposed in it's progress by history and  
 philosophy, and hindered from spread-  
 ing it's infection by powerful preserva-  
 tives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth,  
 though it has not been able to extinguish  
 avarice or ambition, or suppress that re-  
 luctance with which a man passes his  
 days in a state of inferiority, must, at  
 least, have made the lower conditions less  
 grating and wearisome, and has conse-  
 quently contributed to the general secu-  
 rity of life, by hindering that fraud and  
 violence, rapine and circumvention,  
 which must have been produced by an  
 unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising  
 from an unshaken conviction, that to be  
 rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by  
 some violent impulse of passion, to pur-  
 sue riches as the chief end of being, must  
 surely be so much alarmed by the suc-  
 cessive admonitions of those whose ex-  
 perience and sagacity have recommended  
 them as the guides of mankind, as to  
 stop and consider whether he is about to  
 engage in an undertaking that will re-  
 ward his toil, and to examine, before he  
 rushes to wealth, through right and  
 wrong, what it will confer when he has  
 acquired it; and this examination will  
 seldom fail to repress his ardour, and re-  
 tard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not  
 useful but when it departs from us; it's  
 value is found only in that which it can  
 purchase, which, if we suppose it put to  
 it's best use by those that possess it, seems  
 not much to deserve the desire or envy  
 of a wise man. It is certain that, with  
 regard to corporal enjoyment, money  
 can neither open new avenues to pleasure  
 nor block up the passages of anguish.  
 Disease and infirmity still continue to tor-  
 ture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated  
 by luxury, or promoted by softness.  
 With respect to the mind, it has rarely  
 been observed, that wealth contributes  
 much to quicken the discernment, en-  
 large the capacity, or elevate the imagi-  
 nation; but may, by hiring flattery, or  
 laying diligence asleep, confirm error,  
 and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness, for  
 nothing can make that great which the  
 decree of nature has ordained to be lit-  
 tle. The bramble may be placed in a  
 hot-bed, but can never become an oak.  
 Even

Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings, whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whole

industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

## Nº LIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1750.

EST ALIQUID FATALE MALUM PER VERBA LEVARE,  
HOC QUERULAM HALCYONENQUE PROGNE FACIT:  
HIC ERAT IN DOLO QUARE PRÆANTIAS ANTRO  
VOX FATIGAVIT LEMNIA SARA SUA.  
STRANGIAT INCLUSUS DOLOR ATQUE EXSTUAT INTUS,  
COGITUM L' VIRIBUS MULTIPLICARE SUAS.

OVID.

COMPLAINING OFF, GIVES RELIEF TO OUR GRIEF;  
FROM HENCE THE WRETCHED PROGNE SOUGHT RELIEF;  
HENCE THE PRÆANTIAN CHIEF HIS FATE DEPLORES,  
AND VENTS HIS SORROW TO THE LEMNIAN SHORES:  
IN VAIN BY SECRECY WE WOULD ASSUAGE  
OUR CARES; CONCEAL'D, THEY GATHER TENFOLD RAGE.

F. LEWM.

**I**T is common to distinguish men by the names of animals which they are supposed to resemble. Thus a hero is frequently termed a Lion, and a statesman a Fox; an extortioner gains the appellation of Vulture, and a fop the title of Monkey. There is also among the various anomalies of character, which a survey of the world exhibits, a species of beings in human form, which may be properly marked out as the screech-owls of mankind.

These screech-owls seem to be settled in an opinion that the great business of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpose than to disturb the happiness of others, to lessen the little comforts, and shorten the short pleasures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the past, or melancholy prognosticks of the future; their only care is to crush the rising hope, to damp the kindling transport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful dross of grief and suspicion.

To those whose weakness of spirits, or timidity of temper, subjects them to impressions from others, and who are apt to suffer by fascination, and catch the contagion of misery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compass of a

screech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hour of dejection, terrify them with apprehensions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and sadden, by intruded sorrows, the day which might have been passed in amusements or in business; it will burden the heart with unnecessary discontents, and weaken for a time that love of life which is necessary to the vigorous prosecution of any undertaking.

Though I have, like the rest of mankind, many failings and weaknesses, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies, been charged with superstition; I never count the company which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either shoulder. I have, like most other philosophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and have been sometimes reproached as foolishly for not turning down my eyes when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly because a snake crosses my way, nor have any particular dread of a clinaceterical year: yet I confess that, with all my scorn of old women, and their tales, I consider it as an unhappy day when I happen to be greeted, in the morning, by Suispirius the screech-owl.

I have

now known Suspirius fifty-ars and four months, and have et passed an hour with him in e has not made some attack up-quiet. When we were first ac-1, his great topick was the mi-youth without riches, and when-walked out together he solaced a long enumeration of pleasures, as they were beyond the reach of une, were without the verge of ires, and which I should never nsidered as the objects of a wish, his unseasonable representations hem in my sight.

ther of his topicks is the neglect t, with which he never fails to very man whom he sees not emi-fortunate. If he meets with a officer, he always informs him lemen whose personal courage is ioned, and whose military skill s them to command armies, that otwithstanding all their merit, old with subaltern commissions. xhus in the church, he is always d with a curacy for life. The he informs of many men of great nd deep study, who have never opportunity to speak in the courts: oacting Serenus the physician— doctor, says he, 'what, a-foot still, so many blockheads are rattling air chariots? I told you, seven ago, that you would never meet encouragement; and I hope you ow take more notice, when I tell that your Greek, and your dili-; and your honesty, will never e you to live like yonder apory, who prescribes to his own shop, aughts at the physician.'

irius has, in his time, intercepted authors in their way to the stage; ed nine and thirty merchants to om a prosperous trade for fear of pty, broke off an hundred and matches by prognostications of iness, and enabled the small-pox nineteen ladies, by perpetual of the loss of beauty.

never my evil stars bring us toge-: never fails to represent to me the f my pursuits, and informs me are much older than when we be-: acquaintance, that the infirmi-lecrepitude are coming fast upon t whatever I now get I shall en-a little time, that same is to a

man tottering on the edge of the grave of very little importance, and that the time is at hand when I ought to look for no other pleasures than a good dinner and an easy-chair.

Thus he goes on in his unharmonious strain, displaying present miseries, and foreboding more, *νυκτινοπᾶξ ἀδελφὲς θανάτου*— every syllable is loaded with misfortune, and death is always brought nearer to the view. Yet, what always raises my resentment and indignation, I do not perceive that his mournful meditations have much effect upon himself. He talks, and has long talked of calamities, without discovering, otherwise than by the tone of his voice, that he feels any of the evils which he bewails or threatens, but has the same habit of uttering lamentations, as others of telling stories, and falls into expressions of condolence for past, or apprehensions of future mischiefs, as all men studious of their ease have recourse to those subjects upon which they can most fluently or copiously discourse.

It is reported of the Sybarites, that they destroyed all their cocks, that they might dream out their morning dreams without disturbance. Though I would not so far promote effeminacy as to propose the Sybarites for an example, yet since there is no man so corrupt or foolish, but something useful may be learned from him, I could wish that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, some regulations might be made to exclude screech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to some proper receptacle, where they may mingle sighs at leisure, and thicken the gloom of one another.

'Thou prophet of evil,' says Homer's Agamemnon, 'thou never foretellest me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes.' Whoever is of the same temper might there find the means of indulging his thoughts, and improving his vein of denunciation, and the flock of screech-owls might hoot together without injury to the rest of the world.

Yet, though I have so little kindness for this dark generation, I am very far from intending to debar the soft and tender mind from the privilege of complaining, when the sigh rises from the desire not of giving pain, but of gaining ease. To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the

duties of friendship; and though it must be allowed that he suffers most like a hero that hides his grief in silence—

*Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.*

His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.

DRYDEN.

yet it cannot be denied, that he who complains acts like a man, like a social

being, who looks for help from his low-creatures. Pity is to many unhappy a source of comfort in his distresses, as it contributes to recom them to themselves, by proving they have not lost the regard of God and Heaven seems to indicate the even of barren compassion, by inducing us to weep for evils which we cannot remedy.

## Nº LX. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1750.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON, PLENIUS ET MELIUS CHRYSIPPO ET CRANTORE DICIT.

HOM.

WHOSE WORKS THE BEAUTIFUL AND BASE CONTAIN,  
OF VICE AND VIRTUE MORE INSTRUCTIVE RULES,  
THAN ALL THE SOBER SAGES OF THE SCHOOLS.

FRANCIS.

ALL joy or sorrow for the happiness or calamities of others is produced by an act of the imagination, that reaches the event however fictitious, or approximates it however remote, by placing us, for a time, in the condition of him whose fortune we contemplate; so that we feel, while the deception lasts, whatever motions would be excited by the same good or evil happening to ourselves.

Our passions are therefore more strongly moved, in proportion as we can more readily adopt the pains or pleasure proposed to our minds, by recognising them as once our own, or considering them as naturally incident to our state of life. It is not easy for the most artful writer to give us an interest in happiness or misery, which we think ourselves never likely to feel, and with which we have never yet been made acquainted. Histories of the downfall of kingdoms, and revolutions of empires, are read with great tranquillity; the imperial tragedy pleases common auditors only by its pomp of ornament and grandeur of ideas; and the man whose faculties have been engrossed by business, and whose heart never fluttered but at the rise or fall of stocks, wonders how the attention can be seized, or the affection agitated, by a tale of love.

Those parallel circumstances and kindred images, to which we readily conform our minds, are, above all other writings, to be found in narratives of the lives of particular persons; and therefore, no species of writing seems more

worthy of cultivation than Biography, since none can be more delightful, more useful, none can more certainly chain the heart by irresistible interest, more widely diffuse instruction to diversity of condition.

The general and rapid narrative history, which involve a thousand tales in the business of a day, an plicate innumerable incidents in a great transaction, afford few lessons applicable to private life, which derive comforts and it's wretchedness from right or wrong management of which nothing but their frequency is considerable, '*Parva si non sunt, tunc*,' says Pliny, and which are of no place in those relations which descend below the consultation of states, the motions of armies, or schemes of conspirators.

I have often thought that I have rarely passed a life of which a just and faithful narrative would not be full. For not only every man has the mighty mass of the world, greater in the same condition with himself, to whom his mistakes and misadventures, escapes and expedients, would be of mediate and apparent use; but such an uniformity in the state of things, considered apart from adventitious separable decorations and disguises, there is scarce any possibility of interest, but is common to human kind. A great part of the time of those who are placed at the greatest distance by situation or by temper, must unavoidably

the same manner; and though, when the claims of nature are satisfied, caprice, and vanity, and accident, begin to produce discriminations and peculiarities, yet the eye is not very heedful or quick, which cannot discover the same causes still terminating their influence in the same effects, though sometimes accelerated, sometimes retarded, or perplexed by multiplied combinations. We are all prompted by the same motives, all deceived by the same fallacies, all animated by hope, obstructed by danger, entangled by desire, and seduced by pleasure.

It is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not distinguished by any striking or wonderful vicissitudes. The scholar who passed his life among his books, the merchant who conducted only his own affairs, the priest, whose sphere of action was not extended beyond that of his duty, are considered as no proper objects of public regard, however they might have excelled in their several stations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion arises from false measures of excellence and dignity, and must be eradicated by considering, that in the esteem of uncorrupted reason, what is of most use is of most value.

It is, indeed, not improper to take honest advantages of prejudice, and to gain attention by a celebrated name; but the business of the biographer is often to pass slightly over those performances and incidents which produce vulgar greatness, to lead the thoughts into domestick privacies, and display the minute details of daily life, where exterior appendages are cast aside, and men excel each other only by prudence and by virtue. The account of Thuanus is, with great propriety, said by its author to have been written, that it might lay open to posterity the private and familiar character of that man, *cujus ingenium et candorem ex ipsius scriptis sunt olim semper miraturi*—whose candour and genius will to the end of time be by his writings preserved in admiration.

There are many invisible circumstances which, whether we read as enquirers after natural or moral knowledge, whether we intend to enlarge our science, or encrease our virtue, are more important than publick occurrences. Thus Gallust, the great master of nature,

has not forgot, in his account of Catiline, to remark that *his walk was now quick, and again slow*, as an indication of a mind revolving something with violent commotion. Thus the story of Melancthon affords a striking lecture on the value of time, by informing us, that when he made an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense; and all the plans and enterprizes of De Wit are now of less importance to the world, than that part of his personal character which represents him as *careful of his health, and negligent of his life*.

But biography has often been allotted to writers who seem very little acquainted with the nature of their task, or very negligent about the performance. They rarely afford any other account than might be collected from publick papers, but imagine themselves writing a life when they exhibit a chronological series of actions or preferments; and so little regard the manners or behaviour of their heroes, that more knowledge may be gained of a man's real character, by a short conversation with one of his servants, than from a formal and studied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral.

If now and then they condescend to inform the world of particular facts, they are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tickell has distinguished Addison from the rest of mankind—the *irregularity of his pulse*: nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of Malherb, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherb had two predominant opinions; one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble Gentleman*, because either word included the sense of both.

There are, indeed, some natural reasons why these narratives are often written by such as were not likely to give much instruction or delight, and why most accounts of particular persons are barren and useless. If a life be delayed till interest and envy are at an end, we may hope for impartiality, but must expect little intelligence; for the incidents

which give excellence to biography are of a volatile and evanescent kind, such as soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. We know how few can pourtray a living acquaintance, except by his most prominent and observable particularities, and the grosser features of his mind; and it may be easily imagined how much of this little knowledge may be lost in imparting it, and how soon a succession of copies will lose all resemblance of the original.

If the biographer writes from personal knowledge, and makes haste to gratify the publick curiosity, there is danger lest his interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, overpower his

fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent. There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyrick, and not to be known from one another, but by extrinseck and casual circumstances. 'Let me remember,' says Hale, 'when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal, that there is likewise a pity due to the country.' If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.

## Nº LXI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1750.

FALSES HONOR JUVAT, ET MENDAX INFAMIA TERRET  
QUEM NISI MENDOSUM ET MENDACEM? HOR.

FALSE PRAISE CAN CHARM, UNREAL SHAME CONTROUL—  
WHOM BUT A VICIOUS OR A SICKLY SOUL?

FRANCIS.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is extremely vexatious to a man of eager and thirsty curiosity to be placed at a great distance from the fountain of intelligence, and not only never to receive the current of report till it has fatiated the greatest part of the nation; but at last to find it muddled in it's course, and corrupted with taints or mixtures from every channel through which it flowed.

One of the chief pleasures of my life is to hear what passes in the world, to know what are the schemes of the politician, the aims of the busy, and the hopes of the ambitious; what changes or publick measures are approaching; who is likely to be crushed in the collision of parties; who is climbing to the top of power; and who is tottering on the precipice of disgrace. But, as it is very common for us to desire most what we are the least qualified to obtain, I have suffered this appetite of news to outgrow all the gratifications which my present situation can afford it; for being placed in a remote country, I am condemned always to confound the future with the past, to form prognostications of events no longer doubtful, and to consider the expediency of schemes al-

ready executed or defeated. I am perplexed with a perpetual deception in my prospects, like a man pointing his telescope at a remote star, which before the light reaches his eye has forsaken the place from which it was emitted.

The mortification of being thus always behind the active world in my reflections and discoveries, is exceedingly aggravated by the petulance of those whose health, or business, or pleasure, brings them hither from London. For, without considering the insuperable disadvantages of my condition, and the unavoidable ignorance which abience must produce, they often treat me with the utmost superciliousness of contempt, for not knowing what no human sagacity can discover; and sometimes seem to consider me as a wretch scarcely worthy of human converse, when I happen to talk of the fortune of a bankrupt, or propose the healths of the dead, when I warn them of mischiefs already incurred, or wish for measures that have been lately taken. They seem to attribute to the superiority of their intellects what they only owe to the accident of their condition, and think themselves indisputably intitled to airs of infolence and authority, when they find another ignorant of facts; which, because they echoed in the streets of London,

ry suppose equally publick in all  
aces, and known where they could  
be seen, related, nor conjectured.  
his haughtiness they are indeed  
ich encouraged by the respect  
they receive amongst us, for no  
ason than that they come from  
1. For no sooner is the arrival  
of these disseminators of know-  
known in the country, than we  
about him from every quarter,  
innuendable enquiries flatter him  
opinion of his own importance.  
s himself surrounded by multi-  
who propose their doubts, and  
air controversies, to him, as to a  
descended from some nobler region;  
grows on a sudden oraculous and  
le, solves all difficulties, and sets  
ctions at defiance.

re is, in my opinion, great reason  
exting, that they sometimes take  
age of this reverential modesty,  
pose upon rustick understandings  
false show of universal intelligence;  
o not find that they are willing  
themselves ignorant of any thing,  
they dismiss any enquirer with a  
and decisive answer. The court,  
r, the park, and exchange, are to  
men of unbounded observation  
familiar, and they are alike ready  
the hour at which stocks will rise,  
ministry be changed.

port residence at London entitles a  
knowledge, to wit, to politeness,  
a despotick and dictatorial power  
scribing to the rude multitude,  
he condescends to honour with a  
l visit; yet, I know not well upon  
 motives, I have lately found myself  
i to cavil at this prescription, and  
at whether it be not, on some oc-  
proper to withhold our vena-  
ll we are more authentically con-  
of the merits of the claimant.  
well remembered here, that, about  
ears ago, one Frolick, a tall boy,  
nk hair, remarkable for stealing  
nd sucking them, was taken from  
ool in this parish, and sent up to  
1 to study the law. As he had  
mongst us no proofs of a genius,  
d by nature for extraordinary  
ances, he was, from the time of  
rture, totally forgotten; nor was  
y talk of his vices or virtues, his  
his ill-fortune, till last summer  
burst upon us, that Mr. Frolick

was come down in the first post-chaise  
which this village had seen, having tra-  
velled with such rapidity, that one of his  
portillons had broke his leg, and another  
narrowly escaped suffocation in a quick-  
sand. But that Mr. Frolick seemed to-  
tally unconcerned, for such things were  
never heeded at London.

Mr. Frolick next day appeared among  
the gentlemen at their weekly meeting  
on the bowling-green; and now were seen  
the effects of a London education. His  
dress, his language, his ideas, were all  
new; and he did not much endeavour  
to conceal his contempt of every thing  
that differed from the opinions, or prac-  
tice, of the modish world. He shewed  
us the deformity of our skirts and sleeves,  
informed us where hats of the proper size  
were to be sold, and recommended to us  
the reformation of a thousand absurdities  
in our cloaths, our cookery, and our  
conversation. When any of his phrases  
were unintelligible, he could not suppress  
the joy of confessed superiority, but fre-  
quently delayed the explanation, that he  
might enjoy his triumph over our bar-  
barity.

When he is pleased to entertain us  
with a story, he takes care to crowd into  
it names of streets, squares, and build-  
ings, with which he knows we are un-  
acquainted. The favourite topicks of  
his discourse are the pranks of drunk-  
ards, and the tricks put upon country  
gentlemen by porters and link-boys.  
When he is with ladies, he tells them  
of the innumerable pleasures to which  
he can introduce them; but never fails  
to hint, how much they will be deficient,  
at their first arrival, in the knowledge of  
the town. What it is to *know the town*,  
he has not indeed hitherto informed us;  
though there is no phrase so frequent in  
his mouth, nor any science which he  
appears to think of so great a value, or  
so difficult attainment.

But my curiosity has been most en-  
gaged by the recital of his own adven-  
tures and achievements. I have heard  
of the union of various characters in  
single persons, but never met with such  
a constellation of great qualities as this  
man's narrative affords. Whatever has  
distinguished the hero; whatever has ele-  
vated the wit; whatever has endeared  
the lover; are all concentered in Mr.  
Frolick, whose life has, for seven years,  
been a regular interchange of intrigues,  
dangers,



dangers, and waggeries, and who has distinguished himself in every character that can be feared, envied, or admired.

I question whether all the officers of the royal navy can bring together, from all their journals, a collection of so many wonderful escapes as this man has known upon the Thames, on which he has been a thousand and a thousand times on the point of perishing, sometimes by the terrors of foolish women in the same boat, sometimes by his own acknowledged imprudence in passing the river in the dark, and sometimes by shooting the bridge, under which he has rencountered mountainous waves, and dreadful cataracts.

Nor less has been his temerity by land, nor fewer his hazards. He has reeled with giddiness on the top of the Monument; he has crossed the street amidst the rush of coaches; he has been surrounded by robbers without number; he has headed parties at the playhouse; he has scaled the windows of every toast of whatever condition; he has been hunted for whole winters by his rivals; he has slept upon bulks, he has cut chairs, he has bilked coachmen; he has rescued his friends from the bailiffs, has knocked down the constable, has bullied the justice, and performed many other exploits, that have filled the town with wonder and with merriment.

But yet greater is the fame of his understanding than his bravery; for he informs us, that he is, at London, the established arbitrator of all points of honour, and the decisive judge of all performances of genius; that no musical performer is in reputation till the opinion of Frolick has ratified his pretensions; that the theatres suspend their sentence till he begins the clap or hiss, in which all are proud to concur: that no publick entertainment has failed or succeeded, but because he opposed or favoured it; that all controversies at the gaming-table are referred to his determination; that he adjusts the ceremonial at every assem-

bly, and prescribes every fashion sure or of dress.

With every man whose name in the papers of the day, he is int acquainted; and there are very few either in the state or army, of w has not more or less influenced posal. He has been very frequent sulted both upon war and peace; time is not yet come when the shall know how much it is inde the genius of Frolick.

Yet, notwithstanding all these rations, I cannot hitherto persuade self to see that Mr. Frolick ha wit, or knowledge, or courage the rest of mankind, or that any mon enlargement of his faculty happened in the time of his a For when he talks on subjects kr the rest of the company, he has vantage over us, but by catch: terruption, briskness of interrc and pertness of contempt; and t if he has stunned the world w name, and gained a place in ranks of humanity, I cannot b clude, that either a little underf confers eminence at London, or t Frolick thinks us unworthy of ertion of his powers, or that his f are benumbed by rural stupidity magnetick needle loses it's anim the polar climes.

I would not, however, like hasty philosophers, search after t till I am certain of the effect; an fore I desire to be informed, you have yet heard the great r Mr. Frolick. If he is celebra other tongues than his own, I sh lingly propagate his praise; but i swelled among us with empty and honours conferred only by I shall treat him with rustick si and drive him as an impostor fr part of the kingdom to some r more credulity.

I am, &c.

RURI

Nº LXII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1750.

NUNC EGO TRIPTOLEMI CUPEREM CONSCENDERE CURRUS,  
 MISIT IN IGNOTAM QUI RUDE SEMEN HUMUM:  
 NUNC EGO MEDEÆ VELLEM FRÆNARE DRACONES,  
 QUOS HABUIT FUGIENS ARYA, CORINTHE, TUA;  
 NUNC EGO JACTANDAS OPTAREM SUMERE PENNAS,  
 SIVE TUAS, PERSEU; DÆDALE, SIVE TUAS.

OVID.

NOW WOULD I MOUNT HIS CAR, WHOSE BOUNTIFUL HAND  
 FIRST SOW'D WITH TEEMING SEED THE FURROW'D LAND:  
 NOW TO MEDÆA'S DRAGONS FIX MY REINS,  
 THAT SWIFTLY BORE HER FROM CORINTHIAN PLAINS;  
 NOW ON DÆDALIAN WAXEN PINIONS STRAY,  
 OR THOSE WHICH WAITED PERSEUS ON HIS WAY.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am a young woman of a very large fortune, which, if my parents would have been persuaded to comply with the rules and customs of the polite part of mankind, might long since have raised me to the highest honours of the female world; but so strangely have they hitherto contrived to waste my life, that I am now on the borders of twenty, without having ever danced but at our monthly assemblage, or been toasted but among a few gentlemen of the neighbourhood, or seen any company in which it was worth a wish to be distinguished.

My father having impaired his patrimony in soliciting a place at court, at last grew wise enough to cease his pursuit; and, to repair the consequences of expensive attendance and negligence of his affairs, married a lady much older than himself, who had lived in the fashionable world till she was considered as an encumbrance upon parties of pleasure, and, as I can collect from incidental informations, retired from gay assemblies just time enough to escape the mortification of universal neglect.

She was, however, still rich, and not yet wrinkled. My father was too distressfully embarrassed to think much on any thing but the means of extrication; and though it is not likely that he wanted the delicacy which polite conversation will always produce in understandings not remarkably defective, yet he was contented with a match, by which he might be set free from inconveniences, that would have destroyed all the plea-

tures of imagination, and taken from softness and beauty the power of delighting.

As they were both somewhat disgusted with their treatment in the world, and married, though without any dislike of each other, yet principally for the sake of setting themselves free from dependence on caprice or fashion, they soon retired into the country, and devoted their lives to rural business and diversions.

They had not much reason to regret the change of their situation; for their vanity, which had so long been tormented by neglect and disappointment, was here gratified with every honour that could be paid them. Their long familiarity with public life made them the oracles of all those who aspired to intelligence, or politeness. My father dictated politics, my mother prescribed the mode; and it was sufficient to entitle any family to some consideration, that they were known to visit at Mrs. Courtly's.

In this state they were, to speak in the style of novelists, made happy by the birth of your correspondent. My parents had no other child; I was therefore not brow-beaten by a faucy brother, or lost in a multitude of coheiresses, whose fortunes being equal, would probably have conferred equal merit, and procured equal regard; and as my mother was now old, my understanding and my person had fair play, my enquiries were not checked, my advances towards importance were not repressed, and I was soon suffered to tell my own opinions,

nions, and early accustomed to hear my own praises.

By these accidental advantages I was much exalted above the young ladies with whom I conversed, and was treated by them with great deference. I saw none who did not seem to confess my superiority, and to be held in awe by the splendour of my appearance; for the fondness of my father made himself pleased to see me dressed, and my mother had no vanity nor expences to hinder her from concurring with his inclinations.

Thus, Mr. Rambler, I lived without much desire after any thing beyond the circle of our visits; and here I should have quietly continued to portion out my time among my book, and my needle, and my company, had not my curiosity been every moment excited by the conversation of my parents, who, whenever they sit down to familiar prattle, and endeavour the entertainment of each other, immediately transport themselves to London, and relate some adventure in a hackney-coach, some frolick at a masquerade, some conversation in the Park, or some quarrel at an assembly; display the magnificence of a birth-night, relate the conquests of maids of honour, or give a history of diversions, shows, and entertainments, which I had never known but from their accounts.

I am so well versed in the history of the gay world, that I can relate, with great punctuality, the lives of all the last race of wits and beauties; can enumerate, with exact chronology, the whole succession of celebrated singers, musicians, tragedians, comedians, and harlequins; can tell to the last twenty years all the changes of fashions; and am, indeed, a complete antiquary with respect to head-dresses, dances, and operas.

You will easily imagine, Mr Rambler, that I could not hear these narratives, for sixteen years together, without suffering some impression, and wishing myself nearer to those places where every hour brings some new pleasure, and life is diversified with an unexhausted succession of felicity.

I indeed often asked my mother why she left a place which she recollected with so much delight, and why she did not visit London once a year, like some other ladies, and initiate me in the world by showing me it's amusements, it's grandeur, and it's variety. But she always told me that the days which she

had seen were such as will never come again; that all diversion is now degenerated, that the conversation of the present age is insipid, that their fashions are unbecoming, their customs absurd, and their morals corrupt; that there is no ray left of the genius which enlightened the times that she remembers; that no one who had seen, or heard, the ancient performers, would be able to bear the bunglers of this despicable age; and that there is now neither politeness, nor pleasure, nor virtue, in the world. She therefore assures me that she consults my happiness by keeping me at home, for I should now find nothing but vexation and disgust, and she should be ashamed to see me pleased with such fopperies and trifles, as take up the thoughts of the present set of young people.

With this answer I was kept quiet for several years, and thought it no great inconvenience to be confined to the country, till last summer a young gentleman and his sister came down to pass a few months with one of our neighbours. They had generally no great regard for the country ladies, but distinguished me by a particular complaisance; and, as we grew intimate, gave me such a detail of the elegance, the splendour, the mirth, the happiness of the town, that I am resolved to be no longer buried in ignorance and obscurity, but to share with other wits the joy of being admired, and divide with other beauties the empire of the world.

I do not find, Mr. Rambler, upon a deliberate and impartial comparison, that I am excelled by Belinda in beauty, in wit, in judgment, in knowledge, or in any thing, but a kind of gay, lively familiarity, by which she mingles with strangers as with persons long acquainted, and which enables her to display her powers without any obstruction, hesitation, or confusion. Yet she can relate a thousand civilities paid to her in publick, can produce, from a hundred lovers, letters filled with praises, protestations, extasies, and despair; has been handed by dukes to her chair; has been the occasion of innumerable quarrels; has paid twenty visits in an afternoon; been invited to six balls in an evening, and been forced to retire to lodgings in the country from the importunity of company, and the fatigue of pleasure.

I tell you, Mr. Rambler, I will be no longer. I have at last

ed upon my mother to send me to town, and shall sit out in three weeks on the grand expedition. I intend to live in publick, and to crowd into the winter every pleasure which money can purchase, and every honour which beauty can obtain.

But this tedious interval how shall I endure! Cannot you alleviate the misery of delay by some pleasing description of

the entertainments of the town? I can read, I can talk, I can think of nothing else; and if you will not soothe my impatience, heighten my ideas, and animate my hopes, you may write for those who have more leisure, but are not to expect any longer the honour of being read by those eyes which are now intent only on conquest and destruction.

RHODOCLIA.

## Nº LXIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1750.

—HABERAT SEPTU DUCENTES,  
SEPTU DECIMUM SERVOS; MODOS REGES, ATQUE TETRARCHAS,  
OMNIA MAGNA LOQUUNTUR: MODOS, CITIUS MIHI MENSA TRIPES, ET  
CONCHA SALIS PURI, ET TOGA, QUÆ DEFENDERE FRIGUS,  
QUAM VICI CRASSA, QUÆAT.

HOR.

NOW WITH TWO HUNDRED SLAVES HE CROWDS HIS TRAIN;  
NOW WALKS WITH TEN. IN HIGH AND HAUGHTY STRAIN,  
AT MORN, OF KINGS AND GOVERNORS HE TRATES;  
AT NIGHT—'A FRUGAL TABLE, O YE FATES!  
'A LITTLE SHELL, THE SACRED SALT TO HOLD;  
'AND CLOTHES, THO' COARSE, TO KEEP ME FROM THE COLD.'

FRANCIS.

IT has been remarked, perhaps, by every writer who has left behind him observations upon life, that no man is pleased with his present state; which proves equally unsatisfactory, says Horace, whether fallen upon by chance, or chosen with deliberation; we are always disgusted with some circumstance or other of our situation, and imagine the condition of others more abundant in blessings, or less exposed to calamities.

This universal discontent has been generally mentioned with great severity of censure, as unreasonable in itself, since of two, equally envious of each other, both cannot have the larger share of happiness, and as tending to darken life with unnecessary gloom, by withdrawing our minds from the contemplation and enjoyment of that happiness which our state affords us, and fixing our attention upon foreign objects, which we only behold to deprecate ourselves, and increase our misery by injurious comparisons.

When this opinion of the felicity of others predominates in the heart, so as to excite resolutions of obtaining, at whatever price, the condition to which superior and privileged are supposed to be annexed; when it bursts into action, and produces fraud, violence, and injustice, it is to be pursued with all the rigour of legal punishments. But while

operating only upon the thoughts, it disturbs none but him who has happened to a limit it, and, however it may interrupt content, makes no attack on piety or virtue; I cannot think so far criminal or ridiculous, but that it may deserve some pity, and admit some excuse.

That all are equally happy, or miserable, I suppose none is sufficiently enthusiastic to maintain; because though we cannot judge of the condition of others, yet every man has found frequent vicissitudes in his own state, and must therefore be convinced that life is susceptible of more or less felicity. What then shall forbid us to endeavour the elevation of that which is capable of being improved, and to grasp at augmentations of good, when we know it possible to be increased, and believe that any particular change of situation will increase it?

If he that finds himself uneasy may reasonably make efforts to rid himself from vexation, all mankind have a sufficient plea for some degree of restlessness, and the fault seems to be little more than too much tendency of conclusion in favour of something, not yet experienced; and too much readiness to believe that the misery which our own passions and appetites produce, is brought upon us by accidental causes, and external accidents.

It is, indeed, frequently discovered by us, that we complained too hastily of peculiar hardships, and imagined ourselves distinguished by embarrassments, in which other classes of men are equally entangled. We often change a lighter for a greater evil, and with ourselves restored again to the state from which we thought it desirable to be delivered. But this knowledge, though it is easily gained by the trial, is not always attainable any other way; and that error cannot justly be reproached, which reason could not obviate, nor prudence avoid.

To take a view at once distinct and comprehensive of human life, with all its intricacies of combination, and varieties of connexion, is beyond the power of mortal intelligences. Of the state with which practice has not acquainted us, we snatch a glimpse, we discern a point, and regulate the rest by passion, and by fancy. In this enquiry every favourite prejudice, every innate desire, is busy to deceive us. We are unhappy, at least less happy than our nature seems to admit; we necessarily desire the melioration of our lot; what we desire, we very reasonably seek, and what we seek we are naturally eager to believe that we have found. Our confidence is often disappointed, but our reason is not convinced; and there is no man who does not hope for something which he has not, though perhaps his wishes lie unattainable, because he foresees the difficulty of attainment. As among the numerous students of Hermetick philosophy, not one appears to have desisted from the task of transmutation from conviction of its impossibility, but from weariness of toil, or impatience of delay, a broken body, or exhausted fortune.

Irresolution and mutability are often the faults of men whose views are wide, and whose imagination is vigorous and excurive, because they cannot confine their thoughts within their own boundaries of action, but are continually ranging over all the scenes of human existence, and consequently are often apt to conceive that they fall upon new regions of pleasure, and start new possibilities of happiness. Thus they are busied with a perpetual succession of schemes, and pass their lives in alternate elation and sorrow, for want of that calm and immovable acquiescence in their condition by which men of slower understandings are fixed for ever to a certain

point, or led on in the plain beaten track which their fathers and grandfathers have trod before them.

Of two conditions of life equally inviting to the prospect, that will always have the disadvantage which we have already tried; because the evils which we have felt we cannot extenuate; and though we have, perhaps from nature, the power as well of aggravating the calamity which we fear, as of heightening the blessing we expect, yet in these meditations which we indulge by choice, and which are not forced upon the mind by necessity, we have always the art of fixing our regard upon the more pleasing images, and suffer hope to dispose the lights by which we look upon future.

The good and ill of different modes of life are sometimes so equally opposed, that perhaps no man ever yet made his choice between them upon a full conviction and adequate knowledge; and therefore fluctuation of will is not more wonderful, when they are proposed to the election, than oscillations of a beam charged with equal weights. The mind no sooner imagines itself determined by some prevalent advantage, than some convenience of equal weight is discovered on the other side, and the resolutions which are suggested by the nicest examination are often repented as soon as they are taken.

Eumenes, a young man of great abilities, inherited a large estate from a father long eminent in conspicuous employments. His father, harassed with competitions, and perplexed with multiplicity of business, recommended the quiet of a private station with so much force, that Eumenes for some years resisted every motion of ambitious wishes; but being once provoked by the sight of oppression, which he could not redress, he began to think it the duty of an honest man to enable himself to protect others, and gradually felt a desire of greatness, excited by a thousand projects of advantage to his country. His fortune placed him in the senate, his knowledge and eloquence advanced him at court, and he possessed that authority and influence which he had resolved to exert for the happiness of mankind.

He now became acquainted with greatness, and was in a short time convinced, that in proportion as the power of doing well is enlarged, the temptations to do ill are multiplied and enforced. He felt himself

himself every moment in danger of being either seduced or driven from his honest purposes. Sometimes a friend was to be gratified, and sometimes a rival to be crushed, by means which his conscience could not approve. Sometimes he was forced to comply with the prejudices of the publick, and sometimes with the schemes of the ministry. He was by degrees wearied with perpetual struggles to unite policy and virtue, and went back to retirement as the shelter of innocence, persuaded that he could only hope to benefit mankind by a blameless example of private virtue. Here he spent some years in tranquillity and beneficence; but finding that corruption increased, and false opinions in government prevailed, he thought himself again summoned to posts of publick trust,

from which new evidence of his own weakness again determined him to retire.

Thus men may be made inconstant by virtue and by vice, by too much or too little thought; yet inconstancy, however dignified by its motives, is always to be avoided, because life allows us but a small time for enquiry and experiment; and he that steadily endeavours at excellence, in whatever employment, will more benefit mankind than he that hesitates in choosing his part till he is called to the performance. The traveller that resolutely follows a rough and winding path will sooner reach the end of his journey than he that is always changing his direction, and wastes the hours of day-light in looking for smoother ground, and shorter passages.

## Nº LXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1750.

IDEM VELLE, ET IDEM NOLLE, EA DEMUM FIRMA AMICITIA EST.

SALLUST.

TO LIVE IN FRIENDSHIP IS TO HAVE THE SAME DESIRES AND THE SAME AVERSIONS.

**W**HEN Socrates was building himself a house at Athens, being asked by one that observed the littleness of the design, why a man so eminent would not have an abode more suitable to his dignity? he replied, that he should think himself sufficiently accommodated, if he could see that narrow habitation filled with real friends. Such was the opinion of this great master of human life concerning the infrequency of such an union of minds as might deserve the name of friendship, that, among the multitudes whom vanity or curiosity, civility or veneration, crowded about him, he did not expect that very spacious apartments would be necessary to contain all that should regard him with sincere kindness, or adhere to him with steady fidelity.

So many qualities are indeed requisite to the possibility of friendship, and so many accidents must concur to it's rise and it's continuance, that the greatest part of mankind content themselves without it, and supply it's place as they can, with interest and dependance.

Multitudes are unqualified for a constant and warm reciprocation of benevolence, as they are incapacitated for any other elevated excellence by perpetual attention to their interest, and unrelenting subjection to their passions. Long habits

may superinduce inability to deny any desire, or repress, by superior motives, the importunities of any immediate gratification, and an inveterate selfishness will imagine all advantages diminished in proportion as they are communicated.

But not only this hateful and confirmed corruption, but many varieties of disposition, not inconsistent with common degrees of virtue, may exclude friendship from the heart. Some are too much engaged in their benevolence, and defective neither in officiousness nor liberality, are mutable and uncertain, soon attracted by new objects, disgusted without offence, and alienated without enmity. Others are soft and flexible, easily influenced by reports or whispers, ready to catch alarms from every dubious circumstance, and to listen to every suspicion which envy and flattery shall suggest; to follow the opinion of every confident adviser, and move by the impulse of the last breath. Some are impatient of contradiction, more willing to go wrong by their own judgment, than to be instructed; but either on this way to the sagacity of another, in order to consider counsel as insidious, or on the other as want of confidence; and to consider every regard on no other terms than as a forced submission, and ineffectual compulsion. Some are dark and involved, equally

careful to conceal good and bad purposes, and pleased with producing effects by invisible means, and shewing their design only in it's execution. Others are universally communicative, alike open to every eye, and equally profuse of their own secrets and those of others, without the necessary vigilance of caution, or the honest arts of prudent integrity; ready to accuse without malice, and to betray without treachery. Any of these may be useful to the community, and pass through the world with the reputation of good purposes and uncorrupted morals, but they are unfit for close and tender intimacies. He cannot properly be chosen for a friend whose kindness is exhaled by it's own warmth, or frozen by the first blast of slander; he cannot be a useful counsellor who will hear no opinion but his own; he will not much invite confidence whose principal maxim is to suspect; nor can the candour and frankness of that man be much esteemed who spreads his arms to human-kind, and makes every man, without distinction, a denizen of his bosom.

That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kind; not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved by both. We are often, by superficial accomplishments and accidental endearments, induced to love those whom we cannot esteem; we are sometimes, by great abilities, and incontestible evidences of virtue, compelled to esteem those whom we cannot love. But friendship, compounded of esteem and love, derives from one it's tenderness, and it's permanence from the other; and therefore requires not only that it's candidates should gain the judgment, but that they should attract the affections; that they should not only be firm in the day of distress, but gay in the hour of jollity; not only useful in exigencies, but pleasing in familiar life; their presence should give cheerfulness as well as courage, and dispel alike the gloom of fear and of melancholy.

To this mutual complacency is generally requisite an uniformity of opinions, at least of those active and conspicuous principles which discriminate parties in government, and sects in religion, and which every day operate more or less on the common business of life. *For though great tenderness has, per-*

haps, been sometimes known to consist between men distant in contrary factions, yet such friends are to be valued rather as prodigies than examples; and it is no more proper to imitate their conduct by such instances, than to step a precipice, because some have fallen from it and escaped with life.

It cannot but be extremely difficult to preserve private kindness in the midst of publick opposition, in which will necessarily be involved a thousand incidents, extending their influence to conversation and privacy. Men engaged, by moral or religious motives, in contrary parties, will generally look with different eyes upon every man, and decide almost every question upon different principles. When such occasions of dispute happen, to comply is to betray our cause, and to maintain friendship by ceasing to deserve it; to be silent, is to lose the happiness and dignity of independence, to live in perpetual constraint, and to desert, if not to betray; and who shall determine which of two friends shall yield, where neither believes himself mistaken, and both confess the importance of the question? What then remains but contradiction and debate? and from those what can be expected but acrimony and vehemence, the insolence of triumph, the vexation of defeat, and, in time, a weariness of contest, and an extinction of benevolence? Exchange of endearments and intercourse of civility may continue, indeed, as boughs may for a while be verdant, when the root is wounded; but the poison of discord is infused, and though the countenance may preserve it's smile, the heart is hardening and contracting.

That man will not be long agreeable whom we see only in times of scrupulousness and severity; and therefore, to maintain the softness and serenity of benevolence, it is necessary that friends partake each others pleasures as well as cares, and be led to the same diversions by similitude of taste. This is, however, not to be considered as equally indispensable with conformity of principles, because any man may honestly, according to the precepts of Horace, resign the gratifications of taste to the humour of another; and friendship may well deserve the sacrifice of pleasure, though not of conscience.

It was once confessed to me, by a painter, that no professor of his art ever loved another. This declaration is to







Plate III.

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forfeited by the knowledge of life, as to do the hopes of warm and content friendship between men whom their mutual love made competitors, and whom every favourer and every censurer are hourly inciting against each other.

The utmost expectation that experience can warrant, is, that they should forget open hostilities and secret machinations, and when the whole fraternity is attacked, be able to unite against a common foe. Some, however, though few, may perhaps be found, in whom emulation has not been able to overpower generosity, who are distinguished from lower beings by nobler motives than the love of fame, and can preserve the sacred frame of friendship from the quills of pride, and the subtilty of interest.

Friendship is seldom lasting but between equals, or where the superiority on one side is reduced by some equiva-

lent advantage on the other. Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be discharged, are not commonly found to increase affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that easy freedom, and familiarity of intercourse, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendship. Thus imperfect are all earthly blessings; the great effect of friendship is beneficence, yet by the first act of uncommon kindness it is endangered, like plants that bear their fruit and die. Yet this consideration ought not to restrain bounty, or repress compassion, for duty is to be preferred before convenience; and he that loses part of the pleasures of friendship by his generosity, gains in its place the gratulation of his conscience.

Nº LXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1750.

— GARDENER'S —  
— TO BE TAKEN —

Her.

THE CHEERFUL FACE, WHEN COLONY'S DICTATES FAIL,  
USUALLY THE MORAL COUNSEL IN A TALE.

OBIDAH, the son of Abenina, left the caravanserai early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was soothed by the last flutter of the fading breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right-hand, a grove that seemed to wave its boughs as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure

irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first serenity, and to wind among hills and thickets, wooded with fountains, and murmuring with wat' r-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain

plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and savage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills—

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry  
Down the steep hill the roaring began.  
The mountain shepherd hears the din.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he dived through the wild, without inquiring whither he was going, or what was every moment drawing near, safety or to destruction. At length fear but labour began to overcome his breath grew short, and his trembled; and he was on the plying down in resignation to him when he beheld through the br the glimmer of a taper. He ad towards the light, and finding proceeded from the cottage of a he called humbly at the door, a tained admission. The old man fore him such provisions as he lected for himself, on which Obid with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over—  
'me,' said the hermit, 'by what  
'thou hast been brought hither;  
'been now twenty years an inh  
'of the wilderness, in which I  
'a man before.' Obidah th  
lated the occurrences of his j  
without any concealment or pall

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let  
'rors and follies, the dangers  
'cape of this day, sink deep i  
'heart. Remember, my son, t  
'man life is the journey of a da  
'rise in the morning of youth,  
'vigour and full of expectation;  
'forward with spirit and hop  
'gaiety and with diligence, and  
'on a while in the straight  
'piety towards the manions of  
'a short time we remit our serve  
'encourage to find some mitige  
'our duty, and some more eas  
'of obtaining the same end. V  
'relax our vigour, and resolve n  
'er to be terrified with crimes a  
'tance, but rely upon our ow  
'flancy, and venture to approa  
'we resolve never to touch. Wei  
'ter the bowers of ease, and ri  
'the shades of security. Here t  
'solicens, and vigilance sub  
'are then willing to enquire  
'another advance cannot be  
'and whether we may not, :  
'turn our eyes upon the gar  
'pleasure. We approach the  
'scruple and hesitation; we ent  
'but enter timorous and tremb  
'always hope to pass thro

—Χρῆμαρμι πεταμῶ κατ' ὄρεσφι πέποις  
'ἔς μισρα; κειαν. Συμβάλλειον ὄριμον ἰδωρ,  
Τὸν τε πελίσσε δα' ποτ' ἐν ὕρσιον ἐκλες πωμναι.

losing the road of virtue, which I while keep in our sight, and I we propose to return. But on succed temptation, and one acc prepares us for another; we lose the happiness of innocence and solace our disquiet with sensifications. By degrees we let remembrance of our original sin, and quit the only adequate of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the mazes of inconsistency, till the dark-old age begins to invade us, and safe and anxiety obstruct our view. We then look back upon our youth with horror, with sorrow, with regret; and wish, but too often

vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.

## LXVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1750.

PAUCI DENOSCERE POSSUNT  
PERA BONA, ATQUE ILLIS MULTUM DIVERSA, REMOTA  
ERRORIS NEBULA.

JUV.

— HOW FEW  
KNOW THEIR OWN GOOD; OR, KNOWING IT, PURSUE?  
HOW VOID OF REASON ARE OUR HOPES AND FEARS?

DRYDEN.

folly of human wishes and suits has always been a standing of mirth and declamation, and ridiculed and lamented from ; till perhaps the fruitless repetitions and censures may be numbered among the subjects of complaint.

These instructors of mankind contented themselves with the overflows of passion, and he exuberance of desire, but opted to destroy the root as well as the branches; and not only to command within bounds, but to for ever by a dead calm. They eyed their reason and eloquence to us, that nothing is worth the wise man; have represented all good and evil as indifferent; and among vulgar errors, the dread of death and the love of life.

most always the unhappiness of us disputant, to destroy his own by claiming too many confessions; diffusing his proposition to a considerable extent. When we have reason in a cause, and elated

our confidence with success, we are naturally inclined to pursue the same train of reasoning, to establish some collateral truth, to remove some adjacent difficulty, and to take in the whole comprehension of our system. As a prince, in the ardour of acquisition, is willing to secure his first conquest by the addition of another, add fortresses to fortresses, and city to city, till despair and opportunity turn his enemies upon him, and he loses in a moment the glory of a reign.

The philosophers having found an easy victory over those desires which we produce in ourselves, and which terminate in some imaginary state of happiness unknown and unattainable, proceeded to make further inroads upon the heart, and attacked at last our senses and our instincts. They continued to war upon nature with arms, by which only folly could be conquered; they therefore lost the trophies of their former combats, and were considered no longer with reverence or regard.

Yet it cannot be with justice denied, that these men have been very useful monitors, and have left many proofs of strong

strong reason, deep penetration, and accurate attention to the affairs of life, which it is now our business to separate from the foam of a boiling imagination, and to apply judiciously to our own use. They have shown that most of the conditions of life, which raise the envy of the timorous, and rouse the ambition of the daring, are empty shows of felicity, which, when they become familiar, lose their power of delighting; and that the most prosperous and exalted have very few advantages over a meaner and more obscure fortune, when their dangers and solitudes are balanced against their equipage, their banquets, and their palaces.

It is natural for every man untroubled to murmur at his condition, because in the general infelicity of life he feels his own miseries, without knowing that they are common to all the rest of the species; and therefore, though he will not be less sensible of pain by being told that others are equally tormented, he will at least be freed from the temptation of seeking, by perpetual changes, that ease which is no where to be found; and, though his disease still continues, he escapes the hazard of exasperating it by remedies.

The gratifications which affluence of wealth, extent of power, and eminence of reputation, confer, must be always by their own nature confined to a very small number; and the life of the greater part of mankind must be lost in empty wishes and painful comparisons, were not the balm of philosophy shed upon us, and our discontent at the appearances of an unequal distribution soothed and appeased.

It seemed, perhaps, below the dignity of the great masters of moral learning, to descend to familiar life, and caution mankind against that petty ambition which is known among us by the name of Vanity; which yet had been an undertaking not unworthy of the longest beard, and most solemn austerity. For though the passions of little minds, acting in low stations, do not fill the world with bloodshed and devastations, or mark by great events the periods of time, yet they torture the breast on which they seize, infect those that are placed within the reach of their influence, destroy private quiet and private virtue, and undermine insensibly the happiness of the world.

*The desire of excellence is laudable, but is very frequently ill directed. We fall,*

by chance, into some class of men, and, without consulting nature, resolve to gain their regard; those qualities which they highly esteem. I once knew a man run dim-sighted, who, by conversing with country gentlemen, found irresistibly determined to sylvan life. His great ambition was to shoot, and he therefore spent whole days in woods pursuing game; which, being near enough to see them, soon proach frightened away.

When it happens that the desire to objects which produce no comfort, it may be compared with some game; because, however fruitless the pursuit, it cannot have ill effects upon morals. But most of our enjoyments owe their value to the peculiarity of the possession, and when they are rated high a value, give occasion to strains of malignity, and incite opposition, and defamation. The country two rural beauties for preference distinction is often sufficiently keen, rancorous to fill their breasts with passions which are generally thought of only of senates, of armies, of courts; and the rival dancers of secure assembly have their partisans abettors, often not less exasperated each other than those who are proud of the interests of rival monarchs.

It is common to consider those we find infected with an unregard for trifling accomplishments chargeable with all the consequences of their folly, and as the authors of our own unhappiness; but, perhaps, whom we thus scorn or detest, have claim to tenderness than has been allowed them. Before we permit severity to break loose upon any error, we ought surely to consider much we have countenanced or promoted it. We see multitudes busy in pursuit of riches, at the expense of health and of virtue; but we see thousands of mankind approving their conduct, inciting their eagerness, by paying regard and deference to wealth, wisdom and virtue only can do. We see women universally jealous of reputation of their beauty, and freely look with contempt on the care which they study their complexion, endeavour to preserve or to suppress bloom of youth, regulate every movement, twist their hair into curls

their faces from the weather. We end the care of their nobler part, then how little addition is made to their arts to the graces of the

But when was it known that goodness or knowledge was able to that officiousness, or inspire dour, which beauty produces? or it appears? And with what in we endeavour to persuade us, that the time spent at the is lost in vanity, when they every moment some new conviction their interest is more effectuated by a ribband well dispos-

ed, than by the brightest act of heroic virtue?

In every instance of vanity it will be found, that the blame ought to be shared among more than it generally reaches; all who exalt trifles by immoderate praise, or instigate needless emulation by invidious incitements, are to be considered as perverters of reason, and corrupters of the world: and since every man is obliged to promote happiness and virtue, he should be careful not to mislead unwary minds, by appearing to set too high a value upon things by which no real excellence is conferred.

## LXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1750.

Αἱ δ' ἰλιπιδες βόσκουσιν φυγαῖδας, ὡς λόγος,  
καλῶς βλαπτομένημασι, μέλλουσιν δὲ.

EURIP.

EXILES, THE PROVERB SAYS, SUBSIST ON HOPE;  
DELUSIVE HOPE STILL POINTS TO DISTANT GOOD,  
TO GOOD THAT MOCKS APPROACH.

HOPE is no temper so generally indulged as Hope; other passions by starts on particular occasions,tain parts of life; but hope beh the first power of comparing al with our possible state, and us through every stage and pe- rays urging us forward to new ns, and holding out some dis- ing to our view, promising us lief from pain, or increase of s.

is necessary in every condition. ries of poverty, of sickness, of , would, without this comfort, ortable; nor does it appear that iest lot of terrestrial existence s above the want of this general or that life, when the gifts of na- of fortune are accumulated upon l not still be wretched, were it ted and delighted by the expec- some new possession, of some it yet behind, by which the wish at last satisfied, and the heart to it's utmost extent.

s, indeed, very fallacious, and what it seldom gives; but it's are more valuable than the gifts e, and it seldom frustrates us fluring us of recompensing the a greater bounty.

I was musing on this strange inclina- tion which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds, which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all the power of melody. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I therefore walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it.

it, the birds flew still singing before me, and though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

Though I was confounded with so many alternations of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would in time be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness: yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and therefore I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome enquiries. At last I observed one man worn with time, and unable to struggle in the crowd; and therefore supposing him more at leisure, I began to accost him: but he turned from me with anger, and told me he must not be disturbed, for the great hour of projection was now come, when Mercury should lose his wings, and slavery should no longer dig the mine for gold.

I left him, and attempted another, whose softness of mien, and easy movement, gave me reason to hope for a more agreeable reception: but he told me, with a low bow, that nothing would make him more happy than an opportunity of serving me, which he could not now want, for a place which he had been twenty years soliciting would be soon vacant. From him I had recourse to the next, who was departing in haste to take possession of the estate of an uncle, who by the course of nature could not live long. He that followed was preparing to dive for treasure in a new-invented bell; and another was on the point of discovering the longitude.

Being thus rejected wheresoever I applied myself for information, I began to imagine it best to desist from enquiry, and try what my own observation would discover: but seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved upon one more experiment, and was informed that I was in the garden of Hope, the daughter of Desire, and that all those whom I

saw thus tumultuously bustling me, were incited by the promises of a fortune, and all the blessings of life, and hastening to seize the gifts withheld in her hand.

I turned my sight upward, and goddesses in the bloom of youth, sitting on a throne: around her lay all the fortune, and all the blessings of life spread abroad to view; she had a natural gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was partial and general, was directed to him, and triumphed in his own superiority over others, who had conceived the satisfaction from the same mistake.

I then mounted an eminence, which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with simplicity consider the different contentions of the crowds that filled it. From this station I observed, that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two ways, one of which was kept by Reason, the other by Fancy. Reason was sober and scrupulous, and seldom turned aside without many interrogatories, and long hesitation; but Fancy was gay and gentle portress; she held the gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendence: so that the passage was crowded with those who either feared the exaction of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a straight, slippery, and winding path, the *Streight of Difficulty*, which those who entered with the permission of Reason, guarded endeavoured to climb. But they surveyed the way very cautiously before they began to rise, and went out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on the sudden, where they in the way plain and even. At these intricacies embarrassed them, and a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance. A formidable were the dangers, and frequent the miscarriages, that attended the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of fortune. Of these few, the great number when they had obtained the gift of Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt the success the regret of disappointment.

tired with their prize, and were Wisdom to the bowers of Content. ning then towards the gate of , I could find no way to the feat pe; but though she sat full in and held out her gifts with an air itation, which filled every heart apture, the mountain was, on that naccessibly steep, but so channel-d shaded, that none perceived the ibility of ascending it, but each ed himself to have discovered a o which the rest were strangers. expedients were indeed tried by aduttrious tribe, of whom some naking themselves wings, which were contriving to actuate by the ual motion. But with all their r, and all their artifices, they nese above the ground, or quickly ck, nor ever approached the throne pe, but continued still to gaze at ince, and laughed at the slow pro- of those whom they saw toiling in *reight of Difficulty.*

Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, an attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate their mirth: but turning round, I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale, one of whom I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and reveling were now at an end, and an universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

## LXVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1750.

VIVENDUM RECTE, CUM PROPTER FLURIMA, TUNC HIS  
PRÆCIPUE CAUSIS, UT LINGUAS MANCIPIORUM  
CONTEMNAS; NAM LINGUA MALI PARS PESSIMA SERVI.

JUV. .

LET US LIVE WELL: WERE IT ALONE FOR THIS,  
THE BANEFUL TONGUES OF SERVANTS TO DESPISE;  
SLANDER, THAT WORST OF POISONS, EVER FINDS  
AN EASY ENTRANCE TO IGNOBLE MINDS.

HERVEY.

HE younger Pliny has very justly observed, that of actions that draw our attention, the most splendid are always the greatest. Fame, and glory, and applause, are not excited by external and adventitious circumstances, often distinct and separate from merit and heroism. Eminence of station, greatness of effect, and all the favours of fortune, must concur to place a person in public view; but fortitude, diligence, and patience, divested of all show, glide unobserved through the crowd of life, and suffer and act, though with the same vigour and constancy without pity and without praise. His remark may be extended to all of life. Nothing is to be estimated by its effect upon common eyes and ears. A thousand miseries

make silent and invisible inroads on mankind, and the heart feels innumerable throbs, which never break into complaint. Perhaps, likewise, our pleasures are for the most part equally secret, and most are borne up by some private satisfaction, some internal consciousness, some latent hope, some peculiar prospect, which they never communicate, but reserve for solitary hours, and clandestine meditation.

The main of life is, indeed, composed of small incidents, and petty occurrences; of wishes for objects not remote, and grief for disappointments of no fatal consequence; of insect vexations which sting us and fly away, impertinences which buzz a while about us, and are heard no more; of meteorous pleasures which dance before us and are dissipated.



sipated; of compliments which glide off the soul like other musick, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition: for, as the chemists tell us, that all bodies are resolvable into the same elements, and that the boundless variety of things arises from the different proportions of very few ingredients; so a few pains and a few pleasures are all the materials of human life, and of these the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reason and of choice.

As these are well or ill disposed, man is for the most part happy or miserable. For very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life entwined with the chain of causes on which armies or nations are suspended; and even those who seem wholly busied in publick affairs, and elevated above low cares, or trivial pleasures, pass the chief part of their time in familiar and domestick scenes; from these they come into publick life, to these they are every hour recalled by passions not to be suppressed; in these they have the reward of their toils, and to these at last they retire.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; those soft intervals of unbending amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises, which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

Every man must have found some whose lives, in every house but their own, was a continual series of hypocrisy, and who concealed under fair appearances bad qualities, which, whenever they thought themselves out of the reach of censure, broke out from their

restraint, like winds imprisoned in their caverns, and whom every one had reason to love, but they whose love a wife man is chiefly solicitous to procure. And there are others who, without any show of general goodness, and without the attractions by which popularity is conciliated, are received among their own families as bellows of happiness, and revered as instructors, guardians, and benefactors.

The most authentick witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint, or rule of conduct, but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself. If a man carries virtue with him into his private apartments, and takes no advantage of unlimited power or probable secrecy; if we trace him through the round of his time, and find that his character, with those allowances which mortal frailty must always want, is uniform and regular, we have all the evidence of his sincerity that one man can have with regard to another: and, indeed, as hypocrisy cannot be its own reward, we may, without hesitation, determine that his heart is pure.

The highest panegyrick, therefore, that private virtue can receive, is the praise of servants. For, however vanity or insolence may look down with contempt on the suffrage of men undignified by wealth, and unenlightened by education, it very seldom happens that they commend or blame without justice. Vice and virtue are easily distinguished. Oppression, according to Harrington's aphorism, will be felt by those that cannot see it; and, perhaps, it falls out very often, that, in moral questions, the philosophers in the gown, and in the livery, differ not so much in their sentiments as in their language, and have equal power of discerning right, though they cannot point it out to others with equal address.

There are very few faults to be committed in solitude, or without some agents, partners, confederates, or witnesses; and therefore the servant must commonly know the secrets of a master, who has any secrets to entrust; and failings, merely personal, are so frequently exposed by that security which pride and folly generally produce, and so inquisitively watched by that desire of reducing the inequalities of condition, which

the lower orders of the world will always feel, that the testimony of a menial domestick can seldom be considered as defective for want of knowledge. And though it's impartiality may be sometimes suspected, it is at least as credible as that of equals, where rivalry instigates censure, or friendship dictates palliations.

The danger of betraying our weakness to our servants, and the impossibility of concealing it from them, may be justly considered as one motive to a regular and irreproachable life. For no condition is more hateful or despicable, than his who has put himself in the power of his servant; in the power of him whom, perhaps, he has first corrupted by making him subservient to his vices, and whose fidelity he therefore cannot enforce by any precepts of honesty or reason. It is seldom known that authority, thus acquired, is possessed without insolence, or that the master is not forced to confess, by his tameness or for-

bearance, that he has enslaved himself by some foolish confidence. And his crime is equally punished, whatever part he takes of the choice to which he is reduced; and he is from that fatal hour, in which he sacrificed his dignity to his passions, in perpetual dread of insolence or defamation; of a controul at home, or an accuser abroad. He is condemned to purchase, by continual bribes, that secrecy which bribes never secured, and which, after a long course of submission, promises, and anxieties, he will find violated in a fit of rage, or in a frolick of drunkenness.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always it's horrors and solitudes; and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.

## Nº LXIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1750.

FLEET QUOQUE, UT IN SPECULO RUGAS ADSPEXIT ANILES,  
TYNDARIS; ET SECUM, CUR SIT HIS RAPTA, REQUIT.  
TEMPUS EDAX RERUM, TUQUE INVIDIOSA VETUSTAS  
OMNIA DESTRUITIS: VITIATAQUE DENTIBUS ÆVI  
PAULATIM LENTA CONSUMITIS OMNIA MORTE.

OVID.

THE DREADFUL WRINKLES WHEN POOR HELEN SPY'D,  
AH! WHY THIS SECOND RAPE?—WITH TEARS SHE CRY'D:  
TIME, THOU DEVOURER, AND THOU ENVIOUS AGE,  
WHO ALL DESTROY WITH KEEN CORRODING RAGE,  
BENEATH YOUR JAWS, WHAT'ER HAVE PLEASED OR PLEASE,  
MUST SINK, CONSUM'D BY SWIFT OR SLOW DEGREES.

ELPHINSTONE

**A**N old Greek epigrammatist, intending to shew the miseries that attend the last stage of man, imprecates upon those who are so foolish as to wish for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requisite, that decrepitude itself was an epitome of whatever is dreadful, and nothing could be added to the curse of Age, but that it should be extended beyond it's natural limits.

The most indifferent or negligent spectator can indeed scarcely retire without heaviness of heart, from a view of the last scenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds those who in the former

parts of the drama were distinguished by opposition of conduct, contrariety of designs, and dissimilitude of personal qualities, all involved in one common distress, and all struggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miseries, which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape, and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumspection we may steal along with very little to obstruct or incommode us; by spirit and vigour we may force a way, and reward the vexation of contest by the pleasures of victory. But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally useless,

less; when we shall all sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings that we have lost.

The industry of man has, indeed, not been wanting in endeavours to procure comforts for these hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The most usual support of old age is wealth. He whose possessions are large, and whose chests are full, imagines himself always fortified against invasions on his authority. If he has lost all other means of government, if his strength and his reason fail him, he can at last alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes must likewise have fears, and he may still continue to give laws to such as have not ceased to regard their own interest.

This is, indeed, too frequently the citadel of the dotard, the last fortress to which age retires, and in which he makes the stand against the upstart race that seizes his domains, disputes his commands, and cancels his prescriptions. But here, though there may be safety, there is no pleasure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the ancients than orbiety, or want of children; and, indeed, to a man who has survived all the companions of his youth, all who have participated his pleasures and his cares, have been engaged in the same events, and filled their minds with the same conceptions, this full peopled world is a dismal solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or insulted, in the midst of multitudes, animated with hopes which he cannot share, and employed in business which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unless he has secured some domestick gratifications, some tender employments, and endeared himself to some whose interest and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colours of life, as we look forward to the future, or backward to the past; and so different the opinions and sentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the conversation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either side. To a young man

entering the world, with fulness of hope, and ardour of pursuit, nothing is so unpleasing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the scrupulous diffidence, which experience and disappointments certainly infuse; and the old man wonders, in his turn, that the world never can grow wiser, that neither precepts, nor testimonies, can cure boys of their credulity and sufficiency; and that not one can be convinced that snares are laid for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one generation is always the scorn and wonder of the other, and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite. The spirits of youth sublimed by health, and volatilized by passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatick sediment of weariness and deliberation, and burst out in temerity and enterprise. The tenderness, therefore, which nature infuses, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is necessary to reconcile such opposition; and an old man must be a father to bear with patience those follies and absurdities which he will perpetually imagine himself to find in the schemes and expectations, the pleasures and the sorrows, of those who have not yet been hardened by time, and chilled by frustration.

Yet it may be doubted, whether the pleasure of seeing children ripening into strength, be not over-balanced by the pain of seeing some fall in the blossom, and others blasted in their growth; some shaken down by storms, some tainted with cankers, and some shrivelled in the shade; and whether he that extends his care beyond himself does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleasures, and weary himself to no purpose, by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings sufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have had no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dress, diversions, and flattery; and who having made no acquaintance with knowledge, or with business, have constantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happiness to compliments and treats. With these ladies, age begins early, and very often lasts long; it begins, when their beauty fades, when

th loses it's sprightliness, and ion it's ease. From that time, gave them joy vanishes from m; they hear the praises bestow- ers which used to swell their rith exultation. They visit the felicity, and endeavour to con- habit of being delighted. But s only received when we believe give it in return. Neglect and : inform them, that their power value are past; and what then but a tedious and comfort- ormity of time, without any of the heart, or exercise of the

however age may discourage us appearance from considering it :ft, we shall all by degrees cer- e old; and therefore we ought re what provision can be made hat time of distress? what hap- n be stored up against the win- ? and how we may pass our lat- with serenity and cheerfulness? has been found by the experi- mankind, that not even the best

seasons of life are able to supply suffi- cient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities; it cannot surely be supposed, that old age, worn with la- bours, harass'd with anxieties, and tor- tured with diseases, should have any gladness of it's own, or feel any satis- faction from the contemplation of the present. All the comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future; the past is very soon exhausted, all the events or actions of which the memory can af- ford pleasure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulph of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish, and precipices of horror.

## LXX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1750.

ARGENTEA PROLES,  
AURO DETERIOR, FULVO PRETIOSIOR ÆRE.

OVID.

SUCCEEDING TIMES A SILVER AGE BEHOLD,  
EXCELLING BRASS, BUT MORE EXCELL'D BY GOLD.

DRYDEN.

IOD, in his celebrated distri- tion of mankind, divides them : orders of intellect. 'The first says he, ' belongs to him that r his own powers discern what t and fit, and penetrate to the r motives of action. The se- claimed by him that is willing : instruction, and can perceive nd wrong when they are shewn r another; but he that has nei- :uteness nor docility, who can find the way by himself, nor led by others, is a wretch with- : or value.'

survey the moral world, it will , that the same division may be men with regard to their vir- here are some whose principles ly fixed, whose conviction is tly present to their minds, and : raised in themselves such ar- : for the approbation of God,

and the happiness with which he has pro- mised to reward obedience and perseve- rance, that they rise above all other cares and considerations, and uniformly examine every action and desire, by com- paring it with the divine commands. There are others in a kind of equipoise, between good and ill; who are moved on the one part by riches or pleasure, by the gratifications of passion and the delights of sense; and, on the other, by laws of which they own the obligation, and rewards of which they believe the reality, and whom a very small addition of weight turns either way. The third class consists of beings immersed in plea- sure, or abandoned to passion, without any desire of higher good, or any ef- fort to extend their thoughts beyond immediate and gross satisfactions.

The second class is so much the most numerous, that it may be considered as comprising the whole body of mankind. Those,

Those of the last are not very many, and those of the first are very few; and neither the one nor the other fall much under the consideration of the moralist, whose precepts are intended chiefly for those who are endeavouring to go forward up the steep of virtue; not for those who have already reached the summit, or those who are resolved to stay for ever in their present situation.

To a man not versed in the living world, but accustomed to judge only by speculative reason, it is scarcely credible that any one should be in this state of indifference, or stand undetermined and unengaged, ready to follow the first call to either side. It seems certain, that either a man must believe that virtue will make him happy, and resolve therefore to be virtuous, or think that he may be happy without virtue, and therefore cast off all care but for his present interest. It seems impossible that conviction should be on one side and practice on the other; and that he who has seen the right way, should voluntarily shut his eyes, that he may quit it with more tranquillity. Yet all these absurdities are every hour to be found; the wisest and best men deviate from known and acknowledged duties, by inadvertency or surprise; and most are good no longer than while temptation is away, than while their passions are without excitements, and their opinions are free from the counteraction of any other motive.

Among the sentiments which almost every man changes as he advances into years, is the expectation of uniformity of character. He that without acquaintance with the power of desire, the cogency of distress, the complications of affairs, or the force of partial influence, has filled his mind with the excellence of virtue, and having never tried his resolution in any encounters with hope or fear, believes it able to stand firm whatever shall oppose it, will be always clamorous against the smallest failure, ready to exact the utmost punctualities of right, and to consider every man that fails in any part of his duty, as without conscience and without merit unworthy of trust or love, of pity or regard; as an enemy whom all should join to drive out of society, as a pest which all should avoid, or as a weed which all should trample.

It is not but by experience that we are taught the possibility of retaining

some virtues, and rejecting others, or of being good or bad to a particular degree. For it is very easy to the solitary reasoner to prove that the same arguments by which the mind is fortified against one crime are of equal force against all; and the consequence very naturally follows, that he whom they fail to move on any occasion has either never considered them, or has by some fallacy taught himself to evade their validity; and that, therefore, when a man is known to be guilty of one crime, no farther evidence is needful of his depravity and corruption.

Yet such is the state of all mortal virtue, that it is always uncertain and variable, sometimes extending to the whole compass of duty, and sometimes shrinking into a narrow space, and fortifying only a few avenues of the heart, while all the rest is left open to the incursions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedness. Nothing therefore is more unjust than to judge of man by too short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection; for it often happens, that in the loose, and thoughtless, and dissipated, there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation; that the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may by the breath of counsel and exhortation be kindled into flame.

To imagine that every one who is not completely good is irrecoverably abandoned, is to suppose that all are capable of the same degrees of excellence; it is indeed to exact, from all, that perfection which none ever can attain. And since the purest virtue is consistent with some vice, and the virtue of the greatest number with almost an equal proportion of contrary qualities, let none too hastily conclude, that all goodness is lost, though it may for a time be clouded and overwhelmed; for most minds are the slaves of external circumstances, and conform to any hand that undertakes to mould them, roll down any torrent of custom in which they happen to be caught, or bend to any importunity that bears hard against them.

It may be particularly observed of women, that they are for the most part good or bad, as they fall among those who practise vice or virtue; and that neither education nor reason gives them much security against the influence of example. Whether it be that they have less courage to stand against opposition,

their desire of admiration makes sacrifice their principles to the desire of worthless praise, it is whatever be the cause, that selfishness seldom keeps its ground against flattery, or fashion.

For this reason, every one should consider himself as entrusted not only with his own conduct, but with that of the world as accountable, not only for his own actions which he neglects, or the crimes he commits, but for that negligence and irregularity which he may encourage in others. Every man, in whatever station, or endeavours to have, his fol-

lowers, admirers, and imitators, and has therefore the influence of his example to watch with care; he ought to avoid not only crimes, but the appearance of crimes; and not only to practise virtue, but to applaud, countenance, and support it. For it is possible that for want of attention we may teach others faults from which ourselves are free, or by a cowardly desertion of a cause which we ourselves approve, may pervert those who fix their eyes upon us, and having no rule of their own to guide their course, are easily misled by the aberrations of that example which they chuse for their directions.

## LXXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1750.

VIVERE QUOD PROPERO PAUPER, NEC INUTILIS ANNIS  
DA VENIAM, PROPERAT VIVERE NEMO SATIS.

MART.

TRUE, SIR, TO LIVE I HASTE; YOUR PARDON GIVE,  
FOR TELL ME, WHO MAKES HASTE ENOUGH TO LIVE?

F. LEWIS.

NEW-YORK words and sentences are so frequently heard in the mouths of the vulgar, that a superficial observer is inclined to believe, that they must contain many principles, some great rule of conduct, which it is proper always to attend to, and by the use of every hour is to be advised. Yet, if we consider the conduct of the most sententious philosophers, it will be found, that they repeat these words, merely because they have often heard them, because they thought something else to say, or because of the veneration gained by such maxims of wisdom, but that none are annexed to the words, and that according to the old blunder of the followers of Aristotle, their souls are mere organs, which transmit sounds, but do not understand them.

It is kind is the well known and well established position, that *life is short*, which is a card among mankind by an attention, many times a day, but which does not within my reach of observation, any impression upon the mind; and, I hope, if my readers will turn their backs upon their old friends, they will find it difficult to call a single remembrance, who appeared to me at life was short till he was about it.

It is observable that Horace, in his *characters of men*, as they are influenced by the various influence of

time, remarks, that the old man is *dilatator, spe longus*—given to procrastination, and inclined to extend his hopes to a great distance. So far are we generally from thinking what we often say of the shortness of life, that at the time when it is necessarily shortest, we form projects which we delay to execute, indulge such expectations as nothing but a long train of events can gratify, and suffer those passions to gain upon us, which are only excusable in the prime of life.

These reflections were lately excited in my mind by an evening's conversation with my friend Prospero, who, at the age of fifty-five, has bought an estate, and is now contriving to dispose of and cultivate it with uncommon elegance. His great pleasure is to walk among stately trees, and lie musing in the heat of noon under their shade; he is therefore maturely considering how he shall dispose his walks and his groves, and has at last determined to send for the best plans from Italy, and forbear planting till the next season.

Thus is life trifled away in preparations to do what never can be done, if it be left unattempted till all the requisites which imagination can suggest are gathered together. Where our design terminates only in our own satisfaction, the mistake is of no great importance; for the pleasure of expecting enjoyment is often greater than that of obtaining it, and the completion of almost every wish

is found a disappointment; but when many others are interested in an undertaking, when any design is formed, in which the improvement or security of mankind is involved, nothing is more unworthy either of wisdom or benevolence, than to delay it from time to time, or to forget how much every day that passes over us takes away from our power, and how soon an idle purpose to do an action sinks into a mournful wish that it had once been done.

We are frequently importuned, by the bacchanalian writers, to lay hold on the present hour, to catch the pleasures within our reach, and remember that futurity is not at our command.

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀμείζει βαίον χρόνον. ἔν δὲ παρέλθης,  
Ζητῶν ἑυρησιν ἢ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

Soon fades the rose; once past the fragrant hour,

The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.

But surely these exhortations may, with equal propriety, be applied to better purposes; it may be at least inculcated, that pleasures are more safely postponed than virtues, and that greater loss is suffered by missing an opportunity of doing good, than an hour of giddy frolic and noisy merriment.

When Baxter had lost a thousand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gives the power of bestowing, and considered himself as culpable in some degree for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

It is lamented by Hearne, the learned antiquary of Oxford, that this general forgetfulness of the fragility of life, has remarkably infected the students of monuments and records; as their employment consists first in collecting, and afterwards in arranging or abstracting, what libraries afford them, they ought to amass no more than they can digest; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on searching and transcribing, call for new supplies when they are already overburthened, and at last leave their work unfinished. 'It is,' says he, 'the business of a good antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him.'

Thus, not only in the slumber but in the dissipation of ill-directed industry, is the shortness of life generally forgotten. As some men loiter in laziness, because they think that there is time enough for the correction of neglect, others busy themselves in providing that no length of time want employment; and it often happens that sluggishness and activity are equally surprised by the last summons to perish not more differently from other than the fowl that receives its shot in her flight, from her that is upon the bush.

Among the many improvements by the last centuries in human knowledge, may be numbered the excursions of the value of life; but never may be their use in traffic seem very little to have advanced industry. They have hitherto been rather directed to the acquisition of money, than wisdom; the computer refers not his calculations to his own tenure, but persists, in contempt of probability, to foretel old age to himself, and thinks that he is marked out to reach the utmost verge of human existence, when thousands and ten thousands fall in grave.

So deeply is this fallacy rooted in the heart, and so strongly guarded by hope and fear against the approach of truth, that neither science nor experience can shake it; and we act as if life were without end, though we see and confess uncertainty and shortness.

Divines have, with great assiduity and ardour, shewn the absurdity of laying reformation and repentance upon a stock of folly, indeed, which sets itself to hazard. It is the same weakness in proportion to the importance of neglect, to transfer any care, which claims our attention, to a future time; we subject ourselves to needless dangers from accidents which early diligence would have obviated, or perplex our minds by vain precautions, and provision for the execution of duties of which the opportunity once lost never will return.

As he that lives longest lives little while, every man may be said to think that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings it's portion, which if neglected is doubled to-morrow. But he that has already

led away those months and years, in which he should have laboured, must remember that he has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and

that since the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of Heaven, not one is to be lost.

## Nº LXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1750.

OMNIS ARISTIPPUM DECVIT STATUS, ET COLOR, ET RES,  
SECTANTEM MAJORA FERRE; PRESENTIBUS ÆQUUM.

HOR.

YET ARISTIPPUS EV'RY DRESS BECAME;  
IN EV'RY VARIOUS CHANGE OF LIFE THE SAME;  
AND THOUGH HE AIM'D AT THINGS OF HIGHER KIND,  
YET TO THE PRESENT HELD AN EQUAL MIND.

FRANCIS.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**T**HOSE who exalt themselves into the chair of instruction, without enquiring whether any will submit to their authority, have not sufficiently considered how much of human life passes in little incidents, cursory conversation, slight business, and casual amusements; and therefore they have endeavour'd only to inculcate the more awful virtues, without condescending to regard those petty qualities, which grow important only by their frequency, and which, though they produce no single acts of heroism, nor astonish us by great events, yet are every moment exerting their influence upon us, and make the draught of life sweet or bitter by imperceptible insinuations. They operate unseen and unregarded, as change of air makes us sick or healthy, though we breathe it without attention, and only know the particles that impregnate it by their salutary or malignant effects.

You have shewn yourself not ignorant of the value of those subaltern endowments, yet have hitherto neglected to recommend Good-Humour to the world, though a little reflection will shew you that it is the *balm of being*, the quality to which all that adorns or elevates mankind must owe its power of pleasing. Without good-humour, learning and bravery can only confer that superiority which swells the heart of the lion in the desert, where he roars without reply, and ravages without resistance. Without good-humour virtue may awe by its dignity, and amaze by its brightness; but must always be viewed

at a distance, and will scarcely gain a friend or attract an imitator.

Good-humour may be defined a habit of being pleas'd; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good-humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagin'd by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to shew the gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry, and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good-humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towering, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good-humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

It is well known that the most certain way to give any man pleasure is to persuade



persuade him that you receive pleasure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many that by this art only spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the universal favourites of both sexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found such as excite neither jealousy nor fear, and are not considered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themselves with common accomplishments, and endeavour rather to solicit kindness than to raise esteem; therefore in assemblies and places of resort it seldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of some particular person every face brightens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation, yet if you pursue him beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of very small importance, and only welcome to the company as one by whom all conceive themselves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuse himself, when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom all are at ease, who will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every disputer.

There are many whose vanity always inclines them to associate with those from whom they have no reason to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wise and the knowing are willing to receive praise without the labour of deserving it, in which the most elevated mind is willing to descend, and the most active to be at rest. All therefore are at some hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are most inclined to love when we have nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to please ourselves will not be long without preference in our affection to those whose learning holds us at the distance of pupils, or whose wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by Prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff lying on the ground, that *he could have better spared a better man.*

He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented; but while his conviction compelled him to do justice to superior qualities, his tenderness still broke out at the remembrance of Falstaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his time in all the luxury of idleness, who had gladdened him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and despise.

You may perhaps think this account of those who are distinguished for their good-humour, not very consistent with the praises which I have bestowed upon it. But surely nothing can more evidently shew the value of this quality, than that it recommends those who are destitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendship to the worthless, and affection to the dull.

Good-humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being considered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by those that having excellencies of higher reputation and brighter splendour, perhaps imagine that they have some right to gratify themselves at the expence of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practise it. It is by some unfortunate mistake that almost all those who have any claim to esteem or love, press their pretensions with too little consideration of others. This mistake my own interest, as well as my zeal for general happiness, makes me desirous to rectify, for I have a friend who, because he knows his own fidelity and usefulness, is never willing to sink into a companion: I have a wife whose beauty first subdued me, and whose wit confirmed her conquest, but whose beauty now serves no other purpose than to entitle her to tyranny, and whose wit is only used to justify perverseness.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to chuse any kind of influence before that of kindness. He that regards the welfare of others, should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his fa-  
vours.

or admiration ceases with novel-interest gains its end and ceases. A man whose great qualities are the ornament of superficial attrac-

tions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted. I am, &c.  
PHILOMIDES.

## LXXIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1750.

STULTE QUID MEU VOTIS FRUSTRA PUERILIBUS OPTAS  
QUÆ NON ULLA TULIT, FERTVE, FERETVE DIES.

OVID.

WHY THINKS THE FOOL WITH CHILDISH HOPE TO SEE  
WHAT NEITHER IS, NOR WAS, NOR E'ER SHALL BE?

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I feel any of that compassion you recommend to others, you disregard a case which I have from observation to believe very real, and which I know by experience very miserable. And though I am seldom received with kindness, I hope to find some mortification of finding that my stations spread the contagion of vice, and produce anger rather than remorse. I write not merely to relieve the swelling of my heart, but to say what means I may recover my tranquillity; and shall endeavour to do so in my narrative, having long had that complaint quickly tires, elegant, or however just.

I am born in a remote county, of a family that boasts alliances with the greatest in English history, and exclaims of affinity to the Tudors and Plantagenets. My ancestors, however, and little, wasted their patrimony, so that my father had not enough left to support a family, without degrading the cultivation of his own mind, being condemned to pay three fortunes allotted them by my father, who is suspected to have will when he was incapable of properly the claims of his children, who, perhaps without design, seduced his daughters by beggaring his sons, being, at the death of my father, neither young nor beautiful, and very eminent for softness of behaviour, suffered to live unsolicited, diminishing the interest of their parents every day richer and

My father pleased himself  
saying that the possessions of

those ladies must revert at last to the hereditary estate, and that his family might lose none of its dignity, resolved to keep me untainted with a lucrative employment; whenever therefore I discovered any inclination to the improvement of my condition, my mother never failed to put me in mind of my birth, and charged me to do nothing with which I might be reproached when I should come to my father's estate.

In all the perplexities or vexations which want of money brought upon us, it was our constant practice to have recourse to futurity. If any of our neighbours surpassed us in appearance, we went home and contrived an equipage, with which the death of my father was to supply us. If any purse-proud upstart was deficient in respect, vengeance was referred to the time in which our father's estate was to be repaired. We registered every act of civility and rudeness, enquired the number of dishes at every feast, and minutely the furniture of every house, that we might, when the hour of affluence should come, be able to eclipse all their splendour, and surpass all their magnificence.

Upon plans of elegance and schemes of pleasure the day rose and set, and the year went round unregarded, while we were busied in laying out plantations on ground not yet our own, and deliberating whether the manor-house should be rebuilt or repaired. This was the amusement of our leisure, and the solace of our exigencies; we met together only to contrive how our approaching fortune should be enjoyed; for in this our conversation always ended, on whatever subject it began. We had none of the collateral interests which diversify the life of others with joys and hopes, but

but had turned our whole attention on one event, which we could neither hasten nor retard, and had no other object of curiosity than the health or sickness of my aunts, of which we were careful to procure very exact and early intelligence.

This visionary opulence for a while soothed our imagination, but afterwards fired our wishes, and exasperated our necessities, and my father could not always restrain himself from exclaiming, that *no creature had so many lives as a cat and an old maid*. At last, upon the recovery of his sister from an ague, which she was supposed to have caught by sparing fire, he began to lose his stomach; and four months afterwards sunk into the grave.

My mother, who loved her husband, survived him but a little while, and left me the sole heir of their lands, their schemes, and their wishes. As I had not enlarged my conceptions either by books or conversation, I differed only from my father by the freshness of my cheeks, and the vigour of my step; and, like him, gave way to no thoughts but of enjoying the wealth which my aunts were hoarding.

At length the eldest fell ill. I paid the civilities and compliments which sickness requires with the utmost punctuality. I dreamed every night of escutcheons and white gloves, and enquired every morning at an early hour, whether there were any news of my dear aunt. At last a messenger was sent to inform me, that I must come to her without the delay of a moment. I went and heard her last advice, but opening her will, found that she had left her fortune to her second sister.

I hung my head; the younger sister threatened to be married, and every thing was disappointment and discontent. I was in danger of losing irreparably one third of my hopes, and was condemned still to wait for the rest. Of part of my terror, I was soon eased; for the youth, whom his relations would have compelled to marry the old lady, after innumerable stipulations, articles, and settlements, ran away with the daughter of his father's groom; and my aunt, upon this conviction of the perfidy of man, resolved never to listen more to amorous addresses.

Ten years longer I dragged the shackles of expectation, without ever suffering a

day to pass in which I did not how much my chance was improved by being rich to-morrow. At last the second lady died, after a short illness yet was long enough to afford her the disposal of her estate, which to me after the death of her sister

I was now relieved from pain and misery; a larger fortune, though my power, was certain and unchangeable; nor was there now any danger might at last be frustrated of my hopes of dotage, the flatteries of a maid, the whispers of a tale-teller, the officiousness of a nurse. Wealth was yet in reversion, was to be buried before I could to grandeur and pleasure; and were yet, according to my satisfaction, nine lives between happiness.

I however lived on, without mours of discontent, and comforted myself with considering, that all that I had, and they who are continually caying must at last be destroyed.

But let no man from this time his felicity depend on the will of his aunt. The good gentlewoman was very regular in her hours, and her diet; and in walking or sitting, waking or sleeping, had always the preservation of her health. She was subject to no disorder, but hypochondria; by which, without increasing my miseries; for the weather was cloudy, the wind was in her bed, and send me notice that she was come. I went with all the eagerness, and sometimes received sionate injunctions to be kind to my maid, and directions how the household should be performed; but if before the arrival the sun happened to be clear, or the wind to change, I met her at her door, or found her in the garden, and vigilant, with all the long life.

Sometimes, however, she fell into humors, and was thrice given to the doctor; yet she found means to pierce through the gripe of despair, after having tortured me three times at each time with violent alarms of hope and fear, came out of her chamber without any other hurt than a few fleas, which in a few weeks were covered by broths and jellies.

As most have sagacity sufficient to guess at the desires of an

not practice of those who were second hand, and endeavoured my favour against the time could be rich, to pay their court, saying me, that my aunt began that she had lately a bad night, coughed feebly, and that she never climb May hill; or at least, autumn would carry her off. as I flattered in the winter with singing winds of March, and, in with the fogs of September. lived through spring and fall, heat and cold at defiance; till, half a century, I buried her on tenth of last June, aged ninety-urs, five months, and six days. two months after her death I was d was pleased with that obsequies and reverence which wealth usually procures. But this joy

is now past, and I have returned again to my old habit of wishing. Being accustomed to give the future full power over my mind, and to start away from the scene before me to some expected enjoyment, I deliver up myself to the tyranny of every desire which fancy suggests, and long for a thousand things which I am unable to procure. Money has much less power than is ascribed to it by those that want it. I had formed schemes which I cannot execute, I had supposed events which do not come to pass, and the rest of my life must pass in craving solicitude, unless you can find some remedy for a mind, corrupted with an inveterate disease of wishing, and unable to think on any thing but wants, which reason tells me will never be supplied.

I am, &c.

CUPIDUS.

## XXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1750.

IKATUR DE LANA SEPE CAPRINA.

HOR.

OR NOUGHT TORMENTED, SHE FOR NOUGHT TORMENTS.

ELPHINSTON.

N seldom give pleasure where they are not pleased themselves; necessary, therefore, to cultivate an alacrity and cheerfulness, that ever state we may be placed by fate, whether we are appointed to receive benefits, to implore or protection, we may secure the those with whom we transact. though it is generally imagined, who grants favours may spare attention to his behaviour, and that we will always procure friends; has been found that there is an art in requesting, an art very difficult; that officiousness and flattery may be so adulterated, as to lose the part of their effect; that company may provoke, relief may harass, reality distress.

Peace of the mind can more valuable it from benevolence, the quality of social beings, than ill-humour; for though it breaks in paroxysms of outrage, nor into clamour, turbulence, and, it wears out happiness by slow, and small injuries incessantly. It may be considered as the

canker of life, that destroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as to outrun the motions of the will, and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, because no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address, can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, and exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon having gained a friend, our endeavours are frustrated at once, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptom of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his

his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such an alarming apprehension of the least increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch, such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care or tenderness can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness is the captiousness of old age. When the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneasiness to causes not wholly out of our power, and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, unkindness, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of tenderness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is frequently one of the attendants on the prosperous, and is employed by insolence in exacting homage, or by tyranny in harassing subjection. It is the offspring of idleness or pride; of idleness anxious for trifles; or pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have long lived in solitude indeed naturally contract this unsocial quality, because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their singularities therefore are only blameable when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them, but those who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such

as he hires to lull him on the de absolute authority, to sooth his obsequiousness, and regale him flattery, soon grows too slothful labour of contest, too tender for perity of contradiction, and too c for the coarseness of truth; a little sition offends, a little restraint and a little difficulty perplexes having been accustomed to see thing give way to his humour, he forgets his own littleness, and to find the world rolling at his and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

Tetrica had a large fortune becomed to her by an aunt, which made her very early independent, and placed a state of superiority to all about her. Having no superfluity of underfitted she was soon intoxicated by the flattery of her maid, who informed her that she, such as she, had nothing but take pleasure in their own way; she wanted nothing from others; she had therefore no reason to value opinion; that money was every where and that they who thought themselves ill-treated, should look for better among their equals.

Warm with these generous sentiments, Tetrica came forth into the world, which she endeavoured to force by haughtiness of mien and vehemence of language; but having neither beauty, nor wit, in any uncommon degree, she suffered such mortification from those who thought themselves liberty to return her insults, as by her turbulence to cooler malignity; she taught her to practise her ambition only where she might hope to triumph without resistance. She continued from her twentieth to her fifty-five to torment all her inferiors with her diligence, that she has formed a people of disapprobation, and finds in every place something to grate her mind, disturb her quiet.

If she takes the air, she is content with the heat or cold, the glare of the sun, or the gloom of the clouds makes a visit, the room in which she is to be received, is too light or too dark, or furnished with something which she cannot see without aversion. It is never of the right sort; the figure of the china gives her disgust. When she is with children, she hates the gay

here there are none, she can-  
a place without some cheerful-  
rattle. If many servants are  
a house, she never fails to tell  
d Lavish was ruined by a nu-  
etinue; if few, she relates the  
a miser that made his company  
hemselves. She quarrelled with  
ily, because she had an unplea-  
from their windows; with an-  
because the squirrel leaped with-  
ards of her; and with a third,  
she could not bear the noise of  
it.

illiners and mantua-makers she  
verbal torment. She compels  
alter their work, then to un-  
and contrive it after another  
then changes her mind, and  
etter as it was at first; then will  
nall improvement. Thus she  
till no profit can recompense  
ion; they at last leave the clothes  
ouse, and refuse to serve her.  
d, the only being that can en-  
tyranny, professes to take her  
se, and hear her mistress talk.

Such is the consequence of peevishness;  
it can be borne only when it is despised.

It sometimes happens that too close an  
attention to minute exactness, or a too  
rigorous habit of examining every thing  
by the standard of perfection, vitiates  
the temper, rather than improves the un-  
derstanding, and teaches the mind to  
discern faults with unhappy penetration.  
It is incident likewise to men of vigo-  
rous imagination to please themselves  
too much with futurities, and to fret  
because those expectations are disappoint-  
ed which should never have been form-  
ed. Knowledge and genius are often  
enemies to quiet, by suggesting ideas of  
excellence, which men and the perform-  
ances of men cannot attain. But let no  
man rashly determine, that his unwill-  
ingness to be pleased is a proof of un-  
derstanding, unless his superiority ap-  
pears from less doubtful evidence; for  
though peevishness may sometimes just-  
ly boast it's descent from learning or  
from wit, it is much oftener of base ex-  
traction, the child of vanity, and nursling  
of ignorance.

## LXXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1750.

DILIGITUR NEMO, NISI CUI FORTUNA SECUNDA EST,  
QUÆ, SIMUL INTONUIT, PROXIMA QUÆQUE FUGAT.

OVID.

WHEN SMILING FORTUNE SPREADS HER GOLDEN RAY,  
ALL CROWD AROUND TO FLATTER AND OBEY:  
BUT WHEN SHE THUNDERS FROM AN ANGRY SKY,  
OUR FRIENDS, OUR FLATTERERS, OUR LOVERS, FLY.

MISS A. W.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

diligence with which you en-  
vour to cultivate the knowledge  
; manners, and life, will per-  
line you to pay some regard to  
rvations of one who has been  
know mankind by unwelcome  
ion, and whose opinions are the  
of solitary conjectures, but of  
and experience.

born to a large fortune, and  
the knowledge of those arts  
re supposed to accomplish the  
d adorn the person of a woman.  
attainments, which custom and  
almost forced upon me, I added  
entary acquisitions by the use  
and the conversation of that

species of men whom the ladies gene-  
rally mention with terror and aversion  
under the name of Scholars, but whom  
I have found a harmless and inoffensive  
order of beings, not so much wiser than  
ourselves, but that they may receive as  
well as communicate knowledge, and  
more inclined to degrade their own cha-  
racter by cowardly submission, than to  
overbear or oppress us with their learn-  
ing or their wit.

From these men, however, if they are  
by kind treatment encouraged to talk,  
something may be gained, which, embel-  
lished with elegance, and softened by  
modesty, will always add dignity and  
value to female conversation; and from  
my acquaintance with the bookish part  
of the world I derived many principles  
of judgment and maxims of prudence.

Y

by

by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general regard in every place of concourse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation, my remarks were remembered by those who desired the second degree of fame, my mien was studied, my dress was imitated, my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves; my visits were solicited as honours; and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with Melissa, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself, that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass I saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance; when I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment, and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship, and caresses: to please Melissa was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them: for they prove, at least, our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who crowd in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year, when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a fru-

gal competency, which allowed beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of without any outrages of sorrow or illanimity of dejection. I do not know how much I had having always heard and thought of my wit and beauty, than at that time, it did not suddenly excite indignation, that Melissa could beneath her established rank, form and her mind continued that she could cease to raise a but by ceasing to deserve it, a stroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have the loss, and to have married tinting the same appearance the credit of my original fortune was not so far sunk in my eyes as to submit to the baseness of to desire any other recommend sense and virtue. I therefore my equipage, sold those ornaments were become unsuitable to my dition, and appeared among whom I used to converse with but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at with sorrow beyond what is felt for calamities in which we part, and was entertained with ease and consolation, so frequently, that my friends plain ed rather their own gratification my relief. Some from that time ed my acquaintance, and for out any provocation, to repay some visited me, but after a interval than usual, and every still with more delay; nor did female acquaintances fail to the mention of my misfortune pare my present and former to tell me how much it made me to want the splendor which so well, to look at pleasures we formerly enjoyed, and to sink with those by whom I had sidered as moving in a high and who had hitherto approached with reverence and submission was now no longer to expect.

Observations like these are ly nothing better than cover which serve to give vent to the of pride, but they are now imprudently uttered by honest nevolence, and inflict pain w

s intended; I will, therefore, so intrin my antiquated claim to poss, as to venture the establishment s rule, that no one ought to re-another of misfortunes of which fierer does not complain, and which are no means proposed of alleviat-

You have no right to excite jets which necessarily give pain ever they return, and which permight not have revived but by ab-and unseasonable compassion.

endless train of lovers immediate-drew, without raising any emo-

The greater part had indeed al-posed to court, as it is termed, the square, had enquired my for-and offered settlements; these had ibly a right to retire without re, since they had openly treated for y, as necessary to their happiness, ho can tell how little they wanted ther portion? I have always ht the clamours of women unreale, who imagine themselves injur-ause the men who followed them the supposition of a greater for-rect them when they are disco-to have less. I have never known ady who did not think wealth a o some stipulations in her favour; urely what is claimed by the pos- of money is justly forfeited by it's

She that has once demanded a set-nt has allowed the importance of se; and when she cannot shew pe-ry merit, why should she think her cner obliged to purchase?

y lovers were not all contented with desertion. Some of them reveng-: neglect which they had formerly ed by wanton and superfluous in-and endeavoured to mortify me, ying, in my presence, those civili-to other ladies which were once ed only to me. But, as it had been ile to treat men according to the of their intellect, I had never suf-any one to waste his life in su-; who could have employed it to purpose, and had therefore no es but coxcombs, whose resent-

ment and respect were equally below my consideration.

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expres-ing their conviction.

The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority; and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happen to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cow-ards, who could never find till lately that Melissa was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate that has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of dra-goons. The parson made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particu-lar addresses, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that when-ever he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

This, Mr. Rambler, is *to see the world*. It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves or others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

I am, &c. MELISSA.



N<sup>o</sup> LXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 17

SILVIS UBI PASSIM  
PALANTES ERROR CERTO DE TRAMITE PELLIT,  
ILLE SINISTROSUM, HIC DEXTROSUM ABIT, UNUS UTRIQUE  
ERROR, SED VARIIS ILLUDIT PARTIBUS.

H

WHILE MAZY ERROR DRAWS MANKIND ASTRAY  
FROM TRUTH'S SURE PATH, EACH TAKES HIS DEVIOUS WAY;  
ONE TO THE RIGHT, ONE TO THE LEFT RECEDES,  
ALIKE DELUDED, AS EACH FANCY LEADS.

ELPHINSTON

**I**T is easy for every man, whatever be his character with others, to find reasons for esteeming himself; and therefore censure, contempt, or conviction of crimes, seldom deprive him of his own favour. Those, indeed, who can see only external facts, may look upon him with abhorrence; but when he calls himself to his own tribunal, he finds every fault, if not absolutely effaced, yet so much palliated by the goodness of his intention, and the cogency of the motive, that very little guilt or turpitude remains; and when he takes a survey of the whole complication of his character, he discovers so many latent excellencies, so many virtues that want but an opportunity to exert themselves in act, and so many kind wishes for universal happiness, that he looks on himself as suffering unjustly under the infamy of single failings, while the general temper of his mind is unknown or unregarded.

It is natural to mean well, when only abstracted ideas of virtue are proposed to the mind, and no particular passion turns us aside from rectitude; and so willing is every man to flatter himself, that the difference between approving laws, and obeying them, is frequently forgotten; he that acknowledges the obligations of morality, and pleases his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himself zealous in the cause of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts, than they conform to his own desires; and counts himself among her warmest lovers, because he praises her beauty, though every rival steals away his heart.

There are, however, great numbers who have little recourse to the refinements of speculation, but who yet live at peace with themselves, by means which require less understanding, or less atten-

tion. When their hearts are busy with the consciousness of a crime, instead of seeking for some remedy themselves, they look round in rest of mankind, to find others with the same guilt: they please themselves with observing, that they have others on their side; and that, though they are hunted out from the society of men, they are not likely to be con- to solitude.

It may be observed, perhaps in exception, that none are so inclined to detect wickedness, or so ready to detect it, as they whose crimes are parent and confessed. They, unblemished reputation, and with envy they are busy to destroy: unwilling to suppose themselves and more corrupt than others; and before willingly pull down from others those with whom they rise to an equality. No man ever wicked without secret dis- and, according to the different of remaining virtue, or unextinguished reason, he either endeavours to himself, or corrupt others; either gain the station which he has quite prevail on others to imitate his de-

It has always been considered as an alleviation of misery not to suffer even when union and society tribute nothing to resistance or some comfort of the same kind to incite wickedness to seek it; though, indeed, another reason given, for as guilt is propagated, power of reproach is diminished among numbers equally detestable individual may be sheltered from though not from conscience.

Another lenitive by which the of the breast are alluaged, is temptation, not of the same, but different crimes. He that can

by his resemblance to others, or try some other expedient, and see what will rise to his advantage in opposition and dissimilitude. He finds some faults in every human being, which he weighs against his own; he easily makes them preponderate, keeps the balance in his own hand, and throws in or takes out at his pleasure the circumstances that make them more or lighter. He then triumphs in comparative purity, and sets himself safe, not because he can refute the charges advanced against him, but because he can censure his accusers with justice; and no longer fears the reproach, when he has stored his magazine of malice with weapons sharp and equally envenomed. His practice, though never just, is always plausible and artful, when the censure is directed against deviations to the contrary. The man who is branded with a crime of violence may, with some appearance of propriety, turn all his force of argument against a stupid contempt of justice, or a rash precipitation into unnecessary anger. Every recession from temperance and approach towards cowardice, though it be confessed that, like other virtues, it stands both ways on either hand, yet the place in the middle point may always be discovered; he may, therefore, often impose on the understandings, by turning attention wholly from himself, and fix it fixed invariably on the opposite; and by shewing how many evils are avoided by his behaviour, he may conceal for a time those which are real.

Justice has not always opportunities for such artful subterfuges; when extenuate their own guilt,

only by vague and general charges upon others, or endeavour to gain rest to themselves by pointing some other prey to the pursuit of censure.

Every whisper of infamy is industriously circulated, every hint of suspicion eagerly improved, and every failure of conduct joyfully published, by those whose interest it is that the eye and voice of the publick should be employed on any rather than on themselves.

All these artifices, and a thousand others equally vain and equally despicable, are incited by that conviction of the deformity of wickedness, from which none can set himself free; and by an absurd desire to separate the cause from the effects, and to enjoy the profit of crimes without suffering the shame. Men are willing to try all methods of reconciling guilt and quiet, and when their understandings are stubborn and uncomplying, raise their passions against them, and hope to overpower their own knowledge.

It is generally not so much the desire of men, sunk into depravity, to deceive the world as themselves; for when no particular circumstances make them dependant on others, infamy disturbs them little, but as it revives their remorse, and is echoed to them from their own hearts. The sentence most dreaded is that of reason and conscience, which they would engage on their side at any price but the labours of duty and the sorrows of repentance. For this purpose every seducement and fallacy is sought, the hopes still rest upon some new experiment till life is at an end; and the last hour steals on unperceived, while the faculties are engaged in resisting reason, and representing the sense of the Divine disapprobation.

## LXXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1750.

OS DIGNUM ATERNO NITIDUM QUOD FULGEAT AURO,  
SI MALLET LAUDARE DEUM, CUI SORDIDA MONSTRA  
PRÆTULIT, ET LIQUIDAM TEMERAVIT CRIMINE VOCEM.

PRUDENT.

A GOLDEN STATUE SUCH A WIT MIGHT CLAIM,  
HAD GOD AND VIRTUE RAIS'D THE NOBLE FLAME;  
BUT, AH! HOW LEWD A SUBJECT HAS HE SUNG,  
WHAT VILE OBSCENITY PROFANES HIS TONGUE!

F. LEWIS,

*ONG those whose hopes of distinction, or riches, arise from an of their intellectual attainments,*

it has been, from age to age, an established custom to complain of the ingratitude of mankind to their instructors, and the discouragement-

discouragement which men of genius and study suffer from avarice and ignorance, from the prevalence of false taste, and the encroachment of barbarity.

Men are most powerfully affected by those evils which themselves feel, or which appear before their own eyes; and as there has never been a time of such general felicity, but that many have failed to obtain the rewards to which they had, in their own judgment, a just claim, some offended writer has always declaimed, in the rage of disappointment, against his age or nation; nor is there one who has not fallen upon times more unfavourable to learning than any former century, or who does not wish that he had been relieved in the infelicity of non-existence to some happier hour, when literary merit shall no longer be despised, and the gifts and cares of mankind shall recompense the toils of study, and add lustre to the charms of wit.

Many of these clamours are undoubtedly to be considered only as the bursts of pride never to be satisfied, as the prattle of affectation mimicking discontents, or as the common-places of vanity solicitous for splendour of sentences, and acuteness of remark. Yet it cannot be denied that frequent discontent must proceed from frequent hardships; and though it is evident, that not more than one age or people can deserve the censure of being more averse from learning than any other, yet at all times knowledge must have encountered impediments, and wit been mortified with contempt, or harassed with persecution.

It is not necessary, however, to join immediately in the outcry, or to condemn mankind as pleased with ignorance, or always envious of superior abilities. The miseries of the learned have been related by themselves, and since they have not been found exempt from that partiality with which men look upon their own actions and sufferings, we may conclude that they have not forgotten to deck their cause with the brightest ornaments, and strongest colours. The logician collected all his subtleties when they were to be employed in his own defence; and the master of rhetoric exerted against his adversary all the arts by which hatred is embittered, and indignation inflamed.

To believe no man in his own cause, is the standing and perpetual rule of distributive justice. Since therefore, in the

controversy between the learned and their enemies, we have only the pleas of the party, of the party more able to our understandings, and engage our passions, we must determine our opinions by facts uncontested, and evidences not allowed to be genuine.

By this procedure, I know not whether the students will find their calamities, or the compassion which they feel much increased. Let their eyes be impartially surveyed; let them be no longer to direct after their pleasure, by expatiating on the defects; let neither the dignity of the ledge over-awe the judgment, nor the graces of elegance seduce it. It may then, perhaps, be found, that the students are not able to produce claims to more favourable treatment, but provoked the calamities which they suffered, and seldom find friends but when they wanted wit.

That few men, celebrated for their wisdom, live with conformity to their precepts, must be readily confessed, and we cannot wonder that the irritation of mankind rises with gravity against those who neglect their duties which they appear to know so strong conviction the necessity of forming. Yet since no man has of acting equal to that of thinking, we know not whether the speculator not sometimes incur censures too and by those who form ideas of virtue from their knowledge of his vices, considered as worse than others, because he was expected to be better.

He by whose writings the passions are rectified, the appetites counteracted, the passions repressed, may be considered as not unprofitable to the great bulk of humanity, even though his behaviour should not always exemplify his rules. His instructions may diffuse influence to regions in which he has never inquired, whether the author be good or bad; to when all his faults and all his shall be lost in forgetfulness, things of no concern or importance to the world; and he may kindle in the minds of ten thousands that which burnt dimly in himself, the fumes of passion, or the darts of cowardice. The vicious moral may be considered as a taper, by which are lighted through the labyrinth of complicated passions; he extends his influence further than his heat, and

within view, but burns only to make too near approaches.

Since good or harm must be reaped from those to whom we are familiarly known, he who is overpowered by his virtues, in the course to which his vices can extend, is often to complain that he meets with affection or veneration, when in whom he passes his life are more influenced by his practice than enlightened by his ideas. Admiration begins acquaintance ceases; and his friends are distant, but his enemies at

any have dared to boast of neglection, and to challenge their cruelty and folly, of whom it is alleged that they have endeavoured to increase the wisdom or virtue of their readers. They have been at fault in their lives, and licentious in their compositions; have not only shown the paths of virtue, but attempted to lure others after them. They opened the road of perdition, clothed flowers the thorns of guilt, gave temptation sweeter notes, and disfigurements, and stronger allures.

They have been apparently the settled pursuers of writers, whose powers and talents place them high in the rank of the great, to set fashion on the side of idleness; to recommend debauchery, by associating them with the most likely to dazzle the eye, and attract the affections; to show innocence and goodness with abundant weaknesses as necessarily subject to contempt and derision.

They are naturally found intimates among the idle, the thoughtless, and the dissipated; passed their lives amidst the pleasures of sportive idleness, or the warm joys of drunken friendship; and have been hopes with the promises of a future, whom their precepts had taught to distrust truth. But when fools had away their sprightliness, and the pleasures of excess could no longer be enjoyed, they saw their protectors hourly departing, and wondered and stormed themselves abandoned. Whether companions persisted in wickedness or returned to virtue, they were equally without assistance; for desire is selfish and negligent, and true virtue the virtuous only can extend.

It is said by Florus of Catiline, who died in the midst of slaughtered enemies, that *his death had been illustrious, had it been suffered for his country.* Of the wits who have languished away life under the pressures of poverty, or in the restlessness of suspense, carested and rejected, flattered and despised, as they were of more or less use to those who filled themselves their patrons, it might be observed, that their miseries would enforce compassion, had they been brought upon them by honesty and religion.

The wickedness of a loose or profane author is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken ravisher; not only because it extends its effects wider, as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught, but because it is committed with cool deliberation. By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue; when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed; but for the frigid villainy of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitudes for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation; and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity?

What were their motives, or what their excuses, is below the dignity of reason to examine. If having extinguished in themselves the distinction of right and wrong, they were insensible of the mischief which they promoted, they deserved to be hunted down by the general compact, as no longer partaking of social nature; if influenced by the corruption of patrons, or readers, they sacrificed their own convictions to vanity or interest, they were to be abhorred with more acrimony than he that murders for pay; since they committed greater crimes without greater temptations.

*Of him, to whom much is given, much shall be required.* Those whom God has favoured with superior faculties, and made eminent for quickness of intuition, and accuracy of distinction, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for

for defects and deviations which, in souls less enlightened, may be guiltless. But, surely, none can think without horror on that man's condition who has been more wicked in proportion as he had

more means of excelling in; used the light imparted from I ly to embellish folly, and shed on crimes.

## N<sup>o</sup> LXXVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15,

—MORS SOLA FATETUR  
QUANTULA SINT HOMINUM CORPUSCULA.

JUV.

DEATH ONLY THIS MYSTERIOUS TRUTH UNFOLDS,  
THE MIGHTY SOUL NOW SMALL A BODY HOLDS.

DRYDEN.

**C**ORPORAL sensation is known to depend so much upon novelty, that custom takes away from many things their power of giving pleasure or pain. Thus a new dress becomes easy by wearing it, and the palate is reconciled by degrees to dishes which at first disgusted it. That by long habit of carrying a burden, we lose, in great part, our sensibility of it's weight, any man may be convinced by putting on for an hour the armour of our ancestors; for he will scarcely believe that men would have had much inclination to marches and battles, encumbered and oppressed, as he will find himself, with the ancient panoply. Yet the heroes that overrun regions, and stormed towns in iron accoutrements, he knows not to have been bigger, and has no reason to imagine them stronger than the present race of men; he therefore must conclude, that their peculiar powers were conferred only by peculiar habits, and that their familiarity with the dress of war enabled them to move in it with ease, vigour, and agility.

Yet it seems to be the condition of our present state, that pain should be more fixed and permanent than pleasure. Uneasiness gives way by slow degrees, and is long before it quits it's possession of the sensory; but all our gratifications are volatile, vagrant, and easily dissipated. The fragrance of the jessamine bower is lost after the enjoyment of a few moments, and the Indian wanders among his native spices without any sense of their exhalations. It is, indeed, not necessary to shew by many instances what all mankind confess, by an incessant call for variety, and restless pursuit of enjoyments, which they value only because unpossessed.

Something similar, or analogous, be observed in effects produced immediately upon the mind; no strongly strike or affect us, but rare or sudden. The most events, when they become familiar, no longer considered with solicitude, and that which at first our whole attention, and left no other thought, is soon taken into some remote repository of memory, overlooked and neglected. Here the similitude is at an end.

The manner in which external objects upon the body is very little to the regulation of the will; not at pleasure obtund or invigorate the senses, prolong the agency of the traced upon the eye, or any force into the ear. But our ideas are subjected to choice; we can before us, and command them; we can facilitate and promote their presence, we can either repress their vision, or hasten their retreat. Therefore the business of wisdom is to select among numberless objects for our notice, such as may lead us to exalt our reason, extend and secure our happiness. Choice is to be made with regard to rareness or frequency; a thing is valuable merely because either rare or common, but be adapted to some useful purpose, and able us to supply some deficiencies of nature.

Milton has judiciously represented the father of mankind, as seized with horror and astonishment at the death, exhibited to him on the

For, surely, nothing can so disturb the passions, or perplex the ideas of man, as the disruption of man with visible nature; a separation all that has hitherto delighted him; a change not only in the object, but the manner of his being; entrance into a state not simply new, but which he knows not, but which he has not faculties to know; and, in the end, a perceptible communication with the Supreme Being, and, what is all distressful and alarming, a sentence, and unalterable allot-

ment to whom the shortness of life is frequent occasions of contemplation, can, without emotion, see the fates of men pass away, and be assured to establish modes of conduct to adjust the ceremonial of death.

I look upon funeral pomp as a spectacle in which we have no part, and turn away from it to trifles and amusements, without dejection or inquietude of heart.

It is indeed, apparent from the conduct of the world, that there must be other thoughts; and a perpetuation upon the last hour, how may become the solitude of a life, is inconsistent with many duties of common life. But surely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds, as an habitual and principle, always operating, not always perceived; and our minds should seldom wander so far from our own condition, as not to be affected and fixed by sight of an event, that must soon, we know not how soon, be likewise to ourselves, and of which though we cannot appoint the time, we may secure the consequence.

Every instance of death may justify our fears and quicken our views; but it's frequency so much increases its effect, that we are seldom affected unless some close connection is in some scheme frustrated, or some interest defeated. Many therefore seem to pass from youth to decrepitude without reflection on the end of life, because they are wholly involved within the bustle of the common earth, without expectation of receiving good, or the prospect of bestowing it.

It is, of which we confess the immensity, and little sensibility, unless

they affect us more nearly than as sharers in the common interest of mankind; that desire which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, is often mortified when we remark how little concern is caused by the eternal departure even of those who have passed their lives with public honours, and been distinguished by extraordinary performances. It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness, except by a few. That merit which gives greatness and renown, diffuses it's influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom their temper or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topic to the conversation of the day. They impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or was united to them by a reciprocity of benefits and endearments.

Thus it often happens, that those who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at last in the ground without the common honour of a stone; because by those excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged; and, though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them.

Custom so far regulates the sentiments, at least of common minds, that I believe men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age. He who, when life was new, melted at the loss of every companion, can look in time, without concern, upon the grave into which his last friend was thrown, and into which himself is ready to fall; not that he is more willing to die than formerly, but that he is more familiar to the death of others, and therefore is not alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to submit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to suffer our reason to lie useless. Every funeral may justly be considered as a summons to prepare for that state into which it shows us that we must sometime enter; and the summons is more loud and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at less distance. To neglect at any time preparation for death, is to sleep on our

post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep at an attack.

It has always appeared to me one of the most striking passages in the visions of Quevedo, which stigmatizes those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. 'How,' says he, 'can death be sudden to a being who always knew that he must die, and that the time of his death was uncertain?'

Since business and gaiety are always drawing our attention away from a fu-

ture state, some admonition is ly necessary to recall it to o and what can more properly impress than the examples lity which every day supplies? incentive to virtue is the refle we must die; it will therefore to accustom ourselves, when a funeral, to consider how soon be added to the number of th probation is past, and whose or misery shall endure for ever

## Nº LXXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1

TAM SEPE NOSTRUM DECIPI FABULLUM, QUID  
MIRARIS, AULE? SEMPER BONUS HOMO TIRO EST.

MART.

YOU WONDER I'VE SO LITTLE WIT;  
FRIEND JOHN, SO OFTEN TO BE BIT:  
NONE BETTER GUARD AGAINST A CHEAT  
THAN HE WHO IS A KNAVE COMPLETE.

F. LEWIS.

**S**USPICION, however necessary it may be to our safe passage through ways beset on all sides by fraud and malice, has been always considered, when it exceeds the common measures, as a token of depravity and corruption; and a Greek writer of sentences has laid down as a standing maxim, that *he who believes not another on his oath, knows himself to be perjured*.

We can form our opinions of that which we know not, only by placing it in comparison with something that we know: whoever, therefore, is over-run with suspicion, and detects artifice and stratagem in every proposal, must either have learned by experience or observation the wickedness of mankind, and been taught to avoid fraud by having often suffered or seen treachery; or he must derive his judgment from the consciousness of his own disposition; and impute to others the same inclinations which he feels predominant in himself.

To learn caution by turning our eyes upon life, and observing the arts by which negligence is surprised, timidity overborne, and credulity abused, requires either great latitude of converse and long acquaintance with business, or uncommon activity of vigilance, and acuteness of penetration. When therefore a young man, not distinguished by *rigour of intellect*, comes into the world

full of scruples and diffidence; bargain with many provisions; hesitates in his answer to a common question, lest more should be intended than he can immediately has a long reach in detecting defects of his acquaintance; confides as an act of hypocrisy, neither gratitude nor affection tenderness of his friends, believes no one to have any real to but for himself; whatever exploits this early sagacity may raise of future eminence or riches, I can forbear to consider him as a capable of generosity or benevolence a villain early completed beyond of common opportunities and temptations.

Upon men of this class, instruction and admonition are generally away, because they consider artifice as proofs of understanding. They are misled at the same time by great seducers of the world, vanity and interest; and not only look up to who act with openness and candour as condemned by their principles of security and want, but as content for narrowness of comprehension of views, and slowness of action.

The world has been long among the question of policy in public

and of art in private affairs; to be considered as the effects of qualities, and as unattainable of the common level: yet I have seen many performances, either of policy, that required such supports of intellect, or might not be effected by falsehood and imposture without the assistance of any arts. To profess what he does not, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with promotion, and misery with relief; to soothe pride with appearances of submission, and appease enblistishments and bribes; can ply nothing more or greater than devoted wholly to its own purpose that cannot blush, and at last cannot feel.

practices are so mean and base, who finds in himself no tenet to use them, cannot easily believe he is considered by others with contempt; he therefore suffers himself to be lulled in false security, and is preyed to those who applaud their policy, because they know how to keep him asleep, and exult in the weakness which they could never have obtained if they not attempted a man against himself, who was himself obviating their stratagems, and so, but by innocence.

Envy is, indeed, a temper so unreflecting, that it is very justly considered the concomitant of guilt. It has no torture equal to the loss of sleep long continued; a state which the state of that man bears exact analogy who dares never relax his vigilance and circumspection, but considers himself as surrounded by secret foes, and fears to offend his children, or his friend, with that throbs in his breast, and anxieties that break into his face. At this expence, those evils to himself and friendship might have been avoided, is surely to buy safety at a rate, and, in the language of an satirist, to save life by losing which a wise man would live.

In the diet of the German emperor Camerarius relates, the princes displaying their felicity, and showing the advantages of his own state, one who possessed a country remarkable for the grandeur of its fertility of its soil, rose

to speak, and the rest listened between pity and contempt, till he declared, in honour of his territories, that he could travel through them without a guard, and, if he was weary, sleep in safety upon the lap of the first man whom he should meet; a commendation which would have been ill exchanged for the boait of palaces, pastures, or streams.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness: he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered; men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them, sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defence. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered.

Thus we find old age, upon which suspicion has been strongly impressed by long intercourse with the world, inflexible and severe, not easily softened by submission, melted by complaint, or subdued by supplication. Frequent experience of counterfeited miseries, and dissembled virtue, in time overcomes that disposition to tenderness and sympathy, which is so powerful in our younger years; and they that happen to petition the old for compassion or assistance, are doomed to languish without regard, and suffer for the crimes of men who have formerly been found undeserving or ungrateful.

Historians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without censure those stratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his destruction. A ship comes before a port, weather-beaten and shattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, supplying themselves with necessities, or burying their dead. The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to consent, the strangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall suddenly upon their benefactors, destroy those that make resistance, and become masters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their success is recorded to encourage imitation.



But surely war has it's laws, and ought to be conducted with some regard to the universal interest of man. Those may justly be pursued as enemies to the community of nature, who suffer hostility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and pursue their private advantage by means which, if once established, must destroy kindness, cut off from every man all hopes of assistance from another, and fill the world with perpetual suspicion and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus gained ought to be restored; and those who have conquered by such treachery may be just-

ly denied the protection of their native country.

Whoever commits a fraud is guilty not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes not only the ease but the existence of society. He that suffers by imposture has too often his virtue more impaired than his fortune. But as it is necessary not to invite robbery by supineness, so it is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion. It is better to suffer wrong than to do it; and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust.

## Nº LXXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1750.

VIDES UT ALTA STET NIVE CANDIDUM  
SOLACTE, NEC JAM SUSTINEANT ONUS  
SILVÆ LABORANTES

HOR.

BEHOLD YON MOUNTAIN'S HOARY HEIGHT,  
MADE HIGHER WITH NEW MOUNTS OF SNOW;  
AGAIN BEHOLD THE WINTER'S WEIGHT  
OPPRESS THE LAB'RING WOODS BELOW.

DRYDEN.

**A**S Providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and struggling for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied progression, the world seems to have been eminently adapted to this disposition of the mind; it is formed to raise expectations by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find something to revive our curiosity, and engage our attention. In the dusk of the morning we watch the rising of the sun, and see the day diversify the clouds, and open new prospects in it's gradual advance. After a few hours, we see the shades lengthen, and the light decline, till the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs different from each other in magnitude and splendour. The earth varies it's appearance as we move upon it; the woods offer their shades, and the fields their harvests; the hill flatters with an extensive view, and the valley invites with shelter, fragrance, and flowers.

The poets have numbered among the felicities of the golden age, an exemption from the change of seasons, and a perpetuity of spring; but I am not certain that in this state of imaginary hap-

pineness they have made sufficient provision for that insatiable demand of new gratifications, which seems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our sense of delight is in a great measure comparative, and arises at once from the sensations which we feel, and those which we remember: thus ease after torment is pleasure for a time, and we are very agreeably recreated, when the body, chilled with the weather, is gradually recovering it's natural tepidity; but the joy ceases when we have forgot the cold, we must fall below ease again, if we desire to rise above it, and purchase new felicity by voluntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely that, however the fancy may be amused with the description of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, and no scenes are displayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we should soon grow weary of uniformity, find our thoughts languish for want of other subjects, call on Heaven for our wonted round of seasons, and think ourselves liberally recompensed for the inconveniences of summer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmness and mildness of the intermediate variations.

Every

season has it's particular pow-  
king the mind. The naked-  
l asperity of the wintry world  
fills the beholder with pensive  
bound astonishment; as the va-  
the scene is lessened, it's gran-  
increased; and the mind is swel-  
ce by the mingled ideas of the  
and the past, of the beauties  
ve vanished from the eyes, and  
and desolation that are now be-  
n.

observed by Milton, that he who  
to visit the country in spring,  
as the pleasures that are then in  
bloom and fragrance, is guilty  
*ness against nature*. If we al-  
rent duties to different seasons,  
be charged with equal disobedi-  
the voice of nature who looks  
bleak hills and leafless woods,  
seriousness and awe. Spring is  
n of gaiety, and winter of ter-  
spring the heart of tranquillity  
o the melody of the groves, and  
of benevolence sparkles at the  
happiness and plenty: in the  
compassion melts at universal  
; and the tear of softness starts  
ailings of hunger, and the cries  
reation in distress.

minds have much inclination to  
heaviness and sorrow; nor do I  
and them beyond the degree ne-  
o maintain in it's full vigour  
sual sympathy and tenderness  
in a world of so much misery,  
try to the ready discharge of our  
important duties. The winter  
is generally celebrated as the  
ason for domestick merriment  
ty. We are seldom invited by  
ries of pleasure to look abroad  
other purpose, than that we may  
back with more satisfaction to  
rts, and when we have heard  
l of the tempest, and felt the  
the frost, congratulate each  
ith more gladness upon a close  
n easy chair, a large fire, and a  
dinner.

x brings natural inducements to  
ad conversation. Differences,  
r, are never so effectually laid  
p by some common calamity:  
y unites all to whom he threat-  
per. The rigour of winter  
generally to the same fire-side  
is, by the opposition of incli-

nations, or difference of employment,  
moved in various directions through the  
other parts of the year; and when they  
have met, and find it their mutual in-  
terest to remain together, they endear  
each other by mutual compliances, and  
often wish for the continuance of the  
social season, with all it's bleakness and  
all it's severities.

To the men of study and imagina-  
tion the winter is generally the chief time  
of labour. Gloom and silence produce  
composure of mind, and concentration  
of ideas; and the privation of external  
pleasure naturally causes an effort to find  
entertainment within. This is the time  
in which those whom literature enables  
to find amusements for themselves, have  
more than common convictions of their  
own happiness. When they are con-  
demned by the elements to retirement,  
and debarred from most of the diversions  
which are called in to assist the flight of  
time, they can find new subjects of en-  
quiry, and preserve themselves from that  
weariness which hangs always flagging  
upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to  
be poets and philosophers; it is necessary  
that the greater part of mankind should  
be employed in the minute business of  
common life; minute, indeed, not if we  
consider it's influence upon our happi-  
ness, but if we respect the abilities re-  
quisite to conduct it. These must neces-  
sarily be more dependent on accident for  
the means of spending agreeably those  
hours which their occupations leave un-  
engaged, or nature obliges them to al-  
low to relaxation. Yet even on these  
I would willingly impress such a sense of  
the value of time, as may incline them  
to find out for their careless hours amuse-  
ments of more use and dignity than the  
common games, which not only weary  
the mind without improving it, but  
strengthen the passions of envy and  
avarice, and often lead to fraud and to  
profusion, to corruption and to ruin. It  
is unworthy of a reasonable being to  
spend any of the little time allotted us,  
without some tendency, either direct or  
oblique, to the end of our existence.  
And though every moment cannot be  
laid out on the formal and regular im-  
provement of our knowledge, or in the  
stated practice of a moral or religious  
duty, yet none should be so spent as to  
exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass with-  
out

out possibility of qualifying us more or less for the better employment of those which are to come.

It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in honest conversation, with us being able when we rise from it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantages; but a man may shuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any

other token than his gain or his confused remembrance of agitations, and clamorous alterations.

However, as experience is weight than precept, any of us who are contriving how to spend dreary months before them, consider which of their past amusements they new with the greatest satisfaction and resolve to repeat those gratifications of which the pleasure is most di-

## Nº LXXXI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1751

DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI—

VIRG.

HEAR, AND BE JUST.

**A**MONG questions which have been discussed without any approach to decision, may be numbered the precedency or superior excellence of one virtue to another, which has long furnished a subject of dispute to men whose leisure sent them out into the intellectual world in search of employment, and who have, perhaps, been sometimes withheld from the practice of their favourite duty, by zeal for it's advancement, and diligence in it's celebration.

The intricacy of this dispute may be alleged as a proof of that tenderness for mankind which Providence has, I think, universally displayed, by making attainments easy in proportion as they are necessary. That all the duties of morality ought to be practised, is without difficulty discoverable, because ignorance or uncertainty would immediately involve the world in confusion and distress; but which duty ought to be most esteemed, we may continue to debate, without inconvenience, so all be diligently performed as there is opportunity or need; for upon practice, not upon opinion, depends the happiness of mankind; and controversies, merely speculative, are of small importance in themselves, however they may have sometimes heated a disputant, or provoked a faction.

Of the divine author of our religion it is impossible to peruse the evangelical histories, without observing how little he favoured the vanity of inquisitiveness; how much more rarely he condescended to satisfy curiosity, than to relieve distress; and how much he desired that his

followers should rather excel in piety than in knowledge. He tends immediately to the rectification of the moral principles, and the regulation of daily conduct, without ostentation or without art, at once inrefragable plain, such as well-meaning men may readily conceive, and of which we cannot mistake the meaning when we are afraid to find it.

The measure of justice presents us, in our transactions with others, remarkably clear and comprehensive. *Whatsoever ye would that men do unto you, even so do unto them* by which every claim of right is immediately adjusted, as far as private conscience requires to be satisfied; a law of which every man in the exposition in his own breast which may always be observed, without any other qualifications than his intention and purity of will.

Over this law, indeed, some sophistry have been subtle enough to throw mists, which have darkened their own eyes. To perplex this simple principle, they have enquired of every man, conscious to himself of unbecoming wishes, he bound to gratify in another. But surely there is no long deliberation to conclude, that desires, which are to be considered as the measure of right, must be such as we approve, and that we ought to have no regard to those expectations in which we condemn in ourselves. Which, however they may intrude upon our imagination, we know it to resist and suppress.

of the most celebrated cases which are produced as requiring some direction of conscience to attain to this great rule, is that of asking mercy of his judge, and not but know, that if he was the attorney of the supplicant, he should at pardon which he now denies. The difficulty of this sophism will vanish, if we remember that the parties are equal, on one side the criminal, the other the community, of which the magistrate is only the minister, by which he is intrusted with public safety. The magistrate, in pardoning a man unwor- thily, betrays the trust which is invested, gives away what is his own, and, apparently, does what he would not that others should do to him. Even the com- munity whose right is still greater to grants of mercy, is bound by the same which regard the great re- spect of mankind, and cannot justly forbearance as may promote public safety, and lessen the general con- dition of security in which all have an interest, and which all are there- fore bound to maintain. For this reason the state has no right to erect a gaol for fugitives, or give a reward to such as have forfeited their crimes against the laws of com- munity, equally acknowledged by all, because no people can, without the loss of the universal league of so- cieties, incite, by prospects of im- mune safety, those practices in dominion which they would punish in their own. The creation of uncertainty and hesi- tation in those by whom this great rule is commented and dilated, is the effect of what the exacter casuists call to distinguish, *debts of justice* from *debts of charity*. The immediate intention of this precept is, to establish a rule of justice; and I know not by what invention, or sophistry, can be made difficulty to retard its ap- plication when it is thus expressed and — *Let every man allow the right in another, which he should himself be entitled to make in the like cases.* The charge of the *debts of charity*, or which we owe to others, not mere- ly by justice, but as I stated

by benevolence, admits in its own na- ture greater complication of circumstan- ces, and greater latitude of choice. Justice is indispensably and universally necessary, and what is necessary must always be li- mited, uniform, and distinct. But be- neficence, though in general equally en- joined by our religion, and equally need- ful to the conciliation of the Divine fa- vour, is yet, for the most part, with regard to its single acts, elective and voluntary. We may, certainly, without injury to our fellow-beings, allow in the distri- bution of kindness something to our af- fections, and change the measure of our liberality according to our opinions and prospects, our hopes and fears. This rule, therefore, is not equally determi- nate and absolute with respect to offices of kindness and acts of liberality, be- cause liberality and kindness, absolutely determined, would lose their nature; for how could we be called tender, or cha- ritable, for giving that which we are positively forbidden to withhold?

Yet even in adjusting the extent of our beneficence, no other measure can be taken than this precept affords us, for we can only know what others suffer or want, by considering how we should be affected in the same state; nor can we proportion our assistance by any other rule than that of doing what we should then expect from others. It indeed ge- nerally happens that the giver and re- ceiver differ in their opinions of genero- sity; the same partiality to his own in- terest inclines one to large expectations, and the other to sparing distributions. Perhaps the infirmity of human nature will scarcely suffer a man groaning un- der the pressure of distress, to judge rightly of the kindness of his friends, or think they have done enough till his deliverance is completed; not therefore what we might wish, but what we could demand from others, we are obliged to grant, since, though we can easily know how much we might claim, it is impos- sible to determine what we should hope.

But in all enquiries concerning the practice of voluntary and occasional virtues, it is safest for minds not op- pressed with superstitious fears to deter- mine against their own inclinations, and secure themselves from deficiency by doing more than they believe strictly ne- cessary. For of this every man may be certain, that, if he were to exchange conditions

conditions with his dependent, he should expect more than, with the utmost exertion of his ardour, he now will prevail upon himself to perform; and when

reason has no settled rule, and fictions are striving to mislead, surely the part of a wise man to the side of safety.

## Nº LXXXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1

OMNIA CASTOR EMIT, SIC FIET UT OMNIA VENDAT.

MART.

WHO BUYS WITHOUT DISCRETION, BUYS TO SELL.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**I**T will not be necessary to solicit your good-will by any formal preface, when I have informed you, that I have long been known as the most laborious and zealous virtuoso that the present age has had the honour of producing, and that inconveniencies have been brought upon me by an unextinguishable ardour of curiosity, and an unshaken perseverance in the acquisition of the productions of art and nature.

It was observed, from my entrance into the world, that I had something uncommon in my disposition, and that there appeared in me very early tokens of superior genius. I was always an enemy to trifles; the playthings which my mother bestowed upon me I immediately broke, that I might discover the method of their structure, and the causes of their motions: of all the toys with which children are delighted, I valued only my coral; and, as soon as I could speak, asked, like Pierresc, innumerable questions which the maids about me could not resolve. As I grew older I was more thoughtful and serious; and instead of amusing myself with puerile diversions, made collections of natural rarities, and never walked into the fields without bringing home stones of remarkable forms, or insects of some uncommon species. I never entered an old house, from which I did not take away the painted glass, and often lamented that I was not one of that happy generation who demolished the convents and monasteries, and broke windows by law.

Being thus early possessed by a taste for solid knowledge, I passed my youth with very little disturbance from passions and appetites; and having no pleasure in the company of boys and girls, who talked of plays, politicks, fashions, or love, I carried on my enquiries with incessant diligence, and had amassed more

stones, mosses, and shells, than I found in many celebrated collections; an age in which the greatest young men are studying under or endeavouring to recommend themselves to notice by their dress, and their levities.

When I was two and twenty old, I became, by the death of a friend, possessed of a small estate with a very large sum of money in publick funds; and must confess did not much lament him, for I was a man of mean parts, bent rather on growing rich than wise. He offered at the expence of only ten pounds, which he happened to overhear me saying for the sting of a hornet, that it was a cold moist summer, in which few hornets had been seen. I recommended to me the study of history; 'In which,' said he, 'you may at once gratify your curiosity and your natural history, and increase your fortune by benefiting mankind.' I then, Mr. Rambler, with pity there was no prospect of elevation, my mind formed to grovel, suffered myself to please himself with hoping that some time follow his advice. I know that there are men who will dispute when they have once settled a point to their heads, it is to very little to dispute.

Being now left wholly to my inclinations, I very soon enlarged the bounds of my curiosity, and I myself no longer with such restraint required only judgment and industry, and when once found, might be content with nothing. I now turned my thoughts to *exoticks* and *antiques*; and I well known for my generous curiosity of ingenious men, that my collection was crowded with visitants, some to see the museum, and others to increase the treasures, by selling me what they had brought from other countries.

I had always a contempt for

of conception, which contents  
ith cultivating some single corner  
ield of science; I took the whole  
into my view, and wished it of  
ater extent. But no man's power  
equal to his will. I was forced  
eed by slow degrees, and to pur-  
hat chance or kindness happened  
nt. I did not however proceed  
t some design, or imitate the in-  
on of those who begin a thou-  
llections, and finish none. Hav-  
n always a lover of geography, I  
ned to collect the maps drawn in  
e and barbarous times, before any  
surveys, or just observations;  
ve, at a great expence, brought  
r a volume, in which, perhaps,  
gle country is laid down accord-  
it's true situation, and by which,  
desires to know the errors of the  
geographers may be amply in-

my ruling passion is patriotism:  
f care has been to procure the  
s of our own country; and as  
received the tribute of the Welch  
es heads, I allowed my tenants  
their rents in butterflies, till I  
taunted the papilionaceous tribe.  
directed them to the pursuit of  
nimals; and obtained, by this  
thod, most of the grubs and in-  
ich land, air, or water, can sup-  
have three species of earthworms  
own to the naturalists, have dis-  
a new ephemera, and can shew  
aps that were taken torpid in  
nter quarters. I have, from my  
ound, the longest blade of grass  
cord; and once accepted, as a  
ur's rent for a field of wheat, an  
taining more grains than had  
n before upon a single stem.

of my tenants so much neglected  
interest, as to supply me, in a  
ummer, with only two horse-  
d those of little more than the  
a size; and I was upon the brink  
ng for arrears, when his good  
threw a white mole in his way,  
ch he was not only forgiven but  
d.

e, however, were petty acquisi-  
nd made at small expence; nor  
I have ventured to rank myself  
the virtuosi without better claims.  
suffered nothing worthy the re-  
a wife man to escape my notice:  
*ransacked the old and the new*

world; and been equally attentive to past  
ages and the present. For the illustra-  
tion of ancient history, I can shew a  
marble, of which the inscription, though  
it is not now legible, appears, from some  
broken remains of the letters, to have  
been Tuscan, and therefore probably  
engraved before the foundation of Rome.  
I have two pieces of porphyry found  
among the ruins of Ephesus, and three  
letters broken off by a learned traveller  
from the monuments of Persepolis; a  
piece of stone which paved the Areopa-  
gus of Athens; and a plate, without  
figures or characters, which was found  
at Corinth, and which I therefore believe  
to be that metal which was once valued  
before gold. I have sand gathered out  
of the Granicus; a fragment of Tra-  
jan's bridge over the Danube; some of  
the mortar which cemented the water-  
course of Tarquin; a horseshoe broken  
on the Flaminian way; and a turf with  
five daisies dug from the field of Phar-  
salia.

I do not wish to raise the envy of un-  
successful collectors, by too pompous a  
display of my scientific wealth; but  
cannot forbear to observe, that there are  
few regions of the globe which are not  
honoured with some memorial in my ca-  
binets. The Persian monarchs are said  
to have boasted the greatness of their  
empire, by being served at their tables  
with drink from the Ganges and the Da-  
nube: I can shew one vial, of which the  
water was formerly an icicle on the  
crags of Caucasus, and another that con-  
tains what once was snow on the top of  
Atlas; in a third is dew brushed from a  
banana in the gardens of Ispahan; and,  
in another, brine that has rolled in the  
Pacifick ocean. I flatter myself that I  
am writing to a man who will rejoice at  
the honour which my labours have pro-  
cured to my country; and therefore I  
shall tell you that Britain can, by my  
care, boast of a snail that has crawled  
upon the wall of China; a humming-  
bird which an American prince's wore  
in her ear; the tooth of an elephant who  
carried the Queen of Siam; the skin of  
an ape that was kept in the palace of the  
Great Mogul; a ribbon that adorned  
one of the maids of a Turkish sultana;  
and a scymitar once wielded by a soldier  
of Abas the Great.

In collecting antiquities of every coun-  
try, I have been careful to chuse only by  
intrinick worth, and real usefulness,  
A a without

without regard to party or opinions. I have therefore a lock of Cromwell's hair in a box turned from a piece of the royal oak; and keep, in the same drawers, sand scraped from the coffin of King Richard, and a commission signed by Henry the Seventh. I have equal veneration for the ruff of Elizabeth, and the shoe of Mary of Scotland; and should lose, with like regret, a tobacco-pipe of Raleigh, and a stirrup of King James. I have paid the same price for a glove of Lewis, and a thimble of Queen Mary; for a fur cap of the Czar, and a boot of Charles of Sweden.

You will easily imagine that these accumulations were not made without some diminution of my fortune; for I was so well known to spare no cost, that at every sale some bid against me for hire, some for sport, and some for magic; and if I asked the price of any thing, it was sufficient to double the demand. For curiosity, trafficking thus with ava-

rice, the wealth of India had not been enough; and I, by little and little, transferred all my money from the funds to my closet: here I was inclined to stop, and live upon my estate in literary leisure; but the sale of the Harleian collection shook my resolution; I mortgaged my land, and purchased thirty medals, which I could never find before. I have at length bought till I can buy no longer, and the cruelty of my creditors has seized my repository; I am therefore condemned to disperse what the labour of an age will not reassemble. I submit to that which cannot be opposed, and shall, in a short time, declare a sale. I have, while it is yet in my power, sent you a pebble, picked up by Tavernier on the banks of the Ganges; for which I desire no other recompence than that you will recommend my catalogue to the publick.

QUISQVILIUS.

Nº LXXXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY, 1, 1751.

NISI UTILE EST QUOD FACIAS STULTA EST GLORIA.

PHILD.

ALL USELESS SCIENCE IS AN EMPTY BOAST.

THE publication of the letter in my last paper has naturally led me to the consideration of that thirst after curiosities, which often draws contempt and ridicule upon itself, but which is perhaps no otherwise blameable, than as it wants those circumstantial recommendations which add lustre even to moral excellencies, and are absolutely necessary to the grace and beauty of indifferent actions.

Learning confers so much superiority on those who possess it, that they might probably have escaped all censure had they been able to agree among themselves; but as envy and competition have divided the republick of letters into factions, they have neglected the common interest; each has called in foreign aid, and endeavoured to strengthen his own cause by the frown of power, the hiss of ignorance, and the clamour of popularity. They have all engaged in feuds, till by mutual hostilities they demolished those outworks which veneration had raised for their security, and exposed themselves to barbarians, by whom every region of science is equally laid waste.

Between men of different studies and professions, may be observed a constant reciprocation of reproaches. The collector of shells and stones derides the folly of him who pastes leaves and flowers upon paper, pleases himself with colours that are perceptibly fading, and amasses with care what cannot be preserved. The hunter of insects stands amazed that any man can waste his short time upon lifeless matter, while many tribes of animals yet want their history. Every one is inclined not only to promote his own study, but to exclude all others from regard; and having heated his imagination with some favourite pursuit, wonders that the rest of mankind are not seized with the same passion.

There are, indeed, many subjects of study which seem but remotely allied to useful knowledge, and of little importance to happiness or virtue; nor is it easy to forbear some sallies of merriment, or expressions of pity, when we see a man wrinkled with attention, and emaciated with solicitude, in the investigation of questions, of which, without visible inconvenience, the world may expire in ignorance.

2. Yet it is dangerous to dissell-intended labours, or inno-osity: for he who is employed is, which by any deduction of nces tend to the benefit of life, audalfe, in comparison of those d their time in counteracting i, and filling the world with nd danger, confusion and re- No man can perform so little o have reason to congratulate n his merits, when he beholds tudes that live in total idleness, : never yet endeavoured to be

ossible to determine the limits y, or to foresee what conse- a new discovery may produce. suffers not his faculties to lie as a chance, whatever be his ent, of doing good to his fel-ures. The man that first rang- voods in search of medicinal or climbed the mountains for plants, has undoubtedly merit- attitude of posterity, how much s frequent miscarriages might e scorn of his contemporaries. ppears little be universally de- thing greater can be attained, at is great was at first little, and 's present bulk by gradual ac- and accumulated labours.

who lay out time or money in g matter for contemplation, are : entitled to some degree of re- ough in a flight of gaiety it be dicule their treasure, or in a fit nefs to despise it. A man who nly on the particular object be- , goes not away much illumi- having enjoyed the privilege of the tooth of a shark, or the white bear; yet there is nothing rthy of admiration to a philoso- e, than the structure of animals, i they are qualified to support e elements or climates to which : appropriated; and of all natural : must be generally confessed, y exhibit evidences of infinite bear their testimony to the su- ason, and excite in the mind new of gratitude, and new incentives

ollect the productions of art, mples of mechanical science or ibility, is unquestionably useful, n the things themselves are of ortance, because it is always

advantageous to know how far the hu- man powers have proceeded, and how much experience has found to be within the reach of diligence. Idleness and timidity often despair without being over- come, and forbear attempts for fear of being defeated; and we may promote the invigoration of faint endeavours, by shewing what has been already per- formed. It may sometimes happen that the greatest efforts of ingenuity have been exerted in trifles; yet the same prin- ciples and expedients may be applied to more valuable purposes, and the move- ments, which put into action machines of no use but to raise the wonder of ig- norance, may be employed to drain fens, or manufacture metals, to assist the arch- itect, or preserve the sailor.

For the utensils, arms, or dresses of foreign nations, which make the great- est part of many collections, I have lit- tle regard when they are valued only be- cause they are foreign, and can suggest no improvement of our own practice. Yet they are not all equally useless; nor can it be always safely determined, which should be rejected or retained: for they may sometimes unexpectedly contribute to the illustration of history, and to the knowledge of the natural commodities of the country, or of the genius and cus- toms of its inhabitants.

Rarities there are of yet a lower rank, which owe their worth merely to acci- dent, and which can convey no infor- mation, nor satisfy any rational desire. Such are many fragments of antiquity, as urns and pieces of pavement; and things held in veneration only for hav- ing been once the property of some emi- nent person, as the armour of King Henry; or, for having been used on some remarkable occasion, as the lan- tern of Guy Faux. The loss or pre- servation of these seems to be a thing indifferent; nor can I perceive why the possession of them should be coveted. Yet, perhaps, even this curiosity is im- planted by nature: and when I find Tuilly confessing of himself, that he could not forbear, at Athens, to visit the walks and houses which the old philoso- phers had frequented or inhabited, and recollect the reverence which every na- tion, civil and barbarous, has paid to the ground where merit has been buried, I am afraid to declare against the ge- neral voice of mankind, and am inclined to believe, that this regard, which we involun-



involuntarily pay to the meanest relique of a man great and illustrious, is intended as an incitement to labour, and an encouragement to expect the same reward, if it be sought by the same virtues.

The virtuoso, therefore, cannot be said to be wholly useless; but perhaps he may be sometimes culpable for confining himself to business below his genius, and losing, in petty speculations, those hours by which, if he had spent them in nobler studies, he might have given new light to the intellectual world. It is never without grief, that I find a man capable of ratiocination or invention enlisting himself in this secondary class of learning; for when he has once discovered a method of gratifying his desire of eminence by expence rather than by labour, and known the sweets of a life blest at once with the ease of idleness and the reputation of knowledge, he will not easily be brought to undergo again the toil of thinking, or leave his toys and trinkets for arguments and principles, arguments which require circumspection and vigilance, and principles which cannot be obtained but by the drudgery of meditation. He will gladly shut himself up for ever with his shells and medals, like the companions of

Ulysses, who having taste Lotos, would not, even by seeing their own country again to the dangers of th

ἄλλ' αὖτ' ἐβόλοντο μὲν ἄνδρας  
λατὼν ἐκπύεσθαι μέθυ, καὶ νῆας

———Who's tastes  
Insatiate riots in the sweet re  
Nor other home nor other care  
But quits his house, his com  
friends.

Collections of this kind the learned, as heaps of fit of timber are necessary to But to dig the quarry, or field, requires not much city, beyond stubborn perfection; genius must often without this humble assistance can claim little praise, if man can afford it.

To mean understanding ent honour to be numbered lowest labourers of learning abilities must find difficulty To hew stone, would have thy of Palladio; and to ha search of shells and flower suited with the capacity of

## Nº LXXXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY.

CUM ARUM FUERAS MOTOR, CHARIDEME, MEARUM,  
ET PUERI CUSTOS, ASSIDUUSQUE COMES.  
JAM MIHI NIGRESCUNT TONSA SUDARIA BARBA, —  
SED TIBI NON CREVI: TE MISTER VILICUS HORRET:  
TE DISPENSATOR, TE DOMUS IPSA PAVET.  
CORRIPIS, OBSERVAS, QUERERIS, SUSPIRIA DUCIS,  
ET VIX A FERULIS ABSTINET IRA MANUM.

MART.

YOU ROCK'D MY CRADLE, WERE MY GUIDE  
IN YOUTH, STILL TENDING AT MY SIDE:  
BUT NOW, DEAR SIR, MY BEARD IS GROWN,  
STILL I'M A CHILD TO THEE ALONE.  
OUR STEWARD, BUTLER, COOK, AND ALL,  
YOU FRIGHT; NAY, E'EN THE VERY WALL;  
YOU FRY, AND FROWN, AND GROWL, AND CHIDE,  
AND SCARCE WILL LAY THE ROD ASIDE.

F. LEWIS.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**Y**OU seem in all your papers to be an enemy to tyranny, and to look with impartiality upon the world: I shall therefore lay my case before you, and hope

by your decision to be set free from reasonable restraints, and certify myself against the accusation of spite and peevishness produced.

At the age of five years I ther; and my father not being to superintend the education

ed me to the care of his sister, trusted me with the authority, to deny her what she may justly with the affection of a parent. not very elevated sentiments or views, but her principles were and her intentions pure; and some may practise more virtues, ly commit fewer faults.

this good lady I learned all non rules of decent behaviour, ling maxims of domestick prudence might have grown up by de- a country gentlewoman, with- thoughts of ranging beyond the irhood, had not Flavia come last summer, to visit her rela- the next village. I was taken, e, to compliment the stranger; , at the first sight, surprised at ncern with which she saw her- l at by company whom she had own before; at the carelessness ich she received compliments, eadiness with which she re- hen. I found she had some- ich I perceived myself to want, d not but wish to be like her, asy and officious, attentive and rassed. I went home, and for s could think and talk of not Miss Flavia; though my aunt that she was a forward flirt, ght herself wise before her time. little time she repaid my visit, d in my heart a new confusion nd admiration. I soon saw her nd still found new charms in conversation, and behaviour. o have perhaps seen the world, e observed, that formality soon tween young persons. I know others are affected on such oc- but I found myself irresistibly o friendship and intimacy, by liar complaisance and airy gaiety ; so that in a few weeks I be- favourite, and all the time was ith me that she could gain from y and visit.

: came often to me, she necessa- : some hours with my aunt, to e paid great respect, by low s, submissive compliance, and iescence; but as I became gradu- : accustomed to her manners, I d that her civility was general; e was a certain degree of defe- wn by her to circumstances and es; that many went away flat-

tered by her humility, whom she de- spised in her heart; that the influence of far the greatest part of those with whom she conversed ceased with their presence; and that sometimes she did not remember the names of them whom, without any intentional insincerity or false commen- dation, her habitual civility had sent away with very high thoughts of their own importance.

It was not long before I perceived, that my aunt's opinion was not of much weight in Flavia's deliberations, and that she was looked upon by her as a woman of narrow sentiments, without knowledge of books, or observations on mankind. I had hitherto considered my aunt as entitled by her wisdom and ex- perience to the highest reverence; and could not forbear to wonder that any one so much younger should venture to suspect her of error, or ignorance: but my surprise was without uneasiness; and being now accustomed to think Flavia al- ways in the right, I readily learned from her to trust my own reason, and to believe it possible, that they who had lived longer might be mistaken.

Flavia had read much, and used so often to converse on subjects of learning, that she put all the men in the county to flight, except the old parson, who de- clared himself much delighted with her company, because she gave him oppor- tunities to recollect the studies of his younger years; and by some mention of ancient story, had made him rub the dust off his Homer, which had lain un- regarded in his closet. With Homer, and a thousand other names familiar to Flavia, I had no acquaintance; but be- gan, by comparing her accomplishments with my own, to repine at my education, and wish that I had not been so long confined to the company of those from whom nothing but housewifery was to be learned. I then set myself to peruse such books as Flavia recommended, and heard her opinion of their beauties and defects. I saw new worlds hourly burst- ing upon my mind, and was enraptured at the prospect of diversifying life with endless entertainment.

The old lady finding that a large screen, which I had undertaken to adorn with turkey-work against winter, made very slow advances, and that I had added in two months but three leaves to a flowered apron then in the frame, took the alarm, and with all the zeal of honest folly ex- claimed

claimed against my new acquaintance, who had filled me with idle notions, and turned my head with books. But she had now lost her authority, for I began to find innumerable mistakes in her opinions, and improprieties in her language; and therefore thought myself no longer bound to pay much regard to one who knew little beyond her needle and her dairy; and who professed to think that nothing more is required of a woman, than to see that the house is clean, and that the maids go to bed and rise at a certain hour.

She seemed, however, to look upon Flavia as seducing me, and to imagine that when her influence was withdrawn, I should return to my allegiance; she therefore contented herself with remote hints, and gentle admonitions, intermixed with sage histories of the miscarriages of wit, and disappointments of pride. But since she has found, that though Flavia is departed, I still persist in my new scheme, she has at length lost her patience, she snatches my book out of my hand, tears my paper if she finds me writing, burns Flavia's letters before my face when she can seize them, and threatens to lock me up, and to complain to my father of my perverseness. 'If women,' she says, 'would but know their duty and their interest, they would be careful to acquaint themselves with family affairs, and many a penny might be saved; for while the mistress of the house is scribbling and reading, servants are junketing, and linen is wearing out.' She then takes me round the rooms, shews me the worked hangings, and chairs of tent-stitch, and asks whether all this was done with a pen and a book.

I cannot deny, that I sometimes laugh, and sometimes am fullen; but she has not delicacy enough to be much moved either with my mirth or my gloom, if she did not think the interest of the family endangered by this change of my manners. She had for some years marked out young Mr. Surly, an heir in the neighbourhood, remarkable for his love of fighting-cocks, as an advantageous match; and was extremely pleased with the civilities which he used to pay me, till under Flavia's tuition I learned to talk of subjects which he could not understand. 'This,' she says, 'is the

consequence of female grow too wise to be advised; stubborn to be commanded; resolved to try who shall will thwart my humour to my spirit.

These menaces, Mr. Rastrel makes me quite angry; I have been sixteen these ten weeks myself exempted from the a governess, who has no more sense or knowledge. I am resolved, since I am as wise as other women, to be treated like a girl. Miss Flavia told me, that ladies of no assemblies and routes, with their aunts; I shun from this time, leave asking refuse to give accounts. I would state the time at which ladies may judge for themselves. I am sure you cannot but begin before sixteen; if inclined to delay it longer, very little regard to your

My aunt often tells me of the stages of experience, and of due to seniority; and both the antiquated part of the of the unreserved obedience paid to the commands of and the undoubting compliance which they listened to their the terrors which they felt and the humility with which complicated forgiveness when offended. I cannot but boast is too general to be to the young and the old we variance. I have, however, aunt, that I will mend what prove to be wrong; but she she has reasons of her own is sorry to live in an age with the impudence to ask for

I beg once again, Mr. Rastrel, know whether I am not as aunt; and whether, when to check me as a baby, I in up a spirit, and return her shall not proceed to extrem your advice, which is the gently expected by

P. S. Remember I am

° LXXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1751.

OTIA SI TOLLAS PERIERE CUPIDINIS ARCUS  
CONTEMPTÆQUE JACENT, ET SINE LUCE FACIES.

OVID.

AT BUSY HEARTS IN VAIN LOVE'S ARROWS FLY;  
DIM, SCORN'D, AND IMPOTENT, HIS TORCHES LIE.

ANY writers of eminence in physick have laid out their disquisitions upon the consideration of those disorders to which men are exposed by various states of life; and very learned physicians have been produced upon the effects of the camp, the sea, and the city.

There are, indeed, few employments which a man accustomed to anaesthetics, and medical refinements would not find reasons for deeming as dangerous to health, did not nature or experience inform him, that every occupation, however pleasant or formidable, is happier than a life of sloth.

The necessity of action is not only deducible from the fabric of the body, but from observation of the universal practice of mankind; who for the preservation of health in those whose wealth exempts them from the necessity of lucrative labour, have in sports and diversions, though not useful to the world with manual labour, yet of equal fatigue to those that are sedentary, and differing only from the idleness of the husbandman or mariner, as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the sense of compulsion. The huntsman, who pursues his game through dangers and obstructions of the swiftest rivers, and scales precipitous rocks, returns home no less harassed than a soldier, and has perhaps sometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds as yet he has no motive to incite him; he is neither subject to the dangers of a general, nor dreads any loss for neglect and disobedience; neither profit nor honour to expect from his perils and his conquests, but without the hope of mural or circumvallations, and must content himself with the praise of his tenants and countrymen.

Such is the constitution of man, that his soul may be styled its own reward, and will any external incentives

be requisite, if it be considered how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.

Ease is the utmost that can be hoped for from a sedentary and unactive habit; ease, a neutral state between pain and pleasure. The dance of spirits, the bound of vigour, readiness of enterprise, and defiance of fatigue, are reserved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and by frequent exposure fortifies his frame against the common accidents of cold and heat.

With ease, however, if it could be secured, many would be content; but nothing terrestrial can be kept at a stand. Ease, if it is not rising into pleasure, will be falling towards pain; and whatever hope the dreams of speculation may suggest of observing the proportion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy state by supplies exactly equal to its waste, we know that, in effect, the vital powers, unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that as their vigour fails, obstructions are generated; and that from obstructions proceed most of those pains which wear us away slowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they sometimes suffer life to be long, condemn it to be useless, chain us down to the couch of misery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronic from ourselves: the dart of death indeed falls from Heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.

It is necessary to that perfection of which

which our present state is capable, that the mind and body should both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be suffered to grow lax or torpid for want of use; that neither health be purchased by voluntary submission to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that health which must enable it either to give pleasure to it's possessor, or assistance to others. It is too frequently the pride of students to despise those amusements and recreations which give to the rest of mankind strength of limbs and cheerfulness of heart. Solitude and contemplation are indeed seldom consistent with such skill in common exercises or sports as is necessary to make them practised with delight; and no man is willing to do that of which the necessity is not pressing and immediate, when he knows that his awkwardness must make him ridiculous.

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,  
Indotusque Pilæ, Discive, Trochive quisq; sit,  
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune Coronæ.*

HOR.

He that's unskilful will not toss a ball,  
Nor run, nor wrestle, for he fears the fall;  
He justly fears to meet deserv'd disgrace,  
And that the ring will hiss the baffled ass.

CREECH.

Thus the man of learning is often resigned, almost by his own consent, to languor and pain; and while in the prosecution of his studies he suffers the weariness of labour, is subject by his course of life to the maladies of idleness.

It was, perhaps, from the observation of this mischievous omission in those who are employed about intellectual objects, that Locke has, in his System of Education, urged the necessity of a trade to men of all ranks and professions, that when the mind is weary with it's proper task, it may be relaxed by a slighter attention to some mechanical operation; and that while the vital functions are re-suscitated and awakened by vigorous motion, the understanding may be restrained from that vagrance and dissipation by which it relieves itself after a long intenseness of thought, unless some allurements be presented that may engage application without anxiety.

There is so little reason for expecting frequent conformity to Locke's precept, that it is not necessary to enquire whether

the practice of mechanical art not give occasion to petty emulation, degenerate ambition; and whether our divines and physicians wear the lathe and the chissel, they not think more of their tools than books; as Nero neglected the his empire for his chariot and horse. It is certainly dangerous to be tempted with little things; but there which may not be perverse, we remember how much worse might have been found hours which a manual occupation engrosses; let us compensate with the loss; and when we how often a genius is allured to studies, consider likewise, that by the same attractions he is withheld from debauchery, or from malice, from ambition, from and from lust.

I have always admired the wisdom of those by whom our female education is instituted; for having contrived every woman, of whatever condition should be taught some arts of industry, by which the vacuities of and domestick leisure may be filled. These arts are more necessary to the weakness of their sex and the system of life debar ladies from employments which, by divers circumstances of men, prefer from being cankered by the ruin of their own thoughts. I know not how the loss of the virtue and happiness of woman may be the consequence of this regulation. Perhaps, the most useful fancy might be unable to support confusion and slaughter that produced by so many piercing vivid understandings, turned once upon mankind, with business than to sparkle and in perplex and to destroy.

For my part, whenever chance within my observation a knot busy at their needles, I consider as in the school of virtue; and have no extraordinary skill in plain or embroidery, look upon the occupations with as much satisfaction governess, because I regard providing a security against dangerous ensnarers of the soul as abling themselves to exclude from their solitary moments, idleness her attendant train of fancies, and chimeras, fears,

res. Ovid and Cervantes will hem that Love has no power but few whom he catches unemployed; for, in the Iliad, when he sees Achille overwhelmed with terrors, for consolation to the loom and fl.

certain that any wild wish or vain notion never takes such firm possession of the mind, as when it is found unoccupied. The old principle, that *Nature abhors a*

*vacuum*, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however absurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

### XXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1751.

LEGITIMUMQUE SONUM DIGITIS CALLEMUS ET AURE.

Hor.

BY FINGERS, OR BY EAR, WE NUMBERS SCAN.

ELPHINSTON.

3 of the ancients has observed, that the burthen of government is laid upon princes by the virtues of mediate predecessors. It is, in every way dangerous to be placed in an unavoidable comparison with excellence, and the danger is still greater, when envy and interest cease to instil it; and those passions by which we are at first vilified and opposed, are turned in its defence, and turn their force against honest emulation.

But what succeeds a celebrated writer, and the same difficulties to encounter; he stands under the shade of exalted merit, hindered from rising to his natural height by the interception of those which should invigorate and sustain him. He applies to that attention which is already engaged, and unwilling to be drawn off from certain fancies; or perhaps to an attention wearied, and not to be recalled to the object.

One of the old poets congratulates that he has the untrodden of Parnassus before him, and the garland will be gathered from flowers which no writer had yet

But the imitator treads a beaten path, and with all his diligence may hope to find a few flowers or a spot untouched by his predecessor, free of contempt, or the omissions of negligence. The Macedonian conqueror, when he was once invited to sing that song like a nightingale, with contempt, that he had

heard the nightingale herself; and the same treatment must every man expect whose praise is that he imitates another.

Yet, in the midst of these discouraging reflections, I am about to offer to my reader some observations upon Paradise Lost; and hope that, however I may fall below the illustrious writer who has so long dictated to the commonwealth of learning, my attempt may not be wholly useless. There are, in every age, new errors to be rectified, and new prejudices to be opposed. False taste is always busy to mislead those that are entering upon the regions of learning; and the traveller, uncertain of his way, and forsaken by the sun, will be pleased to see a fainter orb arise on the horizon, that may rescue him from total darkness, though with weak and borrowed lustre.

Addison, though he has considered this poem under most of the general topics of criticism, has barely touched upon the versification; not probably because he thought the art of numbers unworthy of his notice, for he knew with how minute attention the ancient critics considered the disposition of syllables, and had himself given hopes of some metrical observations upon the great Roman poet; but being the first who undertook to display the beauties, and point out the defects of Milton, he had many objects at once before him, and passed willingly over those which were most barren of ideas, and required labour, rather than genius.

Yet versification, or the art of modulating his numbers, is indispensably

B b necessary

necessary to a poet. Every other power by which the understanding is enlightened, or the imagination enchanted, may be exercised in prose. But the poet has this peculiar superiority, that to all the powers which the perfection of every other composition can require, he adds the faculty of joining music with reason, and of acting at once upon the senses and the passions. I suppose there are few who do not feel themselves touched by poetical melody; and who will not confess that they are more or less moved by the same thoughts, as they are conveyed by different sounds, and more affected by the same words in one order than in another. The perception of harmony is indeed conferred upon men in degrees very unequal, but there are none who do not perceive it, or to whom a regular series of proportionate sounds cannot give delight.

In treating on the versification of Milton I am desirous to be generally understood, and shall therefore studiously decline the dialect of grammarians; though, indeed, it is always difficult, and sometimes scarcely possible, to deliver the precepts of an art, without the terms by which the peculiar ideas of that art are expressed, and which had not been invented but because the language already in use was insufficient. If therefore I shall sometimes seem obscure, may be imputed to this voluntary interdiction, and to a desire of avoiding that offence which is always given by unusual words.

The heroic measure of the English language may be properly considered as pure or mixed. It is pure when the accent rests upon every second syllable through the whole line.

Courage uncertain dangers may abate,  
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?

DRYDEN.

Here love his golden shafts employs, here  
lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple  
wings,  
Reigns here, and revels; not in the bought  
smile  
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, un-déar'd.

MILTON.

The accent may be observed, in the second line of Dryden, and the second and fourth of Milton; to repose upon every second syllable.

The repetition of this sound or percussion at equal times, is the most complete harmony of which a single verse is capable, and should therefore be exactly kept in distiches, and generally in the last line of a paragraph, that the ear may rest without any sense of imperfection.

But, to preserve the series of sounds untransposed in a long composition, is not only very difficult, but tiresome and disgusting; for we are soon wearied with the perpetual recurrence of the same cadence. Necessity has therefore enforced the mixed measure, in which some variation of the accents is allowed; this, though it always injures the harmony of the line considered by itself, yet compensates the loss by relieving us from the continual tyranny of the same sound, and makes us more sensible of the harmony of the pure measure.

Of these mixed numbers every poet affords us innumerable instances; and Milton seldom has two pure lines together, as will appear if any of his paragraphs be read with attention merely to the music.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and  
heav'n,  
Which they beheld; the moon's resplendent  
globe,

*And starry pole: thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the day,  
Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help.  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,  
For us too large; where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground;  
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race  
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.*

In this passage it will be at first observed, that all the lines are not equally harmonious, and upon a nearer examination it will be found that only the fifth and ninth lines are regular, and the rest are more or less licentious with respect to the accent. In some the accent is equally upon two syllables together, and in both strong. As—

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, *both stood,*  
*Both turn'd,* and under open sky ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and  
heav'n.

as the accent is equally upon two  
s, but upon both weak.

— a race  
the earth, who shall with us extol  
dness infinite, both when we wake,  
as we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

first pair of syllables the accent  
iate from the rigour of exactness,  
any unpleasing diminution of  
y, as may be observed in the  
ready cited, and more remark-  
this—

— Thou also mad'st the night,  
manipotent! and thou the day.

excepting in the first pair of syl-  
lables which may be considered as arbi-  
trary, not having the inven-  
tional knowledge of Milton, has more  
allure his audience by musical  
s, should seldom suffer more than  
variation from the rule in any  
case.

are two lines in this passage  
markedly unharmonious:

— This delicious place,  
so large; where thy abundance wants  
s, and uncrop'd falls to the ground.

the third pair of syllables in the  
first fourth pair in the second verse,  
in accents retrograde or inverted;  
syllable being strong or acute,  
second weak. The detriment  
to measure suffers by this inver-  
sion the accents is sometimes less per-

ceptible, when the verses are carried one  
into another, but is remarkably striking  
in this place, where the vicious verse  
concludes a period; and is yet more of-  
fensive in rhyme, when we regularly at-  
tend to the flow of every single line.  
This will appear by reading a couplet,  
in which Cowley, an author not suffi-  
ciently studious of harmony, has com-  
mitted the same fault:

— his harmless life  
Does with substantial blessedness abound,  
And the soft wings of peace cover him round.

In these the law of metre is very grossly  
violated by mingling combinations of  
sound directly opposite to each other, as  
Milton expresses in his sonnet, by *com-  
mitting short and long*, and setting one  
part of the measure at variance with the  
rest. The ancients, who had a lan-  
guage more capable of variety than ours,  
had two kinds of verse, the Iambick,  
consisting of short and long syllables al-  
ternately, from which our heroic mea-  
sure is derived, and the Trochaick, con-  
sisting in a like alternation of long and  
short. These were considered as oppo-  
sites, and conveyed the contrary images  
of speed and slowness; to confound them,  
therefore, as in these lines, is to deviate  
from the established practice. But where  
the senses are to judge, authority is not  
necessary, the ear is sufficient to detect  
dissonance, nor should I have sought  
auxiliaries on such an occasion against  
any name but that of Milton.

## LXXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1751.

INVIDUS, IRACUNDUS, INERS, VINOSUS, AMATOR,  
MEMO ADEO FERUS EST, UT NON MITHICERE POSSIT,  
SI MODO CULTURÆ PATIENTEM COMMODOET AUREM.

HOR.

THE SLAVE TO ENVY, ANGER, WINE, OR LOVE,  
THE WRETCH OF SLOTH, IT'S EXCELLENCE SHALL PROVE;  
FIERCENESS ITSELF SHALL HEAR IT'S RAGE AWAY,  
WHEN LIST'NING CALMLY TO TH' INSTRUCTIVE LAY.

FRANCIS.

A few things are so liberally  
bestowed, or squandered with so  
fast, as good advice, has been ge-  
nerally observed; and many sage posi-  
tions have been advanced concerning the  
remedy of this complaint, and the means  
of curing it. It is indeed an impor-

tant and noble enquiry, for little would  
be wanting to the happiness of life, if  
every man could conform to the right  
as soon as he was shown it.

This perverse neglect of the most salu-  
tary precepts, and stubborn resistance of  
the most pathetic persuasion, is usually  
B b 2 imputed



inputed to him by whom the counsel is received; and we often hear it mentioned as a sign of hopeleſs depravity, that though good advice was given, it has wrought no reformation.

Others, who imagine themſelves to have quicker ſagacity and deeper penetration, have found out, that the inefficacy of advice is uſually the fault of the counſellor, and rules have been laid down, by which this important duty may be ſucceſsfully performed: we are directed by what tokens to diſcover the favourable moment at which the heart is diſpoſed for the operation of truth and reaſon, with what addreſs to adminiſter, and with what vehicles to diſguiſe the *catharticks of the ſoul*.

But, notwithstanding this ſpecious expedient, we find the world yet in the ſame ſtate; advice is ſtill given, but ſtill received with diſguſt; nor has it appeared that the bitterneſs of the medicine has been yet abated, or it's power increaſed, by any methods of preparing it.

If we conſider the manner in which thoſe who aſſume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous or affectionate, are frequently uſeleſs. For what is the advice that is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence and inculcated with importunity, but failing for want of particular reference and immediate application.

It is not often that any man can have ſo much knowledge of another, as is neceſſary to make inſtruction uſeful. We are ſometimes not ourſelves conſcious of the original motives of our actions; and when we know them, our firſt care is to hide them from the ſight of others, and often from thoſe moſt diligently, whoſe ſuperiority either of power or underſtanding may intitle them to inſpect our lives; it is therefore very probable that he who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, miſtakes their cauſe; and that his preſcriptions avail nothing, becauſe he knows not which of the paſſions or deſires is vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of ſuperiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is moſt neceſſary or moſt judicious. But for the ſame reaſon every one is eager to

inſtruct his neighbours. To be to be virtuous, is to buy dignity importance at a high price; but nothing is neceſſary to elevation & teſtion of the follies or the faults of others, no man is ſo inſenſible voice of fame as to linger on the ground.

—*Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare,*

New ways I muſt attempt, my grovelin  
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to  
Dr

Vanity is ſo frequently the motive of advice, that we, for that part, ſummon our powers to op without any very accurate enquiry ther it is right. It is ſufficient ther is growing great in his own our expence, and aſſumes authority without our permiſſion; for would contentedly ſuffer the confeſ of their own miſtakes, rather diſinſolence of him who triumphs: deliverer.

It is, indeed, ſeldom found that advantages are enjoyed with that ration which the uncertainty of man good ſo powerfully enforces: therefore the adviſer may juſtly: that he has inflamed the oppoſition he laments by arrogance and ſuſuſneſs. He may ſuſpect, but not haſtily to condemn himſelf, can rarely be certain that the ſoft guage, or the moſt humble diſ would have eſcaped reſentment ſcarcely any degree of circum: can prevent or obviate the rage which the ſlothful, the impotent the unſucceſsful, vent their diſ upon thoſe that excel them. I itſelf, if it is praized, will be and there are minds ſo impatient feriority, that their gratitude is: of revenge, and they return bene becauſe recompence is a pleaſure becauſe obligation is a pain.

The number of thoſe whom of themſelves has thus far corru perhaps not great; but there are free from vanity, as not to do thoſe who will hear their inſtr with a viſible ſenſe of their own cence; and few to whom it is pleaſing to receive documents, tenderly and cauſtiously delivered

willing to raise themselves from  
ge, by disputing the propositions  
teacher.

is the maxim, I think, of Alphon-  
Arragon, that *dead counsellors are*

The grave puts an end to flat-  
and artifice, and the information  
: receive from books is pure from  
, fear, or ambition. Dead coun-  
are likewise most instructive; be-  
they are heard with patience and  
erence. We are not unwilling  
ve that man wiser than ourselves,  
those abilities we may receive ad-  
e, without any danger of rivalry  
osition, and who affords us the  
f his experience, without hurting  
es by flashes of insolence.

he consultation of books, whether  
d or living authors, many temp-  
to petulance and opposition,  
occur in oral conferences, are  
d. An author cannot obtrude  
vice unasked, nor can be often  
ed of any malignant intention to  
his readers with his knowledge or  
: . Yet so prevalent is the habit of  
ring ourselves with others, while  
main within the reach of our pas-  
that books are seldom read with  
te impartiality, but by those from  
the writer is placed at such a dis-  
hat his life or death is indifferent.

see that volumes may be perused,  
rused with attention, to little ef-  
and that maxims of prudence, or  
ples of virtue, may be treasured in  
emory without influencing the con-

Of the numbers that pass their  
mong books, very few read to be  
wiser or better, apply any general  
f of vice to themselves, or try their  
anners by axioms of justice. They  
e either to consume those hours  
ich they can find no other amuse-

ment, to gain or preserve that respect  
which learning has always obtained; or  
to gratify their curiosity with know-  
ledge, which, like treasures buried and  
forgotten, is of no use to others or them-  
selves.

‘ The preacher,’ says a French author,  
‘ may spend an hour in explaining and  
‘ enforcing a precept of religion, with-  
‘ out feeling any impression from his  
‘ own performance, because he may  
‘ have no further design than to fill up  
‘ his hour.’ A student may easily ex-  
haust his life in comparing divines and  
moralists, without any practical regard  
to morality or religion; he may be learn-  
ing, not to live, but to reason; he may  
regard only the elegance of style, just-  
ness of argument, and accuracy of meth-  
od; and may enable himself to criti-  
cise with judgment, and dispute with  
subtlety, while the chief use of his vo-  
lumes is unthought of, his mind is unaf-  
fected, and his life is unreformed.

But though truth and virtue are thus  
frequently defeated by pride, obsti-  
nacy, or folly, we are not allowed to  
desert them; for whoever can furnish  
arms which they hitherto have not em-  
ployed, may enable them to gain some  
hearts which would have resisted any  
other method of attack. Every man  
of genius has some arts of fixing the at-  
tention peculiar to himself, by which,  
honestly exerted, he may benefit man-  
kind; for the arguments for purity of  
life fail of their due influence, not be-  
cause they have been considered and  
confuted, but because they have been  
passed over without consideration. To  
the position of Tully, that if Virtue  
could be seen, she must be loved, may  
be added, that if Truth could be heard,  
she must be obeyed.

N<sup>o</sup> LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1751.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI;  
 AUDEBIT QUÆCUNQUE MINUS SPLENDORIS HABEBUNT,  
 AUT SINE PONDERE ERUNT, ET HONORE INDIGNA PERENTUR,  
 VERBA MOVERE LOCO, QUAMVIS INVITA RECEDANT,  
 ET VERSENTUR ADHUC INTRA PENETRALIA VESTÆ.

HOR.

BUT HE THAT HATH A CURIOUS PIECE DESIGN'D,  
 WHEN HE BEGINS, MUST TAKE A CENSOR'S MIND,  
 SEVERE AND HONEST; AND WHAT WORDS APPEAR  
 TOO LIGHT AND TRIVIAL, OR TOO WEAK TO BEAR  
 THE WEIGHTY SENSE, NOR WORTH THE READER'S CARE,  
 SHAKE OFF; THO' STUBBORN, THEY ARE LOTH TO MOVE,  
 AND THO' WE FANCY, DEARLY THO' WE LOVE.

CREECH.

THERE is no reputation for 'genius,' says Quintilian, 'to be gained by writing on things which, however necessary, have little splendor or show. The height of a building attracts the eye, but the foundations lie without regard. Yet since there is not any way to the top of science, but from the lowest parts, I shall think nothing unconnected with the art of oratory, which he that wants cannot be an orator.'

Confirmed and animated by this illustrious precedent, I shall continue my enquiries into Milton's art of versification. Since, however minute the employment may appear, of analysing lines into syllables, and whatever ridicule may be incurred by a solemn deliberation upon accents and pauses, it is certain that without this petty knowledge no man can be a poet; and that from the proper disposition of single sounds results that harmony that adds force to reason, and gives grace to sublimity; that shackles attention, and governs passions.

That verse may be melodious and pleasing, it is necessary, not only that the words be so ranged as that the accent may fall in it's proper place, but that the syllables themselves be so chosen as to flow smoothly into one another. This is to be effected by a proportionate mixture of vowels and consonants, and by tempering the mute consonants with liquids and semivowels. The Hebrew grammarians have observed, that it is impossible to pronounce two consonants without the intervention of a vowel, or without some emission of the breath between one and the other; this is longer and more perceptible, as the sounds of

the consonants are less harmonically conjoined, and, by consequence, the flow of the verse is longer interrupted.

It is pronounced by Dryden, that a line of monosyllables is almost always harsh. This, with regard to our language, is evidently true, not because monosyllables cannot compose harmony, but because our monosyllables being of Teutonic original, or formed by contraction, commonly begin and end with consonants, as—

—Every lower faculty  
*Of sense, whereby they bear, see, smell, touch,*  
*taste.*

The difference of harmony arising principally from the collocation of vowels and consonants, will be sufficiently conceived by attending to the following passages:

Immortal Amarant—there grows  
 And flows aloft, shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss through midst  
 of Heav'n

*Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;*  
 With these that never fade, the spirits elect  
*Bind their resplendent locks in wreath'd with*  
*beams.*

The same comparison that I propose to be made between the fourth and sixth verses of this passage, may be repeated between the last lines of the following quotations:

Under foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay  
*Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with*  
*stone*  
 Of costliest emblem.

Here in close recess,  
 With flowers, gillies, and sweet-smelling  
 herbs,

Elysiak

*ispos'd Eve first deck'd her nuptial bed;  
And heav'nly choirs the hymenean sung.*

Milton, whose ear had been accustomed, not only to the musick of the ancient tongues, which, however vitiated by our pronunciation, excel all that are now in use, but to the softness of the Italian, the most mellituous of all modern poetry, seems fully convinced of the unsuitableness of our language for smooth versification, and is therefore pleas'd with an opportunity of calling in a sister word to his assistance; for this reason, and I believe for this only, he sometimes indulges himself in a long series of proper names, and introduces them where they add little but musick to his poem.

— The richer seat  
Of Atabaipe, and yet unspoil'd  
Guiana, whose great city Gerion's sons  
Call El Dorado. —

The moon—The Tuscan artist views  
At evening, from the top of Fesole  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands. —

He has indeed been more attentive to his syllables than to his accents, and does not often offend by collisions of consonants, or openings of vowels upon each other, at least not more often than other writers who have had less important or complicated subjects to take off their care from the cadence of their lines.

The great peculiarity of Milton's versification, compared with that of later poets, is the elision of one vowel before another, or the suppression of the last syllable of a word ending with a vowel, when a vowel begins the following word. As—

Knowledge—  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

This licence, though now disused in English poetry, was practis'd by our old writers, and is allowed in many other languages, ancient and modern; and therefore the critics on *Paradise Lost* have, without much deliberation, commended Milton for continuing it. But one language cannot communicate it's rules to another. We have already tried and rejected the hexameter of the ancients, the double close of the Italians,

and the alexandrine of the French; and the elision of vowels, however graceful it may seem to other nations, may be very unsuitable to the genius of the English tongue.

There is reason to believe that we have negligently lost part of our vowels, and that the silent *e* which our ancestors added to most of our monosyllables, was once vocal. By this detraction of our syllables, our language is overstocked with consonants, and it is more necessary to add vowels to the beginning of words, than to cut them off from the end.

Milton therefore seems to have somewhat mistaken the nature of our language, of which the chief defect is ruggedness and asperity, and has left our harsh cadences yet harsher. But his elisions are not all equally to be censured; in some syllables they may be allowed, and perhaps in a few may be safely imitated. The abscission of a vowel is undoubtedly vicious when it is strongly sounded, and makes, with it's associate consonant, a full and audible syllable.

—What he gives,  
Spiritual, may to purest spirits be found,  
No ingrateful food, and food alike these pure  
Intelligent substances require.

Fruits—Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.

—Evening now approach'd,  
For we have also our evening and our morn.

Of guests he makes them slaves,  
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males.

And vital Virtue infus'd, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid mass. —

God made *thee* of choice his own, and of  
his own  
To serve him.

I believe every reader will agree that in all those passages, though not equally in all, the musick is injured, and in some the meaning obscured. There are other lines in which the vowel is cut off, but it is so faintly pronounced in common speech, that the loss of it in poetry is scarcely perceived; and therefore such compliance with the measure may be allowed.

Nature breeds  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable; and worse  
Than fables yet have feign'd—

—From the shore  
They view'd the vast immensurable abyss.  
Impene-

Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire.  
To none communicable in earth or heav'n.

Yet even these contractions encrease the roughness of a language too rough already; and though in long poems they may be sometimes suffered, it never can be faulty to forbear them.

Milton frequently uses in his poems the hypermetrical or redundant line of eleven syllables.

—Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in woman over-trusting  
Lets her will rule—

I also err'd in over-much admiring

Verbes of this kind occur all every page; but though they are pleasing or dissonant, they ought to be admitted into heroick poetry the narrow limits of our language us no other distinction of epick a gick measures, than is afforded liberty of changing at will the tensions of the dramatick lines, and by them by that relaxation of metrical gour nearer to prose.

## Nº LXXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1711

DULCE EST DESIDERE IN LOCO.

HOR.

WISDOM AT PROPER TIMES IS WELL FORGOT.

**L**OCKE, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favourer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced, that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigour, must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to spend a whole life in profound study and intense meditation, and the most rigorous exacters of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amusement.

It is certain, that, with or without our consent, many of the few moments allotted us will slide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break from confinement to it's stated task, into sudden excursions. Severe and connected attention is preserved but for a short time; and when a man shuts himself up in his closet, and bends his thoughts to the discussion of any abstruse question, he will find his faculties continually stealing away to more pleasing entertainments. He often perceives himself transported, he knows not how, to distant tracts of thought; and return to his first object as from a dream, without knowing when he forsook it, or how long he has been abstracted from it.

It has been observed, that the most studious are not always the most learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens, that the most reclusive are not

the most vigorous prosecutors of Many inpose upon the world, an upon themselves, by an appear severe and exemplary diligence; they, in reality, give themselves the luxury of fancy, please their with regulating the past, or plotting the future; place themselves in varied situations of happiness: slumber away their days in visions. In the journey of life are left behind, because they are naturally feeble and slow; some they miss the way; and many they leave it by choice, and in pressing onward with a steady plight themselves with momentary tions, turn aside to pluck every and repose in every shade.

There is nothing more fatal to whose business is to think, than learned the art of regaling himself with those airy gratifications. vices or follies are restrained by reformed by admonition, or by the conviction which the comparison of our conduct with that of others time produce. But this invisible the mind, this secret prodigality of is secure from detection, and free reproach. The dreamer retires apartments, shuts out the cares; interruptions of mankind, and ab himself to his own fancy; new rise up before him, one image lowed by another, and a long series of delights dances round him. at last called back to life by nature by custom, and enters periodically

because he cannot model it to his ill. He returns from his idleness with the asperity, though not knowledge, of a student, and again to the same felicity with earnestness of a man bent upon the attainment of some favourite science. Idleness strengthens by degrees, the poison of opiates, weakens the mind, without any external sympathy.

It opens, indeed, that these hypochondriacal learning are in time detected, and are followed by disgrace and disappointment of the difference between the life of thought, and the sport of idleness.

But this discovery is often too late till it is too late to recover that has been fooled away. A sudden accident may, indeed, awaken to a more early sense of their error and their shame. But they who are conscious of the necessity of breaking through this habitual drowsiness, too late in spite of their resolution; ideal seducers are always near, and any particularity of time nor necessary to their influence; they are felt without warnings, and when charmed down resistance bears no approach is perceived or successful.

In captivity, however, it is necessary every man to break, who has never been to be wise or useful, to pass with the esteem of others, or to look with satisfaction from his old life in his earlier years. In order to be happy, he must find the means of pleasure from himself; he must, in opposition to the Stoick precept, teach himself to fix upon external things; he must not fix upon the joys and the pains of idleness and excite in his mind the want of pleasures and amicable company.

It is perhaps, not impossible to procure of this mental malady, by application to some new study may pour in fresh ideas, and industry in perpetual motion. But it ruins solitude, and solitude is dangerous in those who are too accustomed to sink into themselves. Idleness, employment, or public pleasure, is a necessary part of this intellectual life, without which, though wisdom may be obtained, a complete will scarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obstinate disease of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicated by time, the remedy is one of the hardest tasks of reason and of virtue. It's slightest attacks, therefore, should be watchfully opposed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotick infection beginning to seize him, should turn his whole attention against it, and check it at the first discovery by proper counteraction.

The great resolution to be formed, when happiness and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is, that no part of life be spent in a state of neutrality or indifference; but that some pleasure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labour; and that, whenever the necessary business of life grows irksome or disgusting, an immediate transition be made to diversion and gaiety.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to agitate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practised in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is banished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us, is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleasure, has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but contribute more or less to future advantage. He that amuses himself among well chosen companions, can scarcely fail to receive, from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints; nor can converse on the most familiar topics, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wife and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals.

tervals. Heroick generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumbers all minds from awe and solicitude, invites the modest to freedom, and exalts the timorous to confidence. This easy gaiety is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no lasting advantage, will always keep our affections while their

sprightliness and mirth contribute to our pleasure.

Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war, and palaces of pleasure; we look on the height and strength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, for we cannot think of defence without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed by them on the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters; with protectors we are safe, with companions we are happy.

## Nº XC. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1751.

IN TENUI LABOR.

VIRG.

WHAT TOIL IN SLENDER THINGS!

**I**T is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of literature without failing either to please or instruct. Too much nicety of detail disgusts the greatest part of readers; and to throw a multitude of particulars under general heads, and lay down rules of extensive comprehension, is to common understandings of little use. They who undertake these subjects are therefore always in danger, as one or other inconvenience arises to their imagination, of frightening us with rugged science, or amusing us with empty sound.

In criticising the work of Milton, there is, indeed, opportunity to intersperse passages that can hardly fail to relieve the languors of attention; and since, in examining the variety and choice of the pauses with which he has diversified his numbers, it will be necessary to exhibit the lines in which they are to be found, perhaps the remarks may be well compensated by the examples, and the irksomeness of grammatical disquisitions somewhat alleviated.

Milton formed his scheme of versification by the poets of Greece and Rome, whom he proposed to himself for his models, so far as the difference of his language from theirs would permit the imitation. There are indeed many inconveniences inseparable from our heroick measure compared with that of

Homer and Virgil; inconveniences, which it is no reproach to Milton not to have overcome, because they are in their own nature insuperable; but against which he has struggled with so much art and diligence, that he may at least be said to have deserved success.

The hexameter of the ancients may be considered as consisting of fifteen syllables, so melodiously disposed, that as every one knows who has examined the poetical authors, very pleasing and sonorous lyric measures are formed from the fragments of the heroick. It is, indeed, scarce possible to break them in such a manner but that *invenias etiam disjuncti membra poetæ*, some harmony will still remain, and the due proportions of sound will always be discovered. This measure therefore allowed great variety of pauses, and great liberties of connecting one verse with another, because wherever the line was interrupted, either part singly was musical. But the ancients seem to have confined this privilege to hexameters; for in their other measures, though longer than the English heroick, those who wrote after the refinements of versification, venture so seldom to change their pauses, that every variation may be supposed rather a compliance with necessity than the choice of judgment.

Milton was constrained within the narrow

imits of a measure not very  
in the utmost perfection;  
parts, therefore, into which it  
sometimes broken by pauses,  
danger of losing the very form  
This has, perhaps, notwith-  
all his care, sometimes hap-

mony is the end of poetical  
no part of a verse ought to be  
ed from the rest as not to re-  
more harmonious than prose,  
ow, by the disposition of the  
at it is part of a verse. This  
e old hexameter might be easi-  
ed, but in English will very  
y be in danger of violation; for  
and regularity of accents can-  
be perceived in a succession of  
an three syllables, which will  
he English poet to only five  
: being supposed that, when he  
one line with another, he should  
ce a full pause at less distance  
of three syllables from the be-  
end of a verse.

his rule should be universally  
pensably established, perhaps  
: granted; something may be  
variety, and something to the  
of the numbers to the subject;  
I be found generally necessary,  
it will seldom fail to suffer by  
it.

When a single syllable is cut off  
rest, it must either be united to  
ith which the sense connects  
ounded alone. If it be united  
r line, it corrupts it's har-  
disjoined, it must stand alone,  
egard to musick be superflu-  
here is no harmony in a single  
cause it has no proportion to

scribes austere talk,  
s impure what God declares  
ommands to some, leaves free to

wo syllables likewise are ab-  
om the rest, they evidently  
associate sounds to make them  
s.

-Eyes—  
—more wakeful than to drowse,  
ish Arcadian pipe, the pastoral  
or his opiate rod. *Meanwhile*

To re-salute the world with sacred light  
Leucothea wak'd.

He ended, and the sun gave signal high  
To the bright minister that watch'd: he *blew*  
His trumpet.

First in the east his glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude through heav'n's high road;  
*the gray*  
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet influence.

The same defect is perceived in the  
following line, where the pause is at the  
second syllable from the beginning.

The race  
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
To rapture, 'till the savage clamour drown'd  
Both harp and voice; nor could the muse defend  
*Her son*. So fail not thou, who thee implores:

When the pause falls upon the third  
syllable or the seventh, the harmony is  
better preserved; but as the third and  
seventh are weak syllables, the period  
leaves the ear unsatisfied, and in expec-  
tation of the remaining part of the verse.

He, with his horrid crew,  
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulph,  
Confounded though immortal. But his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the  
thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him.

God—with frequent intercourse,  
Thither will send his winged messengers  
On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
The glorious train ascending.

It may be, I think, established as a  
rule, that a pause which concludes a  
period should be made for the most part  
upon a strong syllable, as the fourth and  
sixth; but those pauses which only su-  
spend the sense may be placed upon the  
weaker. Thus the rest in the third line  
of the first passage satisfies the ear better  
than in the fourth, and the close of the  
second quotation better than of the third.

The evil soon  
Drawn back, redounded (as a flood) on those  
From whom it *sprung*; impossible to mix  
With *blessedness*.

—What we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
C c 2 One



One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
Tending to *wild*.

The paths and bow'rs doubt not but our  
joint hands  
Will keep from wilderness with ease as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist *us*.

The rest in the fifth place has the same  
inconvenience as in the seventh and third,  
that the syllable is weak.

Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with  
fowl,  
And fish with fish, to graze the herb all leaving,  
Devour'd each *other*: nor stood much in awe  
Of man, but fled *him*, or with countenance  
grim,  
Glar'd on him passing.

The noblest and most majestic pauses  
which our versification admits, are upon  
the fourth and sixth syllables; which  
are both strongly founded in a pure and  
regular verse, and at either of which the  
line is so divided, that both members  
participate of harmony.

But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light *appears*, and from the walls of heav'n  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night  
A glimmering *dawn*: here nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and chaos to retire.

But far above all others, if I can give  
any credit to my own ear, is the rest upon

the sixth syllable, which taking in a com-  
plete compass of sound, such as is suffi-  
cient to constitute one of our lyric mea-  
sures, makes a full and solemn close.  
Some passages which conclude at this  
stop, I could never read without some  
strong emotions of delight or admiration.

Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
Thou with the eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister; and with her didst play  
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy celestial song.

Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old;  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,  
Thrice happy isles! But who dwelt happy there,  
He said not to inquire.

He blew  
His trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since, perhaps  
When God descended; and, perhaps, once  
more  
To sound at general doom.

If the poetry of Milton be examined,  
with regard to the pauses and flow of  
his verses into each other, it will appear,  
that he has performed all that our lan-  
guage would admit; and the compari-  
son of his numbers with those who have  
cultivated the same manner of writing,  
will show that he excelled as much in the  
lower as the higher parts of his art, and  
that his skill in harmony was not less  
than his invention or his learning.

## Nº XCI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1751.

DULCIS INEXPERTIS CULTURA POTENTIS AMICI,  
EXPERTUS METUIT.

HOR.

TO COURT THE GREAT ONES, AND TO SOOTH THEIR PRIDE,  
SEEMS A SWEET TASK TO THOSE THAT NEVER TRIED;  
BUT THOSE THAT HAVE, KNOW WELL THAT DANGER'S NEAR.

CREECH.

**T**HE Sciences having long seen their  
votaries labouring for the benefit  
of mankind without reward, put up their  
petition to Jupiter for a more equitable  
distribution of riches and honours. Ju-  
piter was moved at their complaints,  
and touched with the approaching mi-  
series of men; whom the Sciences, wea-  
ried with perpetual ingratitude, were now  
threatening to forsake; and who would  
have been reduced by their departure to  
*feed in dens upon the mast of trees, to*  
*hunt their prey in deserts, and to perish*

under the paws of animals stronger and  
fiercer than themselves.

A synod of the celestials was there-  
fore convened, in which it was resolved,  
that Patronage should descend to the  
assistance of the Sciences. Patronage  
was the daughter of *Astrea*, by a mor-  
tal father, and had been educated in the  
school of Truth, by the goddesses,  
whom she was now appointed to protect.  
She had from her mother that dignity of  
aspect, which struck terror into false me-  
rit; and from her mistress that reserve  
which

made her only accessible to those Sciences brought into her pre-

came down, with the general action of all the powers that favour. Hope danced before her, and stood at her side, ready to by her direction the gifts which, who followed her, was come to supply. As she advanced Parnassus, the cloud which had ng over it, was immediately dis-

The shades, before withered ought, spread their original verd the flowers that had languished ilness brightened their colours, gorged their scents; the Muses airharp and exerted their voices; the concert of nature welcomed ral.

Parnassus she fixed her residence, ace raised by the Sciences, and with whatever could delight the rate the imagination, or enlarge rtanding. Here she dispersed of Fortune with the impartiality e, and the discernment of Truth. e stood always open, and Hope e portal, inviting to entrance all the Sciences numbered in their The court was therefore thronged umerable multitudes, of whom, many returned disappointed, sel- y had confidence to complain; onage was known to neglect few, want of the due claims to her

Those, therefore, who had so- er favour without success, ge- withdrew from public notice; er diverted their attention to employments, or endeavoured to their deficiencies by closer ap- s.

me, however, the number of so had miscarried in their pre- grew so great, that they became med of their repulses; and in- hiding their disgrace in retire- began to besiege the gates of the and obstruct the entrance of such thought likely to be more ca-

The decisions of Patronage, s but half a goddess, had been es erroneous; and though she made haste to rectify her mistakes, stances of her fallibility encour- ery one to appeal from her judg- his own and that of his com- who are always ready to cla-

mour in the common cause, and elate each other with reciprocal applause.

Hope was a steady friend to the dis- appointed, and Impudence incited them to accept a second invitation, and lay their claim again before Patronage. They were again, for the most part, sent back with ignominy, but found Hope not alienated, and Impudence more reso- lutely zealous; they therefore contrived new expedients, and hoped at last to pre- vail by their multitudes which were al- ways increasing, and their perseverance which Hope and Impudence forbade them to relax.

Patronage having been long a stranger to the heavenly assemblies, began to de- generate towards terrestrial nature, and forget the precepts of Justice and Truth. Instead of confining her friendship to the Sciences, she suffered herself, by little and little, to contract an acquaintance with Pride, the son of Falshood, by whose embraces she had two daughters, Flattery and Caprice. Flattery was nursed by Liberalism, and Caprice by Fortune, without any assistance from the lessons of the Sciences.

Patronage began openly to adopt the sentiments and imitate the manners of her husband, by whose opinion she now directed her decisions with very little heed to the precepts of Truth; and as her daughters continually gained upon her affections, the Sciences lost their in- fluence, till none found much reason to boast of their reception, but those whom Caprice or Flattery conducted to her throne.

The throngs who had so long waited, and so often been dismissed for want of recommendation from the Sciences, were delighted to see the power of those rigo- rous goddesses tending to its extinction. Their patronesses now renewed their en- couragements. Hope smiled at the ap- proach of Caprice, and Impudence was always at hand to introduce her clients to Flattery.

Patronage had now learned to procure herself reverence by ceremonies and for- malities, and instead of admitting her petitioners to an immediate audience, or- dered the antechamber to be erected, called among mortals, the *Hall of Ex- pectation*. Into this hall the entrance was easy to those whom Impudence had consigned to Flattery, and it was there- fore crowded with a promiscuous throng, assembled

assembled from every corner of the earth, pressing forward with the utmost eagerness of desire, and agitated with all the anxieties of competition.

They entered this general receptacle with ardour and alacrity, and made no doubt of speedy access, under the conduct of Flattery, to the possession of Patronage. But it generally happened that they were here left to their destiny, for the inner doors were committed to Caprice, who opened and shut them, as it seemed, by chance, and refused or admitted without any settled rule or direction. In the meantime, the miserable attendants were left to wear out their lives in alternate exultation and dejection, delivered up to the sport of Suspicion, who was always whispering into their ear designs against them which were never formed, and of Envy, who diligently pointed out the good fortune of one or other of their competitors. Infamy flew round the hall, and scattered mildews from her wings, with which every one was stained; Reputation followed her with slower flight, and endeavoured to hide the blemishes with paint, which was immediately brushed away, or separated of itself, and left the stains more visible; nor were the spots of Infamy ever effaced, but with limpid water effused by the hand of Time from a well which sprang up beneath the throne of Truth.

It frequently happened that Science, unwilling to lose the ancient prerogative of recommending to Patronage, would lead her followers into the *Hall of Expectation*; but they were soon discouraged from attending, for not only Envy and Suspicion incessantly tormented them, but Impudence considered them as intruders, and incited Infamy to blacken them. They therefore quickly retired, but seldom without some spots which they could scarcely wash away, and which shewed that they had once waited in the *Hall of Expectation*.

The rest continued to expect the happy moment, at which Caprice should beckon them to approach; and envied, and vowed to propitiate her, not with Homineal harmony, the representation of great actions, or the recital of noble sentiments, but with soft and voluptuous melody, intermingled with the praises of Patronage and I ride, by whom they were heard at once with pleasure and contempt.

Some were indeed admitted by Caprice, when they least expected it, and heaped by Patronage with the gifts of Fortune, but they were from that time chained to her foot-stool, and condemned to regulate their lives by her glances and her nods; they seemed proud of their manacles, and seldom complained of any drudgery, however servile, or any affront, however contemptuous; yet they were often, notwithstanding their obedience, seized on a sudden by Caprice, divested of their ornaments, and thrust back into the *Hall of Expectation*.

Here they mingled again with the tumult, and all, except a few whom experience had taught to seek happiness in the regions of liberty, continued to spend hours, and days, and years, courting the smile of Caprice by the arts of Flattery; till at length new crowds pressed in upon them, and drove them forth at different outlets into the habitations of Disease, and Shame, and Poverty, and Despair, where they passed the rest of their lives in narratives of promises and breaches of faith, of joys and sorrows, of hopes and disappointments.

The Sciences, after a thousand indignities, retired from the palace of Patronage, and having long wandered over the world in grief and distress, were led at last to the cottage of Independence, the daughter of Fortitude; where they were taught by Prudence and Parsimony to support themselves in dignity and quiet.

## I. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1751.

UNC MINACI MURMUR CORNUUM  
RINGIS AURES, JAM LITUI STREPUNT.

HOR.

NOW THE CLARION'S VOICE I HEAR,  
BREATHING MURMURS PIERCE MINE EAR;  
N THY LIPS WITH BRAZEN BREATH  
RUMPET SOUNDS THE CHARGE OF DEATH.

FRANCIS.

long observed, that the  
ity is vague and unde-  
in different minds, and  
me or piece. It has been  
o used to signify that  
s we know not why, and  
tion of which we can  
only by the concurrence  
thout much power of en-  
nion upon others by any  
example and authority.  
little subject to the exa-  
ason, that Paschal sup-  
where demonstration be-  
ains, that without incon-  
ridity we cannot speak of  
uty.

the sources of that vari-  
which we ascribe to the  
ity, or to disentangle all  
s involved in it's idea,  
s, require a very great  
of Aristotle or Plato. It  
a many cases, apparent  
y is merely relative and  
hat we pronounce things  
use they have something  
t, for whatever reason, to  
a greater degree than we  
stomed to find it in other  
same kind; and that we  
thet as our knowledge in-  
appropriate it to higher ex-  
higher excellence coins  
e.

e beauty of writing is of  
therefore Boileau justly  
he hooks which have stood  
and been admired through  
which the mind of man  
m the various revolutions  
and the prevalence of con-  
have a better claim to our  
ry modern can boast, be-  
continuance of their repu-  
that they are adequate to  
und agreeable to nature.

It is, however, the task of criticism  
to establish principles; to improve opi-  
nion into knowledge; and to distinguish  
those means of pleasing which depend  
upon known causes and rational de-  
duction, from the nameless and inex-  
plicable elegancies which appeal wholly  
to the fancy, from which we feel de-  
light, but know not how they produce  
it, and which may well be termed the  
enchantresses of the soul. Criticism re-  
duces those regions of literature under  
the dominion of science, which have hi-  
therto known only the anarchy of igno-  
rance, the caprices of fancy, and the  
tyranny of prescription.

There is nothing in the art of verifi-  
ing so much exposed to the power of  
imagination as the accommodation of the  
sound to the sense, or the representation  
of particular images, by the flow of the  
verse in which they are expressed. Every  
student has innumerable passages, in  
which he, and perhaps he alone, dis-  
covers such resemblances; and since the  
attention of the present race of poetical  
readers seems particularly turned upon  
this species of elegance, I shall endea-  
vour to examine how much these con-  
formities have been observed by the  
poets, or directed by the critics, how  
far they can be established upon nature  
and reason; and on what occasions they  
have been practised by Milton.

Homer, the father of all poetical  
beauty, has been particularly celebrated  
by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, as *that*,  
*of all the poets, exhibited the greatest*  
*variety of sound*; 'For there are,' says  
he, 'innumerable passages, in which  
'length of time, bulk of body, extremity  
'of passion, and stillness of repose; or,  
'in which, on the contrary, brevity,  
'speed, and eagerness, are evidently  
'marked out by the sound of the syllables.  
'Thus the anguish and slow pace with  
'which the blind Polyphemus groped out  
'with

assembled from every corner of the earth, pressing forward with the utmost eagerness of desire, and agitated with all the anxieties of competition.

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N<sup>o</sup> XCII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1751.JAM NUNC MINACI MURMUR CORNUM  
PERSTRINGIS AURES; JAM LITUI STREPUNT.

HOR.

LO! NOW THE CLARION'S VOICE I HEAR,  
IT'S THREAT'NING MURMURS PIERCE MINE EAR;  
AND IN THY LIPS WITH BRAZEN SPEATH  
THE TRUMPET SOUNDS THE CHARGE OF DEATH.

FRANCIS.

IT has been long observed, that the idea of beauty is vague and undefined, different in different minds, and diversified by time or place. It has been a term hitherto used to signify that which pleases us we know not why, and in our approbation of which we can justify ourselves only by the concurrence of numbers, without much power of enforcing our opinion upon others by any argument, but example and authority. It is, indeed, so little subject to the examinations of reason, that Pafchal supposes it to end where demonstration begins, and maintains, that without incongruity and absurdity we cannot speak of *geometrical beauty*.

To trace all the sources of that various pleasure which we ascribe to the agency of beauty, or to disentangle all the perceptions involved in it's idea, would, perhaps, require a very great part of the life of Aristotle or Plato. It is, however, in many cases, apparent that this quality is merely relative and comparative; that we pronounce things beautiful because they have something which we agree, for whatever reason, to call beauty, in a greater degree than we have been accustomed to find it in other things of the same kind; and that we transfer the epithet as our knowledge increases, and appropriate it to higher excellence, when higher excellence comes within our view.

Much of the beauty of writing is of this kind; and therefore Boileau justly remarks, that the books which have stood the test of time, have been admired through the changes which the mind of man has suffered from the various revolutions of knowledge, and the prevalence of contrary customs, have a better claim to our regard than any modern can boast, because the long continuance of their reputation proves that they are adequate to our faculties, and agreeable to nature.

It is, however, the task of criticism to establish principles; to improve opinion into knowledge; and to distinguish those means of pleasing which depend upon known causes and rational deduction, from the nameless and inexplicable elegancies which appeal wholly to the fancy, from which we feel delight, but know not how they produce it, and which may well be termed the enchantresses of the soul. Criticism reduces those regions of literature under the dominion of science, which have hitherto known only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of prescription.

There is nothing in the art of versifying so much exposed to the power of imagination as the accommodation of the sound to the sense, or the representation of particular images, by the flow of the verse in which they are expressed. Every student has innumerable passages, in which he, and perhaps he alone, discovers such resemblances; and since the attention of the present race of poetical readers seems particularly turned upon this species of elegance, I shall endeavour to examine how much these conformities have been observed by the poets, or directed by the critics, how far they can be established upon nature and reason, and on what occasions they have been practised by Milton.

Homer, the father of all poetical beauty, has been particularly celebrated by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, as *he that, of all the poets, exhibited the greatest variety of sounds*; 'For there are,' says he, 'innumerable passages, in which length of time, bulk of body, extremity of passion, and stillness of repose; or, in which, on the contrary, brevity, speed, and eagerness, are evidently marked out by the sound of the syllables.' Thus the anguish and slow pace with which the blind Polyphemus groped out  
with

- \* with his hands the entrance of his cave,
- \* are perceived in the cadence of the verses which describe it.

Κύκλωψ δὲ ἐνὶ ἄλυσσιν τε καὶ ἰδὼν ἰδούσας,  
Χερσὶ ψάλλει· ὦν—————

Mean time the *cyclo*praging with his wound,  
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round  
and round.

POPE.

The critick then proceeds to shew, that the efforts of Achilles struggling in his armour against the current of a river, sometimes resisting and sometimes yielding, may be perceived in the elisions of the syllables, the slow succession of the feet, and the strength of the consonants.

Διὸς δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλλῆα κυκλώπῃσιν ἱερὰ τοῦ κ' ἔμα.  
Ὡδαὶ δ' ἐν σάκκῃσι· πρὸς τῇ γὰρ ὕδα' ὕδα' πρὸς τῇ  
ἔσσις ἐπὶ τῇ σάκκῃσι·—————

So oft the surge, in watry mountains spread,  
Beats on his back, or burds upon his head,  
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,  
And still indignant bounds above the waves.  
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;  
Wash'd from beneath him, slides the slimy soil.

POPE.

When Homer describes the crush of men dashed against a rock, he collects the most unpleasant and harsh sounds.

Σὺν δὲ δὴν γὰρ ἄλυσσιν ἰερὰ σκύλακα· πρὸς τῇ γὰρ  
κρίσι· ἰκ' δ' ἐν κερὰς χαμάδις ἔσσι, δὴν δὲ  
γὰρ.

—————His bloody hand

Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial hand,  
And dash'd idle dogs against the stony door:  
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.

POPE.

And when he would place before the eyes something dreadful and astonishing, he makes choice of the strongest vowels, and the letters of most difficult utterance.

Τῷ δ' ἰνὶ μὲν Γοργὼν θροονόμῳ ἱερὰ φ' ἔσσι  
Διὸς δὲ θεομῶν· πρὸς τῇ γὰρ Διὸς τε θύρας τε.

Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon it's field,  
And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield.

POPE.

Many other examples Dionysius produces; but these will sufficiently shew, that either he was fanciful, or we have

lost the genuine pronunciation; know not whether, in any instances, such similitude covered. It seems, indeed, pre the veneration with which I read, produced many suppositions; for though it is certain sound of many of his verses corresponds with the things yet when the force of his in which gave him full possession object, is considered, togeth flexibility of his language, o syllables might be often co dilated at pleasure, it will see that such conformity should frequently even without design.

It is not however to be do Virgil, who wrote amidst th criticism, and who owed so r success to art and labour, en and other excellencies, to similitude; nor has he been in this than in the other grefication. This felicity of hi was, at the revival of learn' ed with great elegance by V Art of Poetry.

*Haud satis est illis ut: unque claud.  
Omnia sed numeris vocum concordi  
Atque jona quacunq; conuinit  
Verborum facie, et questio carmin  
Nam diuersa pus .β. veluti d  
era—*

*Hic melior motuque pedum, et per  
Mole viam tacito lapsu per leuia  
Ille autem membris, ac vultu ignar  
Incedit tardo molimine suisulendo.  
Ecce aliquis subit egregio pulcher  
Cui letum membris Venus omnib  
morem.*

*Contra alius rudis, informes offen  
Hirsutumque supercilium, ac caud  
Ingratus visu. J nitu illa tabilis i  
Ergo ubi jam nauta spumas salis  
Incubere mari, vides spumare r  
Convulsum remis, restisque strides  
Tunc longe sale saxa sonant, ti  
uentis*

*Incipiunt agitata tumescere: litro  
Illidunt rauco, atque refracta rem  
Ad sepulcos, cumulo iniquitur pra  
mens —————*

*Cum vero ex alto speculatus carui  
Lenit in moram stagni, placidæqu  
Lubitur unctis quadribus, natat i  
Perla etiam res exiguas angustis j  
Inp. n. isque iuvant ingenia: cum  
fossa decent, vultus immanes, po*

*in membrorum artus, magna ossa la-  
ertique.*

*leo, siquid geritur molimine magno,  
nam, et pariter tecum quique verba  
aborem*

*seu quando vi multa gliba coactis  
n frangenda bidentibus, aequore seu  
um*

*velatorum obvertimus ant:marum.*

*si fuerit damno, praeperare iubeto.*

*te cava extulerit mala vipera terra,  
was, cape saxa manu, cape robora,  
raffor;*

*i flammis, date tela, repellite pestem.  
n versus ruat, in praecipue feratur,  
cum praecipitans ruit Ocean: nox,*

*perculsi: s graeviter procumbit humi bos,  
etiam requies rebus datur, ipsa quoque  
ultra*

*paulisper cursu cessare videbis  
interrupta: quierunt cum freta ponti,  
n auræ posuere, quiescere protinus ipsum*

*trit, mediisque incæptis sstere versum.  
cam, senior cum telum imbelles sine ictu  
is jacit, et defectis viribus aeger?*

*uoque tum versus segni pariter pede  
languet:*

*betet, frigent effæta in corpore vires.  
sutum juvenem deat prorumpere in  
arces,*

*e dmos, præfraëtaque quadrupedan-  
tum*

*pestoribus perrumpere, sternere turres  
, totoque, ferum dare funera campo.*

not enough his verses to complete,  
iue, number, or determin'd feet.

proportion'd terms he must dispense,  
like the found a picture of the sense;  
respondent words exactly frame,  
ok, the features, and the mien the  
same.

apid feet and wings, without delay,  
niftly flies, and smoothly skims away:  
ooms with youth and beauty in his  
face,

mus breathes on ev'ry limb a grace;  
st rude form, his uncouth members  
shows,

horrible, and frowns with his rough  
brows;

nistrous tail in many a fold and wind,  
inous and vast, curls up behind;  
the image and the lines appear,

o the eye, and frightful to the ear.  
en the sailors steer the pond'rous ships,  
ugh, with brazen beaks, the foamy  
deeps,

ent on the main that roars around,  
b the lab'ring oars the waves re-  
sound;

ows wide echoing thro' the dark  
profound.

loud call each distant rock replies;  
the storm the tow'ring surges rise;

While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding  
shore,

Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar.  
Flash at the shock, and gath'ring in a heap,  
The liquid mountains rise, and over-hang the  
deep.

But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,  
And calm s at one regard the raging seas,  
Stretch'd like a peaceful lake the deep sub-  
sides,

And the pitch'd vessel o'er the surface glides.  
When things are small, the terms should still  
be so;

For low words please us, when the theme is low.  
But when some giant, horrible and grim,  
Enormous in his gait, and vast in ev'ry limb,  
Stalks tow'ring on; the swelling words must  
rise

In just proportion to the monster's size.  
If some large weight his huge arms strive to  
shove,

The verse too labours; the throng'd words  
scarce move.

When each stiff clod beneath the pond'rous  
plough

Crumbles and breaks, th' encumber'd lines  
must flow.

Nor less, when pilots catch the friendly gales,  
Unfur their shrouds, and hoist the wide-  
stretch'd sails.

But if the poem suffers from delay,  
Let the lines fly precipitate away;

And when the viper issues from the brake,  
Be quick; with stones, and brands, and  
fire, attack

His rising crest, and drive the serpent back.  
When night descends, or sunn'd by num'rons  
strokes,

And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox;  
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,  
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground.

When the wild waves subside, and tempests  
cease,

And hush the roarings of the sea to peace;  
So oft we see the interrupted strain  
Stopp'd in the midst—and with the silent  
main

Pause for a space—at last it glides again.  
When Priam strains his aged arms, to throw  
His unavailing jav'line at the foe;

(His blood congeal'd, and ev'ry nerve un-  
strung)

Then with the theme complies the artful song;  
Like him, the solitary numbers flow,  
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.

Not so young Pyrrhus, w' o with rapid force  
Beats down embattled armies in his course.  
The raging youth on trembling lion falls,  
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty  
walls;

Provokes his flying courser to the speed,  
In full career to charge the warlike steed:  
He piles the field with mountains of the slain;

He pours, he storms, he thunders thro' the  
plain.

D d

PITT.  
From



From the Italian gardens Pope seems to have transplanted this flower, the growth of happier climates, into a soil less adapted to it's nature, and less favourable to it's increase.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

But when loud billows lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax drives some rock's vast weight to throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow;

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

From these lines, laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival wit, may be judged what can be expected from the most diligent endeavours after this imagery of sound. The verse intended to represent the whisper of the vernal breeze, must be confessed not much to excel in softness or volubility; and the smooth stream runs with a perpetual clash of jarring consonants. The noise and turbulence of the torrent is,

in lead, distinctly imaged, for it requires very little skill to make our language rough; but in these lines, which mention the effort of Ajax, there is no particular heaviness, obstruction, or delay. The swiftness of Camilla is rather contrasted than exemplified; why the verse should be lengthened to express speed, will not easily be discovered. In the dactyls used for that purpose by the ancients, two short syllables were pronounced with such rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they therefore naturally exhibit the act of passing through a long space in a short time. But the alexandrine, by it's pause in the midst, is a tardy and stately measure; and the word *unbending*, one of the most sluggish and slow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate it's motion.

These rules and these examples have taught our present critics to enquire very studiously and minutely into sounds and cadences. It is, therefore, useful to examine with what skill they have proceeded; what discoveries they have made; and whether any rules can be established which may guide us hereafter in such researches.

## Nº XCH. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1751.

—EXPERIAR QUID CONCEDATUR IN ILLIS  
QUORUM FLAMINIA TEGITUR CINIS ATQUE LATINA.

JUV.

MORE SAFELY TRUTH TO URGE HER CLAIM PRESUMER,  
ON NAMES NOW FOUND ALONE ON BOOKS AND TOMBS.

**T**HERE are few books on which more time is spent by young students, than on treatises which deliver the characters of authors; nor any which offend more the expectation of the reader, or fill his mind with more opinions which the progress of his studies and the increase of his knowledge oblige him to resign.

Bailler has introduced his collection of the decisions of the learned, by an enumeration of the prejudices which mislead the critic, and raise the passions in rebellion against the judgment. His catalogue, though large, is imperfect; and who can hope to complete it? The beauties of writing have been observed to be often such as cannot in the present state of human knowledge be evinced by evidence, or drawn out

into demonstrations; they are therefore wholly subject to the imagination, and do not force their effects upon a mind preoccupied by unfavourable sentiments, nor overcome the counter-action of a false principle or of stubborn partiality.

To convince any man against his will is hard, but to please him against his will is justly pronounced by Dryden to be above the reach of human abilities. Interest and passion will hold out long against the closest siege of diagrams and syllogisms, but they are absolutely impregnable to imagery and sentiment; and will for ever bid defiance to the most powerful strains of Virgil or Homer, though they may give way in time to the batteries of Euclid or Archimedes.

In trusting therefore to the sentence of a critic, we are in danger not only from

at vanity which exalts writers to the dignity of teaching what yet to learn, from that neglect which sometimes steals upon the giant caution, and that fallibility which the condition of nature rejects every human understanding from a thousand extrinsic and internal causes, from every thing can excite kindness or malevolence or contempt.

Many of those who have determined to eat boldness upon the various of literary merit, may be justly told of having passed sentence, as remarks of Claudius—

*et tantum parte audita,  
pe et nulla,*

much knowledge of the cause them: for it will not easily be told of Langbaine, Borrichius, or that they had very accurately all the books which they praise; or that, even if nature and God had qualified them for judges, could read for ever with the attendance necessary to just criticism. Such advances, however, are not wholly to their use; for they are common-echoes to the voice of fame, and it the general suffrage of mankind they have no particular motives which it.

Criticks, like the rest of mankind, are frequently misled by interest. The gottry with which editors regard authors whom they illustrate or censure has been generally remarked. Dryden is known to have written most critical dissertations only to recommend the work upon which he then intended to be employed; and Addison is esteemed to have denied the expectation of poetical justice, because his hero was condemned to perish in the cause.

There are prejudices which authors, however weak or corrupt, have adopted without scruple; and perhaps if there are so complicated with natural affections, that they cannot easily be disentangled from the

Scarce any can hear with impartiality a comparison between the writer of his own and another country; though it cannot, I think, be charged on all nations, that they are *not* with this literary patriotism, yet

there are none that do not look upon their authors with the fondness of affinity, and esteem them as well for the place of their birth, as for their knowledge or their wit. There is, therefore, seldom much respect due to comparative criticism, when the competitors are of different countries, unless the judge is of a nation equally indifferent to both. The Italians could not for a long time believe, that there was any learning beyond the mountains; and the French seem generally persuaded, that there are no wits or reasoners equal to their own. I can scarcely conceive, that if Scaliger had not considered himself as allied to Virgil, by being born in the same country, he would have found his works so much superior to those of Homer, or have thought the controversy worthy of so much zeal, vehemence, and acrimony.

There is, indeed, one prejudice, and only one, by which it may be doubted whether it is any dishonour to be sometimes misguided. Criticism has so often given occasion to the envious and ill-natured of gratifying their malignity, that some have thought it necessary to recommend the virtue of candour without restriction, and to preclude all future liberty of censure. Writers possessed with this opinion are continually enforcing civility and decency, recommending to critics the proper diffidence of themselves, and inculcating the veneration due to celebrated names.

I am not of opinion that these professed enemies of arrogance and severity have much more benevolence or modesty than the rest of mankind; or that they feel in their own hearts any other intention than to distinguish themselves by their softness and delicacy. Some are modest because they are timorous, and some are lavish of praise because they hope to be repaid.

There is indeed some tenderness due to living writers, when they attack none of those truths which are of importance to the happiness of mankind, and have committed no other offence than that of betraying their own ignorance or dullness. I should think it cruelly to crush an insect who had provoked me only by buzzing in my ear; and would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmless stupidity, or destroy the jest which makes it's author laugh. Yet I am far from thinking this tenderness universally necessary;

necessary; for he that writes may be considered as a kind of general challenger, whom every one has a right to attack; since he quits the common rank of life, steps forward beyond the lists, and offers his merit to the publick judgment. To commence author is to claim praise, and no man can justly aspire to honour but at the hazard of disgrace.

But whatever be decided concerning contemporaries, whom he that knows the treachery of the human heart, and considers how often we gratify our own pride or envy under the appearance of contending for elegance and propriety, will find himself not much inclined to disturb; there can be no exemptions pleaded to secure them from criticism, who can no longer suffer by reproach, and of whom nothing now remains but their writings and their names. Upon these authors the critick is undoubtedly at full liberty to exercise the strictest severity, since he endangers only his own fame, and, like Æneas when he drew his sword in the infernal regions, encounters phantoms which cannot be wounded. He may indeed pay some re-

gard to established reputation; but can by that shew of reverence to only his own security, for all others are now at an end.

The faults of a writer of acknowledged excellence are more dangerous because the influence of his criticism is more extensive; and the intellectual learning requires that they should be discovered and stigmatized, before they have the sanction of antiquity conferred upon them, and become precedents of indisputable authority.

It has, indeed, been advanced by some, as one of the characteristics of a true critick, that he points out blemishes rather than faults. But it is natural to a man of learning and genius to apply himself chiefly to the faults of writers who have more beautiful faults to be displayed: for the design of criticism is neither to depreciate nor to dignify by partial representation, but to hold out the light of reason, and ever it may discover; and to prompt the determinations of truth, which she shall dictate.

## Nº XCIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1759

—BONUS ATQUE FIDUS

JUDEX—PER OBSTANTES CATERVAS  
EXPLICUIT SUA VICTOR ARMA.

HOR.

PERPETUAL MAGISTRATE IS HE

WHO KEEPS STRICT JUSTICE FULL IN SIGHT;  
WHO BIDS THE CROWD AT AWFUL DISTANCE GAZE,  
AND VIRTUE'S ARMS VICTORIOUSLY DISPLAYS.

FRANCIS.

**T**HE resemblance of poetick numbers to the subject which they mention or describe, may be considered as general or particular; as consisting in the flow and structure of a whole passage taken together, or as comprised in the sound of some emphatical and descriptive words, or in the cadence and harmony of single verses.

The general resemblance of the sound to the sense is to be found in every language which admits of poetry, in every author whose force of fancy enables him to impress images strongly on his own mind, and whose choice and variety of language readily supplies him with just representations. To such a writer it is natural to change his measure with his

subject, even without any effort or understanding, or intervention of judgment. To revolve jollity and necessity tunes the voice of a gay and sprightly notes, as it fits the eye with vivacity; and reflects gloomy situations and disastrous will sadden his numbers, as it clouds his countenance. But in all passages there is only the similarity of pleasure to pleasure, and of grief, without any immediate application to particular images. The same of joyous versification will celebrate jollity of marriage, and the exultation of triumph; and the same language melody will suit the complaints of an absent lover, as of a conquered

scarcely to be doubted, that on occasions we make the musick & imagine ourselves to hear; modulate the poem by our own ear, and ascribe to the numbers of the sense. We may observe, that it is not easy to deliver a message in an unpleasing manner that we readily associate beauty with those whom for we love or hate. Yet it would be wrong to declare that all the adaptations of harmony are such that Homer had no extraordinary ordination to the melody of his verse described a nuptial festivity—

ἰκ Σαλλάμας, δαΐδων ὑπολαμ τὸ μέ-  
γας, πολὺς δ' ἑμείνανος ἑρῶνται;  
red pomp, and genial feast delight,  
mirth dance, and hymeneal rite;  
the street the new-made brides are led,  
dresses flaming to the nuptial bed;  
dancing dancers in a circle bound  
soft flute, and cittern's silver sound.

POPE.

as was merely fanciful, when he had Virgil endeavouring to represent uncommon sweetness of numinous adventitious beauty of Æneas;

*rosque Des similis: namque ipse decoram  
nato genitrix: lumenque juventæ  
sem, et lætes oculis afflatur bonores.*

Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,  
his visage, and serenely bright.  
her goddesses, with her hands divine,  
and his curling locks, and made his  
pleasures shine;  
in his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,  
methinks a youthful vigour on his face,

DRYDEN.

Milton did not intend to exhibit the harmony which he men-

tioned! and yet that warble as ye flow,  
as murmurs! warbling tune his praise.

Milton understood the force of well adjusted, and knew the great variety of the ancient measure cannot be doubted, since he was musician and a critic; but he does not have considered these confor-  
mities of cadence, as either not often  
found in our language, or as petty  
things unworthy of his ambition;

for it will not be found that he has always assigned the same cast of numbers to the same objects. He has given in two passages very minute descriptions of angelic beauty; but though the images are nearly the same, the numbers will be found upon comparison very different.

And now a stripling cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb  
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well be feign'd;  
Under a coronet his flowing hair  
In curls on either cheek play'd: wings he wore  
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold.

Some of the lines of this description are remarkably defective in harmony, and therefore by no means correspondent with that symmetrical elegance and easy grace which they are intended to exhibit. The failure, however, is fully compensated by the representation of Raphael, which equally delights the ear and imagination.

A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore to shade  
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his  
breast  
With regal ornament: the middle pair  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs, with downy  
gold,  
And colours dipp'd in heav'n: the third his  
feet  
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd  
mail,  
Sky-tinctur'd grain! like Maia's son he stood,  
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly tra-  
gance fill'd  
The circuit wide.—

The adumbration of particular and distinct images by an exact and perceptible resemblance of sound, is sometimes studied, and sometimes casual. Every language has many words formed in imitation of the noises which they signify. Such are *Stridor*, *Balo*, and *B.atus*, in Latin; and, in English, to *growl*, to *buzz*, to *biff*, to *jarr*. Words of this kind give to a verse the proper similitude of sound, without much labour of the writer, and such happiness is therefore rather to be attributed to fortune than skill; yet they are sometimes combined with great propriety, and undeniably contribute to enforce the impression of the idea. We hear the passing arrow in this line of Virgil—

*Et fugit horrendum stridens elapsa sagitta;*  
Th' impetuous arrow whizzes on the wing.  
POPE.

and the creaking of hell-gates, in the description by Milton—

Open fly  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder.

But many beauties of this kind, which the moderns, and perhaps the ancients, have observed, seem to be the product of blind reverence acting upon fancy. Dionysius himself tells us, that the sound of Homer's verses sometimes exhibits the idea of corporeal bulk: is not this a discovery nearly approaching to that of the blind man, who after long enquiry into the nature of the scarlet colour, found that it represented nothing so much as the clangour of a trumpet? The representative power of poetick harmony consists of sound and measure; of the force of the syllables singly considered, and of the time in which they are pronounced. Sound can resemble nothing but sound, and time can measure nothing but motion and duration.

The critics, however, have struck out other similitudes; nor is there any irregularity of numbers which credulous admiration cannot discover to be eminently beautiful. Thus the propriety of each of these lines has been celebrated by writers whose opinion the world has reason to regard—

*Vertitur interea caelum, et ruat oceano nox.—*

Meantime the rapid heav'ns rowl'd down the  
light,

And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night.

DRYDEN.

*Sternitur, exanimis, quetremens procumbit lumina.—*

Down drops the beast, nor needs a second  
wound;

But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the  
ground.

DRYDEN.

*Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.—*

The mountains labour, and a mouse is born.

ROSCOMMON.

If all these observations are just, there must be some remarkable conformity between the sudden succession of night

to day, the fall of an ox under a  
and the birth of a mouse from a  
tain; since we are told of all these in  
that they are very strongly impre-  
the same form and termination  
verse.

We may, however, without  
way to enthusiasm, admit that  
beauties of this kind may be pro-  
A sudden stop at an unusual  
may image the cessation of acti-  
the pause of discourse; and Mil-  
very happily imitated the repeti-  
an echo:

I fled, and cried out *de-*  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, as  
From all her caves, and back resounde

The measure or time in prose  
may be varied so as very strong-  
ly present, not only the modes of  
motion, but the quick or slow su-  
of ideas, and consequently the pa-  
the mind. This, at least, was th-  
of the spondaick and dactylic  
ny; but our language can reach  
nent diversities of sound. We  
deed sometimes, by encumber  
retarding the line, shew the diffi-  
a progress made by strong eff-  
with frequent interruptions, or  
slow and heavy motion. Thus  
has imaged the toil of Satan st-  
through chaos—

So he with difficulty and labour h  
Mov'd on: with difficulty and labo

thus he has described the levia-  
whales—

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in

But he has at other times neg-  
representations, as may be of  
the volubility and levity of th  
which express an action tardy  
luculent—

Desce

To us is adverse. Who but felt  
When the fierce foe hung on our  
Insulting, and pursu'd us through  
With what confusion and laborio  
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent i

In another place, he describ-  
the glide of ebbing waters in  
markedly rough and halting:

Tripping ebb; that stole  
foot towards the deep who now had  
d

5.

it indeed to be expected, that  
I should always assist the mean-  
it ought never to counteract it;  
fore Milton has here certainly  
d a fault like that of the player,  
ted on the earth when he im-  
e heavens, and to the heavens  
addressed the earth.

who are determined to find in  
n assemblage of all the excel-  
which have ennobled all other  
ll perhaps be offended that I do  
rate his verification in higher  
r there are readers who dis-  
t in this passage—

out huge in length the arch bend

m is described in a *long* line;  
nth is, that length of body is  
tioned in a *slow* line, to which  
ly the resemblance of time to  
an hour to a maypole.  
ne turn of ingenuity might

perform wonders upon the description  
of the ark:

Then from the mountains hewing timbertall,  
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;  
Measur'd by cubit, length, breadth, and height.

In these lines the poet apparently designs  
to fix the attention upon bulk; but this  
is effected by the enumeration, not by the  
measure; for what analogy can there be  
between modulations of sound, and cor-  
poreal dimensions?

Milton, indeed, seems only to have re-  
garded this species of embellishment so  
far, as not to reject it when it came un-  
sought; which would often happen to  
a mind so vigorous, employed upon a  
subject so various and extensive. He  
had, indeed, a greater and a nobler work  
to perform; a single sentiment of moral or  
religious truth, a single image of life  
or nature, would have been cheaply lost  
for a thousand echoes of the cadence to  
the sense; and he who had undertaken  
to vindicate the ways of God to man,  
might have been accused of neglecting  
his cause, had he lavished much of his  
attention upon syllables and sounds.

## XCV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1751.

PARCUS DEORUM CULTOR, ET INFREQUENS,  
INSANIENTIS DUM SAPIENTIAE  
CONSULTUS ERRO; NUNC RETRORSUM  
VELA DARE, ATQUE ITERARE CURSUS  
COGOR RELICTOS.

HOR.

A FUGITIVE FROM HEAV'N AND PRAYER,  
I MOCK'D AT ALL RELIGIOUS FEAR,  
DEEP SCIENC'D IN THE MAZY LORE  
OF MAD PHILOSOPHY; BUT NOW  
HOIST SAIL, AND BACK BY VOYAGE FLOW  
TO THAT BLEST HARBOUR, WHICH I LEFT BEFORE.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

RE are many diseases both of  
body and mind, which it is  
o prevent than to cure; and  
hope you will think me em-  
in office not useless either to  
virtue, if I describe the symp-  
intellectual malady, which,  
if it seizes only the passions,  
speedily remedied, infect the  
d, from blasting the blossoms  
lge, proceed in time to canker

I was born in the house of discord.  
My parents were of unsuitable ages,  
contrary tempers, and different religions;  
and therefore employed the spirit and  
acuteness which nature had very libe-  
rally bestowed upon both, in hourly dis-  
putes, and incessant contrivances to de-  
tect each other in the wrong; so that  
from the first exertions of reason I was  
bred a disputant, trained up in all the  
arts of domestick sophistry, initiated in  
a thousand low stratagems, nimble shifts,  
and sly concealments; versed in all the  
turns of altercation, and acquainted with  
the

the whole discipline of *sendi*ng and *pro-*  
*ving*.

It was necessarily my care to preserve the kindness of both the controvertists; and therefore I had very early formed the habit of suspending my judgment, of hearing arguments with indifference, inclining as occasion required to either side, and of holding myself undetermined between them till I knew for what opinion I might conveniently declare.

Thus, Sir, I acquired very early the skill of disputation; and, as we naturally love the arts in which we believe ourselves to excel, I did not let my abilities lie useless, nor suffer my dexterity to be lost for want of practice. I engaged in perpetual wrangles with my school-fellows, and was never to be convinced or repelled by any other arguments than blows, by which my antagonists commonly determined the controversy, as I was, like the Roman orator, much more eminent for eloquence than courage.

At the university I found my predominant ambition completely gratified by the study of logic. I impressed upon my memory a thousand axioms, and ten thousand distinctions, practised every form of syllogism, passed all my days in the schools of disputation, and slept every night with Smiglecius on my pillow.

You will not doubt but such a genius was soon raised to eminence by such application: I was celebrated in my third year for the most artful opponent that the university could boast, and became the terror and envy of all the candidates for philosophical reputation.

My renown, indeed, was not purchased but at the price of all my time and all my studies. I never spoke but to contradict, nor declaimed but in defence of a position universally acknowledged to be false, and therefore worthy, in my opinion, to be adorned with all the colours of false representation, and strengthened with all the art of fallacious subtilty.

My father, who had no other wish than to see his son richer than himself, easily concluded that I should distinguish myself among the professors of the law; and therefore, when I had taken my first degree, dispatched me to the Temple with a paternal admonition, that I should never suffer myself to feel shame,

for nothing but modesty could my fortune.

Vitiated, ignorant, and heady was, I had not yet lost my reverence for virtue, and therefore could not receive such dictates without horror; however, was pleased with his denunciation of my course of life, because it placed me in the way that leads from the prescribed walks of dissipation and education, to the open fields of liberty and choice.

I was now in the place where one catches the contagion of vanity; soon began to distinguish myself in phisims and paradoxes. I declare against all received opinions and established rules, and levelled my batteries particularly against those universal principles which had stood unshaken through the vicissitudes of literature, and are considered as the inviolable temples of wisdom or the impregnable bulwarks of science.

I applied myself chiefly to those branches of learning which have filled the world with doubt and perplexity; and readily produce all the arguments relating to matter and motion, time and space, identity and infinity.

I was equally able and equaling to maintain the system of Descartes or Descartes, and favoured occasionally the hypothesis of Ptolemy, or Copernicus. I sometimes exalted the faculties of sense, and sometimes degraded animals to mechanism.

Nor was I less inclined to wear the credit of history, or perplex the decisions of polity. I was always of the party which I heard the company condemn.

Among the zealots of liberty I harangued with great copiousness the advantages of absolute monarchy, the secrecy of its counsels, and the expedition of its measures; and of the celebrated blessings produced by the extinction of parties, and precluded debates.

Among the assertors of regularity, I never failed to declaim against publican warmth upon the origin of universal liberty, the corruption of courts, and the folly of voluntary submission to those whom nature levelled with ourselves.

I knew the defects of every form of government, and the inconvenience of every law. I sometimes shewed much the condition of mankind

red, by breaking the world into  
mercies, and sometimes dis-  
he felicity and peace which uni-  
onarchy would diffuse over the

very acknowledged fact I found  
able objections; for it was my  
judge of history only by ab-  
probability; and therefore I  
scruple of bidding defiance to  
y. I have more than once ques-  
the existence of Alexander the  
and having demonstrated the  
erecting edifices, like the py-  
of Egypt, I frequently hinted  
sion that the world had been  
ceived, and that they were to be  
nly in the narratives of travel-

d been happy for me could I  
asined my scepticism to histori-  
roversies, and philosophical dis-  
s; but having now violated my  
und accustomed myself to enquire  
proofs, but objections, I had  
d truth with falsehood till my  
re confused, my judgment em-  
l, and my intellects distorted.  
bit of considering every propo-  
alike uncertain, left me no test  
th any tenet could be tried;  
inion presented both sides with  
vidence, and my fallacies began  
te upon my own mind in more  
nt enquiries. It was at last the  
my vanity to weaken the ob-  
of moral duty, and efface the  
ons of good and evil, till I had  
l the sense of conviction, and  
ed my heart to the fluctuations  
tainty, without anchor and with-  
pass, without satisfaction of cur-  
peace of conscience, without  
s of reason, or motives of action.  
is the hazard of repressing the

first perceptions of truth, of spreading  
for diversion the snares of sophistry, and  
engaging reason against its own deter-  
minations.

The disproportions of absurdity grow  
less and less visible, as we are reconciled  
by degrees to the deformity of a mistress;  
and falsehood, by long use, is assimilated  
to the mind, as poison to the body.

I had soon the mortification of seeing  
my conversation courted only by the  
ignorant or wicked, by either boys who  
were enchanted by novelty, or wretches,  
who having long disobeyed virtue and  
reason, were now desirous of my assist-  
ance to dethrone them.

Thus alarmed, I shuddered at my own  
corruption, and that pride by which I  
had been seduced contributed to reclaim  
me. I was weary of continual irreso-  
lution, and a perpetual equipoise of the  
mind; and ashamed of being the favour-  
ite of those who were scorned and shun-  
ned by the rest of mankind.

I therefore retired from all temptation  
to dispute, prescribed a new regimen to  
my understanding, and resolved, instead  
of rejecting all established opinions which  
I could not prove, to tolerate though not  
adopt all which I could not confute.  
I forbore to heat my imagination with  
needless controversies, to discuss ques-  
tions confessedly uncertain, and refrained  
steadily from gratifying my vanity  
by the support of falsehood.

By this method I am at length re-  
covered from my argumental delirium,  
and find myself in the state of one  
awakened from the confusion and tumult  
of a feverish dream. I rejoice in the  
new possession of evidence and reality,  
and step on from truth to truth with  
confidence and quiet.

I am, Sir, &c.

PERTINAX.

## XCVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1751.

QUOD SI PLATONIS MUSA PERSONAT VERUM,  
QUOD QUIQUE DISCIT, IMMOR RECORDATUR.

BORTIVS.

TRUTH IN PLATONICK ORNAMENTS BEDECK'D,  
IMFORC'D WE LOVE, UNNEEDING RECOLLECT.

reported of the Persians, by an  
ant writer, that the sum of their  
is consisted in teaching youth to

ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak  
truth.

The bow and the horse were easily  
E e mastered;



mastered; but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preservatives a Persian mind was secured against the temptations to falsehood.

There are, indeed, in the present corruption of mankind, many incitements to forsake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance or credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications obtained, by craft and delusion, that very few of those who are much entangled in life have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity.

In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by interest, and the friend by tenderness: those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness, will dispose to pay them.

The guilt of falsehood is very widely extended, and many whom their conscience can scarcely charge with stooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronized the vice which they believe themselves to abhor.

Truth is, indeed, not often welcome for its own sake; it is generally unpleasant because contrary to our wishes and opposite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our interest, we hear unwillingly what we are afraid to know, and soon forget what we have no inclination to impress upon our memories.

For this reason many arts of instruction have been invented, by which the reluctance against truth may be overcome; and as physick is given to children in confessions, precepts have been hidden under a thousand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

While the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falsehood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and

Wisdom; Falsehood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the wind. She advanced with equal confidence the dominion of the new creation as their enmity and their force were known to the celestials, all the heavens were turned upon the contest.

Truth seemed conscious of her power and juster claim, and she came on towering and majestic, assisted and alone; Reason indeed attended her, but appeared her sister rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion perpetually progressive; and while she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

Falsehood always endeavoured to imitate the mien and attitudes of Truth, a very successful in the arts of mimicry. She was surrounded, animated, supported, by innumerable legions of vices and passions; but, like other commanders, was obliged to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; she had no steadiness nor constancy, often gained conquests by hasty sallys, which she never hoped to hold by her own strength, but maintained the help of the passions, whom she found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the two armies met in full opposition. In such encounters, Falsehood always hid her head with clouds, and combed her hair; Fraud to place ambushes about her; her left-hand she bore the shield of dissimulation, and the quiver of Sins rattled on her shoulder. All the vices attended at her call; Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy stood behind her. Thus guarded and she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack; she always endeavoured to skirmish, and perpetually shifted her position, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for the certainly found strength failed, whenever the Truth darted full upon her.

Truth had the awful aspect of the thunder of her father; and the long continuance of the ear-splitting noise near to one another, half the arms of Sophistry fall in confusion, and, holding up the shield of dissimulation with both her hands, herself amongst the passions.

th, though she was often wounded, recovered in a short time; was common for the slightest hurt, d by Falsehood, to spread it's mat to the neighbouring parts, and it open again when it seemed to een cured.

ehood, in a short time, found by nce that her superiority consisted 1 the celerity of her course, and ings of her posture. She there- dered Suspicion to beat the ground her, and avoided with great care s the way of Truth, who, as she rried her point, but moved con- upon the same line, was easily d by the oblique and desultory ents, the quick retreats and ac- oubles which Falsehood always ed, when the enemy began to raise by her approach.

is procedure Falsehood every hour ched upon the world, and extend- empire through all climes and s. Wherever she carried her vic- she left the Passions in full autho- hind her; who were so well pleas- h command, that they held out eat obstinacy when Truth came e their posts, and never failed to her progress, though they could ways stop it: they yielded at last eat reluctance, frequent rallies, llen submission; and always in- to revolt when Truth ceased to em by her immediate presence.

th, who, when she first descended he heavenly palaces, expected to en received by universal acclama- rished with kindness, heard with ice, and invited to spread her in- from province to province, now that, wherever she came, she must er passage. Every intellect was led by Prejudice, and every heart pied by Passion. She indeed ad- , but she advanced slowly; and oft the conquests which she left her, by sudden insurrections of

the appetites, that shook off their alle- giance, and ranged themselves again-un- der the banner of her enemy.

Truth, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was un- conquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She therefore, in the anger of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they de- served, by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falsehood.

Jupiter compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was wil- ling to ease her labours, and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered, that she obstruct- ed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since by giving themselves up to Falsehood they seldom made any sa- crifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by Desire. The Muses wove, in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which False- hood captivated her admirers; with this they invested Truth, and named her Fic- tion. She now went out again to con- quer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the Passions, they often mistook her for Falsehood, and de- livered up their charge: but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out, in her original form, with native effulgence and resolute dignity.

N<sup>o</sup> XCVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1751.

FÆCUNDA CULPÆ SECUŁA NUPTIAS  
PRIMUM INQUINAVERE, ET GENUS, ET DOMOS,  
HOC FONTE DERIVATA CLADES  
IN PATRIAM POPULUMQUE FLUIT.

HOR.

FRUITFUL OF CRIMES, THIS AGE FIRST STAIN'D  
THEIR HAPLESS OFFSPRING, AND PROFAN'D  
THE NUPTIAL BED; FROM WHENCE THE WOE,  
WHICH VARIOUS AND UNNUMBER'D ROSE  
FROM THIS POLLUTED FOUNTAIN HEAD,  
O'ER ROME AND O'ER THE NATIONS SPREAD.

FRANCIS.

THE reader is indebted for this day's entertainment to an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue.

## TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN the Spectator was first published in single papers, it gave me so much pleasure, that it is one of the favourite amusements of my age to recollect it; and when I reflect on the foibles of those times, as described in that useful work, and compare them with the vices now reigning among us, I cannot but wish that you would oftener take cognizance of the manners of the better half of the human species, that if your precepts and observations be carried down to posterity, the Spectators may shew to the rising generation what were the fashionable follies of their grandmothers, the Rambler of their mothers, and that from both they may draw instruction and warning.

When I read those Spectators which took notice of the misbehaviour of young women at church, by which they vainly hope to attract admirers, I used to pronounce such forward young women Seekers, in order to distinguish them by a mark of infamy from those who had patience and decency to stay till they were sought.

But I have lived to see such a change in the manners of women, that I would now be willing to compound with them for that name, although I then thought it disgraceful enough, if they would deserve no worse; since now they are too generally given up to negligence of domestic business, to idle amusements, and

to wicked rackets, without any view at all but of squandering time.

In the time of the Spectator, seeing sometimes an appearance in the sometimes at a good and chaste sometimes on a visit at the house of grave relation, the young ladies considered themselves to be found employed in domestic duties; for then routes, balls, assemblies, and such like were for women, were not known.

Modesty and diffidence, gentleness and meekness, were looked upon as appropriate virtues and characters of the sex. And if a spirit pushed itself into notice, exposed in print as it deserved.

The churches were almost the only places where single women were seen by strangers. Men went expecting to see them, and performed much for that only purpose.

But some good often resister of ever improper might be their duty. Both sexes were in the way of the. The man must be abandoned who loves not goodness in another. The young fellows of that time were wholly lost to a sense of right, and conceit has since made the fault to be. When therefore they saw one, whose decent behaviour and useful piety shewed her earnest in duties, they had the less doubt, politically only, that she would conscientious regard to her second duty.

With what ardour have I seen men for, the rising of a kneeling and what additional charms have been given to her recommunicated face.

The men were often the better for they heard. Even a Saul was on prophesying among the prophets he had set out to destroy. Thus put into good-humour by

religion itself looked more amiable. The Men Seekers of the Spectacle loved the holy place for the sake, and loved the object for the sake of the behaviour in it.

Once mingled with their love; he thought that a young lady of good principles must be addressed by the man who at least made a good principles, whether his is yet quite right or not.

He did the young lady's behaviour, in the name of the service, lessen this reason.

Her eyes were her own, her own preacher's. Women are almost observed when they seem less least to observe, or to lay out reservation. The eye of a respector loves rather to receive confirmation from the withdrawn eye of the fair one to find itself obliged to retreat. As a young gentleman's affection is laudably engaged, he pursued moral dictates; keeping then was at least a secret and scandalous and a wife was the summit of his

Rejection was now dreaded, engagement apprehended. A woman whom he loved, he was ready to just be admired by all the world. His uncertainties, increased

his enquiry he made into the lamest excellence, which, when it is to be chosen, will surely not be left, confirmed him in his

He opens his heart to a command, and honestly discovers the his fortune. His friend applies of the young lady, whose parents, approve his proposals, disclose their daughter.

Perhaps is not an absolute stranger the passion of the young gentleman. His eyes, his assiduity, his constancy at a church, whither, ate, he used seldom to come, and found little observances that he had, had very probably first forced regard, and then inclined her to him.

A young lady should be in love, love of the young gentleman is an heterodoxy which prudence and even policy, must not allow. is applied to, she is all resignation parents. Charming resignation, inclination opposes not.

relations applaud her for her duties meet; points are adjusted;

delightful perturbations, and hopes, and a few lover's fears, fill up the tedious space, till an interview is granted; for the young lady had not made herself cheap at publick places.

The time of interview arrives. She is modestly reserved; he is not confident. He declares his passion; the consciousness of her own worth, and his application to her parents, take from her any doubt of his sincerity; and she owns herself obliged to him for his good opinion. The enquiries of her friends into his character have taught her that his good opinion deserves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future visits; he renews them; the regard of each for the other is confirmed; and when he presses for the favour of her hand, he receives a declaration of an entire acquiescence with her duty, and a modest acknowledgment of esteem for him.

He applies to her parents, therefore, for a near day; and thinks himself under obligation to them for the cheerful and affectionate manner with which they receive his agreeable application.

With this prospect of future happiness, the marriage is celebrated. Gratiulations pour in from every quarter. Parents and relations on both sides, brought acquainted in the course of the courtship, can receive the happy couple with countenances illumined, and joyful hearts.

The brothers, the sisters, the friends of one family, are the brothers, the sisters, the friends of the other. Their two families thus made one, are the world to the young couple.

Their home is the place of their principal delight, nor do they ever occasionally quit it but they find the pleasure of returning to it augmented in proportion to the time of their absence from it.

Oh, Mr. Rambler! forgive the talkativeness of an old man. When I courted and married my Lætitia, then a blooming beauty, every thing passed just so! But how is the case now? The ladies, maidens, wives, and widows, are engrossed by places of open resort and general entertainment, which fill every quarter of the metropolis, and being constantly frequent, make home irksome. Breakfasting-places, dining-places, routes, drums, concerts, balls, plays, operas, masquerades for the evening, and even for all night, and lately, publick sales of the goods of broken houses.

house-keepers, which the general dissoluteness of manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another seasonable relief to these modern time-killers.

In the summer there are in every country-town assemblies; Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, Scarborough! What expence of dress and equipage is required to qualify the frequenters for such emulous appearance?

By the natural infection of example, the lowest people have places of six-penny resort, and gaming-tables for pence. Thus servants are now induced to fraud and dishonesty, to support extravagance, and supply their losses.

As to the ladies who frequent those publick places, they are not ashamed to shew their faces wherever men dare go, nor blush to try who shall stare most impudently, or who shall laugh loudest on the publick walks.

The men who would make good husbands, if they visit those places, are frighted at wedlock, and resolve to live single, except they are bought at a very high price. They can be spectators of all that passes, and, if they please, more than spectators, at the expence of others. The companion of an evening, and the companion for life, require very different qualifications.

Two thousand pounds in the last age, with a domestick wife, would go farther than ten thousand in this. Yet settlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile man especially, sink a fortune into uselessness; and pin-money is stipulated for, which makes a wife independent, and destroys love, by putting it out of a man's power to lay any obligation upon her, that might engage gratitude, and kindle affection. When to all this the card-tables are added, how can a prudent man think of marrying?

And when the worthy men know where to find wives, must not be left to the foplings, the coxcomb libertines of the age, whom the to make such? And need even wretches marry to enjoy the company of those who render their company so cheap?

And what, after all, is the thing which the gay coquette obtains by flutters? As she is approachable every man, without requiring, she does not say incense or adoration, but common complaisance, every fop her as upon the level, looks upon light airs as invitations, and is always watch to take the advantage: she has companions, indeed, but no lover; love is respectful, and timorous where among all her followers who find a husband?

Set, dear Sir, before the youthful gay, the inconsiderate, the contemptible as the danger to which they are exposed. At one time or other, women, formerly thoughtless, will be convinced of the justice of your censure, and the necessity of your instruction.

But should your expostulations and reproofs have no effect upon those who are far gone in fashionable folly, may be retained from their mouths their nieces, (marriage will not have intitled these to daughters) they, the meteors of a day, find themselves elbowed off the stage of vanity by other flutterers; for the most adroit women cannot have many Tunbridge seasons to blaze in; even fine faces, often seen, are regarded than new faces, the propensity of showy girls, for rendering themselves so impolitically cheap.

I am, Sir,

Your sincere admirer

*W. Richardson, Author of Pamela &c*

## Nº XCVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1711

QUE NEC SARMENTUS INIQUAS  
CÆSARIS AD MENSAS, NEC VILIS GABBA TULISSET.

JUV.

WHICH NOT SARMENTUS BROOK'D AT CÆSAR'S BOARD,  
NOR GROY'LING GABBA FROM HIS HAUGHTY LORD.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

**Y**OU have often endeavoured to impress upon your readers an obligation of more truth than novelty, that

life passes, for the most part, in transactions; that our hours glide in trifling amusements and slight diversions; and that there very often emerges any occasion that can call for great virtue or great abilities.

very commonly happens that speech has no influence on conduct. Conclusions, and cogent arguments, though by laborious study, and diligent inquiry, are often repositied in the stores of memory, as gold in the mine; usefess alike to others and to self. As some are not richer for the increase of their possessions, others are not more improved by the multitude of their ideas.

I have truly described the state of human beings, but it may be doubted whether you have accommodated your style to your description; whether we not generally considered you as influenced by the tragick passion, and susceptible of pain or pleasure from powerful agents, and great events.

An author who writes not for the improvement of a single art, or the establishment of a controverted doctrine, usually intends the advantage, and courts the perusal of all the eyes of mankind, nothing can justify him in worthy of regard, by which the value of conversation may be increased, and the daily satisfactions of our life secured from interruption or disgust.

In this reason you would not have lost your reputation, if you had sometimes descended to the minutest details of social beings, and enforced the necessity of those little civilities and anxious delicacies, which, inconspicuous as they may appear to the man of sense, and difficult as they may be to be detailed with dignity, yet contribute to the regulation of the world, facilitating the intercourse between man and another, and of which the philosophers have sufficiently testified their value, by terming the knowledge and practice of them *Savoir vivre—the art of living*.

Modesty is one of those advantages which we never estimate rightly but by the inconvenience of its loss. It is in evidence upon the manners is constant and uniform, so that, like an equal motion, it escapes perception. The circumstances of every action are so all-related to each other, that we do not see any error could have been committed, and rather acquiesce in its propriety, than admire its exactness.

As sickness shews us the value of a little familiarity with those who we never taught to endeavour the gra-

tification of others, but regulate their behaviour merely by their own will, will soon evince the necessity of established modes and formalities to the happiness and quiet of common life.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, without the supplemental laws of good-breeding, to secure freedom from degenerating to rudeness, or self-esteem from swelling into insolence; a thousand incivilities may be committed, and a thousand offices neglected, without any remorse of conscience, or reproach from reason.

The true effect of genuine politeness seems to be rather ease than pleasure. The power of delighting must be conferred by nature, and cannot be delivered by precept, or obtained by imitation; but though it be the privilege of a very small number to ravish and to charm, every man may hope by rules and caution not to give pain, and may therefore, by the help of good-breeding, enjoy the kindness of mankind, though he should have no claim to higher distinctions.

The universal axiom in which all complaisance is included, and from which flow all the formalities which custom has established in civilised nations, is, *That no man should give any preference to himself*. A rule so comprehensive and certain, that, perhaps, it is not easy for the mind to image an incivility, without supposing it to be broken.

There are, indeed, in every place, some particular modes of the ceremonial part of good-breeding, which, being arbitrary and accidental, can be learned only by habit and conversation: such are the forms of salutation, the different gradations of reverence, and all the adjustments of place and precedence. These, however, may be often violated without offence, if it be sufficiently evident, that neither malice nor pride contributed to the failure; but will not atone, however rigidly observed, for the tumour of insolence, or petulance of contempt.

I have, indeed, not found among any part of mankind, less real and rational complaisance, than among those who have passed their time in paying and receiving visits, in frequenting publick entertainments, in studying the exact measures of ceremony, and in watching all the variations of fashionable courtesy.

They know, indeed, at what hour they

they may beat the door of an acquaintance, how many steps they must attend him towards the gate, and what interval should pass before his visit is returned; but seldom extend their care beyond the exterior and unessential parts of civility, nor refuse their own vanity any gratification, however expensive, to the quiet of another.

Trypherus is a man remarkable for splendour and expence; a man that, having been originally placed by his fortune and rank in the first class of the community, has acquired that air of dignity and that readiness in the exchange of compliments, which courts, balls, and levees, easily confer.

But Trypherus, without any settled purposes of malignity, partly by his ignorance of human nature, and partly by the habit of contemplating with great satisfaction his own grandeur and riches, is hourly giving disgust to those whom chance or expectation subject to his vanity.

To a man whose fortune confines him to a small house, he declaims upon the pleasure of spacious apartments, and the convenience of changing his lodging-room in different parts of the year; tells him, that he hates confinement; and concludes, that if his chamber was less, he should never wake without thinking of a prison.

To Eucretas, a man of birth equal to himself, but of much less estate, he shewed his services of plate, and remarked that such things were, indeed, nothing better than costly trifles, but that no man must pretend to the rank of a gentleman without them; and that for

his part, if his estate was small should not think of enjoying by creating it; and would enquire trade for his eldest son.

He has, in imitation of some acute observer than himself, collected great many shifts and artifices by which poverty is concealed; and among ladies of small fortune, never a talk of frippery and slight silks, or the convenience of a general mourning.

I have been insulted a thousand times with a catalogue of his pictured jewels, and his rarities, which, he knows the humble neatness of his habitation, he seldom fails to conceal by a declaration, that wherever a house meanly furnished, he is the owner's taste, or pities his poverty.

This, Mr. Rambler, is the picture of Trypherus, by which he is the terror of all who are less wealthy than himself, and has raised innumerable enemies without rivalry, and without malevolence.

Yet though all are not equally pained with Trypherus, it is scarce possible to find any man who does not frequently, like him, indulge his own vanity by forcing others into a comparison of himself, when he knows the advantage is on his side, without considering it unnecessary to obtrude unpleasing is a species of oppression; and this is little more criminal to deprive a man of some real advantage, than to interrupt that forgetfulness of it's a which is the next happiness to possession.

I am, &c.

EUTRO

## Nº XCIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1751

SCILICET INGENIIS ALIQUA EST CONCORDIA JUNCTIS,  
ET SERVAT STUDII FOEDERA QUISQUE SUI,  
RUSTICUS AGRICOLAM, MILES PERA BELLA GERENTEM,  
RECTOREM DUBIÆ NAVITA PUPPIS AMAT.

OVID.

CONGENIAL PASSIONS SOULS TOGETHER BIND,  
AND EV'RY CALLING MINGLES WITH IT'S KIND;  
SOLDIER UNITES WITH SOLDIER, SWAIN WITH SWAIN,  
THE MARINER WITH HIM THAT ROVES THE MAIN.

F. LEWIS

IT has been ordained by Providence, for the conservation of order in the immense variety of nature, and for the regular propagation of the several classes

of life with which the elements are peopled, that every creature should be drawn by some secret attraction to of his own kind; and that not on

and domestick animals which unite into companies, or cohabit, should continue faithful to their but even those ravenous and savages which Aristotle observes to be gregarious, should mountains and deserts in search another, rather than pollute the with a monstrous birth.

the perpetuity and distinction of tribes of the creation require should be determined to proceed by some uniform motive of or some cogent principle of it is necessary likewise, that man, wider capacity demands more graces, and who feels in himself insatiable wants, which a life of solitude cannot supply, and innumerable to which it cannot give employment should be led to suitable company by particular influence; and many beings of the same nature

himself, he may select some for individual tenderness, and improve the end of his existence, by superadding friendship to humanity, and the individuals to that of the species. animals are so formed, that man is to contribute very little to the interests of each other, and know neither grief, nor love, nor hatred, they are urged by some desire merely subservient either to the support of their own lives, or to the concern of their race; they therefore appear to regard any of the discriminations which distinguish the interests of the same kind from one another.

If man were to feel no incentives to himself, more than his general tendency to congenial nature, Babylon or Jerusalem, with all their multitudes, would appear to him the desolation of a wilderness; his affections, not compressed in narrower compass, would vanish in mental fire, in boundless evaporation he would languish in perpetual idleness; and though he might, perhaps the first vigour of youth, amuse himself with the fresh enjoyments of life, when curiosity should cease, and subside, he would abandon himself to the fluctuations of chance, without exerting help against any calamity, and without any wish for the happiness of

it is the duty of all men is our duty, so far as

it includes a general habit of benevolence, and readiness of occasional kindness; but to love all equally is impossible; at least impossible without the extinction of those passions which now produce all our pains and all our pleasures; without the disuse, if not the abolition, of some of our faculties, and the suppression of all our hopes and fears in apathy and indifference.

The necessities of our condition require a thousand offices of tenderness, which mere regard for the species will never dictate. Every man has frequent grievances which only the solicitude of friendship will discover and remedy, and which would remain for ever unheeded in the mighty heap of human calamity; were it only surveyed by the eye of general benevolence, equally attentive to every misery.

The great community of mankind is, therefore, necessarily broken into smaller independent societies; these form distinct interests, which are too frequently opposed to each other, and which they who have entered into the league of particular governments falsely think it virtue to promote, however destructive to the happiness of the rest of the world.

Such unions are again separated into subordinate classes and combinations, and social life is perpetually branched out into minuter subdivisions, till it terminates in the last ramifications of private friendship.

That friendship may at once be fond and lasting, it has been already observed in these papers, that a conformity of inclinations is necessary. No man can have much kindness for him by whom he does not believe himself esteemed, and nothing so evidently proves esteem as imitation.

That benevolence is always strongest which arises from participation of the same pleasures, since we are naturally most willing to revive in our minds the memory of persons with whom the idea of enjoyment is connected.

It is commonly, therefore, to little purpose, that any one endeavours to ingratiate himself with such as he cannot accompany in their amusements and diversions. Men have been known to rise to favour and to fortune, only by being skilful in the sports with which their patron happened to be delighted, by concurring



with his taste for some particular species of curiosities, by relishing the same wine, or applauding the same cookery.

Even those whom wisdom or virtue have placed above regard to such petty recommendations, must nevertheless be gained by similitude of manners. The highest and noblest enjoyment of familiar life, the communication of knowledge and reciprocation of sentiments, must always presuppose a disposition to the same inquiry, and delight in the same discoveries.

With what satisfaction could the politician lay his schemes for the reformation of laws, or his comparisons of different forms of government, before the chemist, who has never accustomed his thoughts to any other object than salt and sulphur? or how could the astronomer, in explaining his calculations and conjectures, endure the coldness of a grammarian, who would lose sight of Jupiter and all his satellites, for a happy etymology of an obscure word, or a better explication of a controverted line?

Every man loves merit of the same kind with his own, when it is not likely to hinder his advancement or his reputation; for he not only best understands the worth of those qualities which he labours to cultivate, or the usefulness of the art which he practises with success, but always feels a reflected pleasure from the praises which, though given to another, belong equally to himself.

There is indeed no need of research and refinement to discover that men must generally select their companions from their own state of life, since there are not many minds furnished for great variety of conversation, or adapted to

multiplicity of intellectual entertainments.

The sailor, the academick, the lawyer, the mechanick, and the countryman, have all a cast of talk peculiar to their own fraternity, have fixed their attention upon the same events, have engaged in affairs of the same sort, and make use of allusions and illustrations which themselves only can understand.

To be infected with the jargon of a particular profession, and to know the language of a single rank of men, is indeed sufficiently despicable. But as limits must be always set to the excursions of the human mind, there will be some study which every man more zealously prosecutes, some subject on which he is principally engaged to converse; and he that can inform or best understand him, will certainly be welcomed with particular regard.

Such partiality is not wholly avoided; nor is it culpable, unless it is so far to predominate as to produce aversion from every other excellence, and to shade the lustre of similar virtues. Those, therefore, the lot of life has conjoined, should endeavour constantly to approach the inclination of each other, in every motion of concurrent desire, and fan every spark of kindred curiosity.

It has been justly observed, that discord generally operates in little; it is inflamed to its utmost violence by contrariety of taste, oftener by principles; and might therefore more properly be avoided by innocent civility, which, if it was not at first tentative, ought always to be the consequence of indissoluble union.

N<sup>o</sup> C. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1751.

OMNE VAFER VITIUM RIDENTI FLACCUS AMICO  
TANGIT, ET ADMISSUS CIRCUM PRÆCORDIA LUDIT.

PERSIUS.

MORACE, WITH SLY INSINUATING GRACE,  
LAUGH'D AT HIS FRIEND, AND LOOK'D HIM IN THE FACE;  
WOULD RAISE A BLUSH WHERE SECRET VICE HE FOUND,  
AND TICKLE WHILE HE GENTLY PROB'D THE WOUND.  
WITH SEEMING INNOCENCE THE CROWD BEGUIL'D;  
BUT MADE THE DESPERATE PASSES, WHEN HE SMIL'D.

DRYDEN.

## TO THE RAMBLER.

IR,

Several many well-disposed persons, by the unavoidable necessity of affairs, are so unfortunate as to be ly buried in the country, where labour under the most deplorable rance of what is transacting among polite part of mankind, I cannot thinking that, as a publick writer, should take the case of these truly passonable objects under your con-ation.

These unhappy languishers in obscu-should be furnished with such acts of the employments of people of world, as may engage them in their al remote corners to a laudable imin; or, at least, so far inform and are them, that if by any joyful ge of situation they should be sud-ly transported into the gay scene, may not gape, and wonder, and, and be utterly at a loss how to ve and make a proper appearance

is inconceivable how much the wel- of all the country towns in the dom might be promoted, if you ld use your charitable endeavours to in them a noble emulation of the ners and customs of higher life.

or this purpose you should give a clear and ample description of the le set of polite acquirements; a com- history of forms, fashions, frolicks, nutes, drums, hurricanes, balls, as- lies, ridottos, masquerades, auc- , plays, operas, puppet-shows, and -gardens; of all those delights which tably engage the attention of the sublime characters, and by which have brought to such amazing per- op. the whole art and mystery of

passing day after day, week after week, and year after year, without the heavy assistance of any one thing that formal creatures are pleased to call useful and necessary.

In giving due instructions through what steps to attain this summit of human excellence, you may add such irresistible arguments in it's favour, as must convince numbers, who in other instances do not seem to want natural understanding, of the unaccountable error of supposing they were sent into the world for any other purpose but to fluster, sport, and shine. For, after all, nothing can be clearer than that an ever- lasting round of diversion, and the more lively and hurrying the better, is the most important end of human life.

It is really prodigious, so much as the world is improved, that there should in these days be persons so ignorant and stupid as to think it necessary to mispend their time, and trouble their heads, about any thing else than pursuing the present fancy; for what else is worth living for?

It is time enough surely to think of consequences when they come; and as for the antiquated notions of duty, they are not to be met with in any French novel, or any book one ever looks into, but derived almost wholly from the writings of authors who lived a vast many ages ago, and who, as they were totally without any idea of those accomplishments which now characterise people of distinction, have been for some time sinking apace into utter contempt. It does not appear that even their most zealous admirers, for some partisans of his own sort every writer will have, can pretend to say they were ever at one ridotto.

In the important article of diversions, the ceremonial of visits, the extatick delight of unfriendly intimacies and un-  
f f 2 meaning

meaning civilities, they are absolutely silent. Blunt truth, and downright honesty, plain clothes, staying at home, hard work, few words, and those unenlivened with censure or double meaning, are what they recommend as the ornaments and pleasures of life. Little oaths, polite dissimulation, tea-table scandal, delightful indolence, the glitter of finery, the triumph of precedence, the enchantments of flattery, they seem to have had no notion of; and I cannot but laugh to think what a figure they would have made in a drawing-room, and how frightened they would have looked at a gaming-table.

The noble zeal of patriotism that disdains authority, and tramples on laws for sport, was absolutely the aversion of these tame wretches.

Indeed, one cannot discover any one thing they pretend to teach people, but to be wise and good; acquirements infinitely below the consideration of persons of taste and spirit, who know how to spend their time to so much better purpose.

Among other admirable improvements, pray, Mr. Rambler, do not forget to enlarge on the very extensive benefit of playing at cards on Sundays, a practice of such infinite use, that we may modestly expect to see it prevail universally in all parts of this kingdom.

To persons of fashion, the advantage is obvious; because, as for some strange reason or other, which no fine gentleman or fine lady has yet been able to penetrate, there is neither play, nor masquerade, nor bottled conjurer, nor any other thing worth living for, to be had on a Sunday; if it were not for the charitable assistance of whist or brag, the genteel part of mankind must, one day in seven, necessarily suffer a total extinction of being.

Nor are the persons of high rank the only gainers by so salutary a custom, which extends its good influence, in some degree, to the lower orders of people; but were it quite general, how much better and happier would the world be than it is even now?

'Tis hard upon poor creatures, be they ever so mean, to deny them those enjoyments and liberties which are equally open for all. Yet if servants

were taught to go to church on t spend some part of it in reading; ceiving instruction in a family; the rest in mere friendly conversation the poor wretches would infallibly it into their heads, that they were to be sober, modest, diligent, faithful, to their masters and in

Now surely no one of common sense or humanity would wish to mecticks infected with such strange primitive notions, or laid under merciful restraints: all which a great measure, he prevented the prevalence of the good-humoured that I would have you recommend when the lower kind of people betters, with a truly laudable self-sustaining and flying in the face of rude, ill-bred dictators, piety laws, they are thereby excited, monished, as far as actions consist and excite, and taught too have an equal right of setting at defiance in such instances as particular necessities and inclination require; and thus is the liberal whole human species mightily enlarged.

In short, Mr. Rambler, by representation of the numberless of a modish life, you will let your part in promoting what seems to confess the true purpose of man's existence, perpetual dissipation.

By encouraging people to employ whole attention on trifles, a amusement their sole study, teach them how to avoid many easy reflections.

All the soft feelings of human sympathies of friendship, all temptations to the care of a family solicitude about the good or ill with the whole train of domestic social affections, which create anxieties and embarrassments happily stifled and suppressed in of perpetual delights; and a thoughts, but particularly the *after*, be banished out of the most perplexing apprehension, ly a most groundless one too, very clear a case, that nobody

I am, &c.

CH.

by Mrs. Eliza Carter.

Nº CI. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1751.

MELLA JUBES HYBELA TIBI VEL HYMETTIA NASCI,  
ET THYMA CECROPIÆ CORSICA PONIS APL.

MART.

ALAS! DEAR SIR, YOU TRY IN VAIN,  
IMPOSSIBILITIES TO GAIN;  
NO HEE FROM CORSICA'S RANK JUICE,  
HYELÆAN HONEY CAN PRODUCE.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

ING by several years of continual study treasure in my mind a number of principles and ideas, and by frequent exercise the applying them with propriety, and ining them with readiness, I quit the university, where I myself as a gem hidden in and to mingle in the crowd of life. I was naturally attracted to the company of those who were of the same age with myself; and at my academical gravity condescended little to my reputation, and faculties to jocularity and burlesque. Thus, in a short time, I had my imagination to such a state of ebullition, that upon every trifling success I was hurried away in bursts of wit, and raptures of gaiety. I became the idol of the coffee-house, and winter solicited to accept the tip of five clubs, was dragged to every new play, and quoted in controversy upon theatrical matters. Every public place surrounded with a multitude of humble auditors, and in other places of resort my mind and my jests, and was boasted of as intimate and companion by one who had no other pretensions to notice, than that they had conversed in the same room. It is not wonder, Mr. Rambler, that my success with some appears to be triumph and elevation. Perceiving that superiority is more flattering than that which is conferred by the powers of conversation, by the new sprightliness of fancy, the richness of language, and fertility of thought. In other exertions of genius, the part of the praise is unknown

and unenjoyed; the writer, indeed, spreads his reputation to a wider extent, but receives little pleasure or advantage from the diffusion of his name, and only obtains a kind of nominal sovereignty over regions which pay no tribute. The colloquial wit has always his own radiance reflected on himself, and enjoys all the pleasure which he bestows; he finds his power confessed by every one that approaches him, sees friendship kindling with rapture, and attention swelling into praise.

The desire which every man feels of importance and esteem, is so much gratified by finding an assembly, at his entrance, brightened with gladness and hushed with expectation, that the recollection of such distinctions can scarcely fail to be pleasing whensoever it is innocent. And my conscience does not reproach me with any mean or criminal effects of vanity; since I always employed my influence on the side of virtue, and never sacrificed my understanding or my religion to the pleasure of applause.

There were many whom either the desire of enjoying my pleasantries, or the pride of being thought to enjoy it, brought often into my company; but I was caressed in a particular manner by Demochares, a gentleman of a large estate, and a liberal disposition. My fortune being by no means exuberant, inclined me to be pleased with a friend who was willing to be entertained at his own charge. I became by daily invitations habituated to his table; and, as he believed my acquaintance necessary to the character of elegance which he was desirous of establishing, I lived in all the luxury of affluence, without expence or dependence, and passed my life in a perpetual reciprocation of pleasure, with men brought together by similitude of

of accomplishments, or desire of improvement.

But all power has it's sphere of activity, beyond which it produces no effect. Demochares being called by his affairs into the country, imagined that he should increase his popularity by coming among his neighbours accompanied by a man whose abilities were so generally allowed. The report presently spread through half the country that Demochares was arrived, and had brought with him the celebrated Hilarus, by whom such merriment would be excited as had never been enjoyed or conceived before. I knew, indeed, the purpose for which I was invited; and as men do not look diligently out for possible miscarriages, was pleased to find myself courted upon principles of interest, and considered as capable of reconciling factions, composing feuds, and uniting a whole province in social happiness.

After a few days spent in adjusting his domestick regulations, Demochares invited all the gentlemen of his neighbourhood to dinner, and did not forget to hint how much my presence was expected to heighten the pleasure of the feast. He informed me what prejudices my reputation had raised in my favour, and represented the satisfaction with which he should see me kindle up the blaze of merriment, and should remark the various effects that my fire would have upon such diversity of matter.

This declaration, by which he intended to quicken my vivacity, filled me with solicitude. I felt an ambition of shining, which I never knew before; and was therefore embarrassed with an unusual fear of disgrace. I passed the night in planning out to myself the conversation of the coming day; recollected all my topicks of raillery, proposed proper subjects of ridicule, prepared smart replies to a thousand questions, accommodated answers to imaginary repartees, and formed a magazine of remarks, apophthegms, tales, and illustrations.

The morning broke at last in the midst of these busy meditations. I rose with the palpitations of a champion on the day of combat; and, notwithstanding all my efforts, found my spirits sunk under the weight of expectation. The company soon after began to drop in, and every one, at his entrance, was introduced to Hilarus. What concep-

tion the inhabitants of this reformed of a wit, I cannot yet but observed that they all seem the regular exchange of com to turn away disappointed; while we waited for dinner, their eyes first upon me, and then each other, like a theatrical waiting for a shew.

From the uneasiness of this I was relieved by the dinner every attention was taken up by fineness of the hour, I sunk quite level with the rest of the company no sooner were the dishes removed instead of cheerful confidence familiar prattle, an universal silence shewed their expectation of unusual performance. My friend vowed to rouse them by head questions, but they answered great brevity, and immediately into their former taciturnity.

I had waited in hope of an opportunity to divert them, but could pass opened for a single folly; can be merry without an object. After a few faint efforts, I induced neither applause nor of I was content to mingle with to put round the glass in silence lace myself with my own notions.

My friend looked round guests stared at one another; and then a few syllables were with timidity and hesitation, none ready to make any reply. faculties were frozen, and even took away from our capacity of and disposition to be pleased passed the hours to which so impatience was decreed; the hours were by a kind of open proclamation, voted to wit, to mirth, and to H

At last the night came on, necessity of parting freed us persecutions of each other. them, as they walked along murmuring at the loss of the enquiring whether any man was a second visit to a house haughty wit.

Demochares, whose benevolence greater than his penetration, had tempered his hopes with the security which he was to gain sprightliness and elegance, affection with which he should follow for a perpetual banquet.

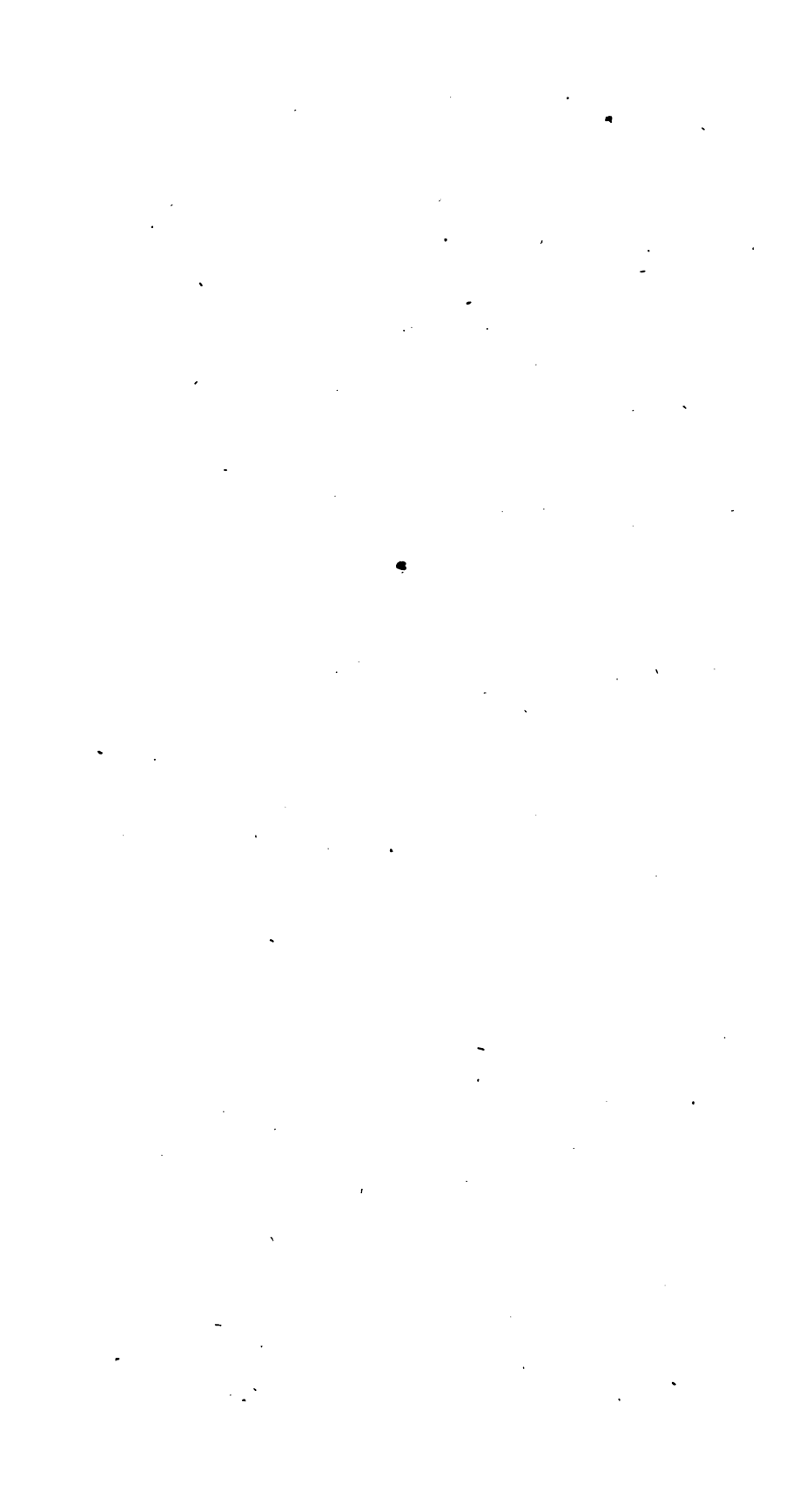




Plate VI.

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not able to conceal his vexation and resentment, nor would easily be contented, that I had not sacrificed his wit to sullenness and caprice, and boldly endeavoured to disgust his ears, and suppressed my powers of writing, in obstinate and premeditated silence. I am informed that the coach of their ill reception is divided the gentlemen of the country between us; some being of opinion, that friend is deluded by an impostor, though he has found some art of turning his favour, is afraid to speak to men of more penetration; and are concluding, that I think only to show the proper theatre of my abilities, and disdain to exert my genius the praise of rusticks.

I believe, Mr. Rambler, that it has

sometimes happened to others who have the good or ill fortune to be celebrated for wits, to fall under the same censures upon the like occasions. I hope therefore that you will prevent any misrepresentations of such failures, by remarking, that invention is not wholly at the command of it's possessor; that the power of pleasing is very often obstructed by the desire; that all expectation lessens surprize, yet some surprize is necessary to gaiety; and that those who desire to partake of the pleasure of wit must contribute to it's production, since the mind stagnates without external ventilation, and that effluence of the fancy which flashes into transport can be raised only by the infusion of dissimilar ideas.

## Nº CII. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1751.

IPSA QUOQUE ASSIDUO LABUNTUR TEMPORA MOTU  
NON SECUS AC FLUMEN: NEQUE ENIM CONSISTERE FLUMEN,  
NEC LEVIS HORA POTEST; SED UT UNDA IMPELLITUR UNDA,  
URGETURQUE PRIOR VENIENTE, URGETURQUE PRIOREM,  
TEMPORA SIC FUGIUNT PARITER, PARITERQUE SEQUUNTUR.

OVID.

WITH CONSTANT MOTION AS THE MOMENTS GLIDE,  
BEMOLD IN RUNNING LIFE THE ROLLING TIDE!  
FOR NONE CAN STEM BY ART, OR STOP BY FOW'R,  
THE FLOWING OCEAN, OR THE FLEETING HOUR:  
BUT WAVE BY WAVE PURSU'D ARRIVES ON SHORE,  
AND EACH IMPELL'D BEHIND IMPELS BEFORE:  
SO TIME ON TIME REVOLVING WE DESCRY;  
SO MINUTES FOLLOW, AND SO MINUTES FLY.

ELPHINSTON.

IFE,' says Seneca, 'is a voyage, as in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and more pleasing part of old age.' The perusal of passage having incited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the faint fluctuation of his wishes, the usual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness which he floats along the stream of life, I sunk into a slumber amidst my sensations, and on a sudden found myself filled with the tumult of labour, shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of adversity, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

I was astonished for a time repressed curiosity; but soon recovering my-

self so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already passed the straits of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to choose among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that

failed



failed along formed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked. Before me, and each other side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicuous eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for by some universal insatiation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his comforts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed; nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning

others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the mid course. Their benevolence, sometimes praised, but their advice was unregarded.

The vessels in which we lived being confusably unequal, the balance of the stream of life, being impaired in the course of it, so that every passenger was at how long soever he might, liable accidents, or by incessant be preserved, he must sink at last.

This necessity of perishing had been expected to sadden the mind, to intimidate the daring, and to let the melancholy and timorous succumb to torments, and hinder any enjoyment of the variety of situations which nature offers to the solace of their labours; yet none seemed less to expect it than those to whom it was nearest; they all had the art of their danger from themselves, who knew their inability to fight off the terrors that came in their way, took care never to ward, but found some among the present moment, and got themselves by philosophy. Hope, who was the constant companion of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured even to those whom the favor was, not that they should die, but that they should sink last; and promise every one was satisfied he laughed at the rest for fear to believe it. Hope, indeed, mocked the credulity of his companions; for in proportion as it grew leaky, she redoubled her of safety; and none were making provisions for a longer time than they whom all but their likely to perish soon by irregularity.

In the midst of the current the gulph of Interperance, whirlpool, interspersed with which the pointed crags were under water, and the tops of herbages, on which Ease spread of repose, and with shades, a sure warbled the song of Within sight of these rocks a ed on the ocean of life must pass. Reason, indeed, was hand to steer the passengers

outlet by which they might but very few could, by her importunest remonstrances, be induced to rudder into her hand, without that she should approach so near the rocks of Pleasure, that she might solace themselves with a short visit of that delicious region, after they always determined to pursue without any other deviation.

It was too often prevailed upon these promises, as to venture within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the solution was weak, but yet in the course of the vessel, and by insensible rotations, to the center. She then repented her folly, and with all her force endeavored to retreat; but the draught of it was generally too strong to be resisted; and the passenger, having been carried in circles with a pleasing and rapid velocity, was at last overwhelmed. Those few whom Reason contrived to extricate, generally suffered shocks upon the points which they had escaped from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before. They floated along timorously and endangered by every breeze, and by every ruffle of the water, sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expectations, always repining at their own weakness, and warning others against the danger of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy perish in the way, and at last were overtaken by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power—'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thought? Is it tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked; and, seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

*by Mrs. S. Carter, who wrote an Ode to Wisdom, she died. Feb. 1706 Aet. 69*

## Nº CIII. TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1751.

IRE VOLUNT SECRETA DOMUS, ATQUE INDE TIMERI.

JUV.

THEY SEARCH THE SECRETS OF THE HOUSE, AND SO  
THEY WORSHIP'D THERE, AND FEAR'D FOR WHAT THEY KNOW.

DRYDEN.

CURIOSITY is one of the pernicious and certain characteristics of the human intellect. Every advancement of knowledge opens new prospects, and creates new incitements to further search.

All the attainments possible in the present state are evidently inadequate to the capacities of enjoyment; and serves no purpose but that of stimulating ambition; discovery has no effect

but of raising expectation; the gratification of one desire encourages another; and after all our labours, studies, and enquiries, we are continually at the same distance from the completion of our schemes, have still some with importunate to be satisfied, and some faculty restless and turbulent for want of its enjoyment.

The desire of knowledge, though of

ten animated by extrinsic and adventitious motives, seems on many occasions to operate without subordination to any other principle; we are eager to see and hear, without intention of referring our observations to a farther end; we climb a mountain for a prospect of the plain; we run to the strand in a storm, that we may contemplate the agitation of the water; we range from city to city, though we profess neither architecture nor fortification; we cross seas only to view nature in nakedness, or magnificence in ruins; we are equally allured by novelty of every kind, by a desert or a palace, a cataract or a cavern, by every thing rude and every thing polished, every thing great and every thing little; we do not see a thicket but with some temptation to enter it, nor remark an insect flying before us but with an inclination to pursue it.

This passion is, perhaps, regularly heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged. Lucan therefore introduces Cæsar speaking with dignity suitable to the grandeur of his designs, and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high-priest of Egypt, that he has no desire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the Nile, and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a sight of those fountains which had been so long concealed. And Homer, when he would furnish the Sirens with a temptation, to which his hero, renowned for wisdom, might yield without disgrace, makes them declare that none ever departed from them but with increase of knowledge.

There is, indeed, scarce any kind of ideal acquirement which may not be applied to some use, or which may not, at least, gratify pride with occasional superiority; but whoever attends the motions of his own mind, will find that, upon the first appearance of an object, or the first start of a question, his inclination to a nearer view, or more accurate discussion, precedes all thoughts of profit, or of competition; and that his desires take wing by instantaneous impulse, though their flight may be invigorated, or their efforts renewed, by subsequent considerations. The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance than delighted by instruction. Curiosity is the thirst of the soul; it inflames and

torments us, and makes us taste every thing with joy, however otherwise insipid, by which it may be quenched.

It is evident that the earliest searches after knowledge must have proposed knowledge only as their reward; and that science, though perhaps the nursing of interest, was the daughter of curiosity: for who can believe that they who first watched the course of the stars foresaw the use of their discoveries to the facilitation of commerce, or the mensuration of time? They were delighted with the splendor of the nocturnal skies, they found that the lights changed their places; what they admired they were anxious to understand, and in time traced their revolutions.

There are, indeed, beings in the form of men, who appear satisfied with their intellectual possessions, and seem to live without desire of enlarging their conceptions; before whom the world passes without notice, and who are equally unmoved by nature or by art.

This negligence is sometimes only the temporary effect of a predominant passion: a lover finds no inclination to travel any path but that which leads to the habitation of his mistress; a trader can spare little attention to common occurrences, when his fortune is endangered by a storm. It is frequently the consequence of a total immersion in sensuality: corporeal pleasures may be indulged till the memory of every other kind of happiness is obliterated; the mind, long habituated to a lethargick and quiescent state, is unwilling to wake to the toil of thinking; and, though she may sometimes be disturbed by the obtrusion of new ideas, shrinks back again to ignorance and rest.

But, indeed, if we except them to whom the continual task of procuring the supports of life denies all opportunities of deviation from their own narrow track, the number of such as live without the ardour of enquiry is very small, though many content themselves with cheap amusements, and waste their lives in researches of no importance.

There is no snare more dangerous to busy and excursive minds than the cobwebs of petty inquisitiveness, which entangle them in trivial employments and minute studies, and detain them in a middle state between the tediousness of total inactivity and the fatigue of laborious efforts, enchant them at once

and novelty, and vitiate them by the luxury of learning. The necessity of doing something, and the fear of taking much, sinks the historian into a neologist, the philosopher to a follower of the weather, and the mathematician to a constructor of dials.

happy when those who cannot themselves to be idle, nor resolve to be industrious, are at least employed in doing injury to others; but it seldom happens that we can contain ourselves in a neutral state, or forbear to do vice, when we are no longer employed towards virtue.

Nugaculus was distinguished in his ears by an uncommon liveliness of imagination, quickness of sagacity, and extent of knowledge. When he entered into life, he applied himself with an inquisitiveness to examine the motives of human actions, the varied influence of mingled affection, the different modifications of interest and ambition, and the various effects of misfortune and success both in public and private affairs.

As his friends did not discover any purpose all these observations led to, or how Nugaculus would approve his virtue or his fortune, he incessantly attended to changes of fortune, bursts of inconsideration, passion, and all the other casualities which he used to trace a character they could not deny the study of in nature to be worthy of a wife; he therefore flattered his vanity, and by their discoveries, and listened to a dismissive modesty to his lectures on the uncertainty of inclination, the instability of resolves, and the instability of fortune, to his account of the various ways which agitate the mind, and his of the modern dream of a ruling

was the first incitement of Nugaculus to a close inspection into the conduct of mankind. He had no intention, and therefore no design of action; he had no malevolence, nor detected faults without any intention to expose them; but having learned the art of engaging his attention upon others, he had no inclination to call it back to himself, but has no time in keeping a watchful eye every rising character, and lived

upon a small estate without any thought of encreasing it.

He is, by continual application, become a general master of secret history, and can give an account of the intrigues, private marriages, competitions, and stratagems, of half a century. He knows the mortgages upon every man's estate, the terms upon which every spendthrift raises his money, the real and reputed fortune of every lady, the jointure stipulated by every contract, and the expectations of every family from maiden aunts and childless acquaintances. He can relate the economy of every house, knows how much one man's cellar is robbed by his butler, and the land of another underlet by his steward; he can tell where the manor-house is falling, though large sums are yearly paid for repairs; and where the tenants are selling woods without the consent of the owner.

To obtain all this intelligence he is inadvertently guilty of a thousand acts of treachery. He sees no man's servant without draining him of his trust; he enters no family without flattering the children into discoveries; he is a perpetual spy upon the doors of his neighbours; and knows, by long experience, at whatever distance, the looks of a creditor, a borrower, a lover, and a pimp.

Nugaculus is not ill-natured, and therefore his indutry has not hitherto been very mischievous to others, or dangerous to himself; but since he cannot enjoy this knowledge but by discovering it, and, if he had no other motive to loquacity, is obliged to traffick like the chymists, and purchase one secret with another; he is every day more hated as he is more known; for he is considered by great numbers as one that has their fame and their happiness in his power, and no man can much love him of whom he lives in fear.

Thus has an intention, innocent at first, if not laudable, the intention of regulating his own behaviour by the experience of others, by an accidental declension of minuteness, betrayed Nugaculus, not only to a foolish, but vicious waste of a life which might have been honourably passed in publick services, or domestick virtues. He has lost his original intention, and given up his mind to employments that engross, but do not improve it.

N<sup>o</sup> CIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1751.— NIHIL EST QUOD CREDERE DE SE  
NON POSSIT —

JUVENAL.

NONE E'ER REJECTS HYPERBOLIES OF PRAISE.

**T**HE apparent insufficiency of every individual to his own happiness or safety, compels us to seek from one another assistance and support. The necessity of joint efforts for the execution of any great or extensive design, the variety of powers disseminated in the species, and the proportion between the defects and excellencies of different persons, demand an interchange of help, and communication of intelligence, and by frequent reciprocations of beneficence unite mankind in society and friendship.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, without distinction of rank, or peculiarity of possessions, it is reasonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute by his strength, or his skill, to the supply of natural wants; there was then little room for peevish dislike, or capricious favour: the affection admitted into the heart was rather esteem than tenderness; and kindness was only purchased by benefits. But when, by force of policy, by wisdom, or by fortune, property and superiority were introduced and established, so that many were condemned to labour for the support of a few, then they whose possessions swelled above their wants naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure; and those who could not gain friendship by necessary offices, endeavoured to promote their interest by luxurious gratifications, and to create need which they might be courted to supply.

The desires of mankind are much more numerous than their attainments, and the capacity of imagination much larger than actual enjoyment. Multitudes are therefore unsatisfied with their allotment; and he that hopes to improve his condition by the favour of another, and either finds no room for the exertion of great qualities, or perceives himself excelled by his rivals, will, by other expedients, endeavour to become agreeable

where he cannot be important, and by degrees, to number the *art of ing* among the most useful studie most valuable acquisitions.

This art, like others, is cultivated in proportion to it's usefulness, and ways flourish most where it is rewarded; for this reason we find it cultivated with great assiduity under governments, where honours are in the hands of one man, who endeavours to propitiate, and who becomes so much accustomed to flattery and officiousness, as not to find, in the most delicate address, novelty which is necessary to prevention.

It is discovered by a very few experiments, that no man is much pleased with a companion, who does not enclose in some respect, his fondness of him; and, therefore, he that wishes to be led forward to prosperity by the hand of favour, than to force his way by labour and merit, must consider more care how to display his excellencies than his own; though ever he approaches, he may fill his imagination with pleasing dreams, and away disgust and weariness by the continual succession of delightful images.

This may, indeed, sometimes be effected by turning the attention to advantages which are really possessed upon prospects which reason supports; for whoever can do without the need of being courted, has gathered strength from nature or from fortune which he may review with satisfaction and of which, when he is artfully led to the contemplation, he will be displeased.

But those who have once yielded their understanding to an application to the passions, and who have been led to derive hope from any other than industry and virtue, seldom find dignity and magnanimity sufficient to defend them against the confidence of temptation to falsh

desirous to be loved, will soon ter, and when he has exhausted variations of honest praise, and no longer with the civility he will invent new topicks of , and break out into raptures and beauties conferred by him-

dgeries of dependance would, aggravated by hopelessness of no indulgence was allowed n. He that will absolutely patron to hear only the compliments which he deserves, will soon to give way to others that re- with more compass of musick. If human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always elves better than we are, and lly desirous that others should ill better than we think our- to praise us for actions or dis- which deserve praise, is not a benefit, but to pay a tribute. always pretensions to fame, our own hearts, we know to ble, and which we are desir- ing then by a new suffrage; we vs hopes which we suspect to us, and of which we eagerly very confirmation.

indeed, be proper to make the aches under the conduct of to secure credit to future en- by such praise as may be ra- he conscience; but the mind tuated to the lusciousness of comes, in a short time, nice ous, and, like a vitiated pa- incessantly calling for higher ons.

arcely credible to what degree it may be dazzled by the mist and wisdom insatuated by the on of flattery; or how low the y descend by successive grad- arility, and how swiftly it may the precipice of falsehood. No indeed, observe, without in- on what names, both of an- modern times, the utmost ex- praise has been lavished, and and it has been bestowed. It yet been found, that the ty- plunderer, the oppressor, the ul of the hateful, the most of the profligate, have been celebrations which they were

willing to purchase, or that wickedness and folly have not found correspondent flatterers through all their subordination, except when they have been associated with avarice or poverty, and have wanted either inclination or ability to hire a panegyrist.

As there is no character so deformed as to fright away from it the prostitutes of praise, there is no degree of encyclopaedic veneration which pride has refused. The emperors of Rome suffered themselves to be worshipped in their lives with altars and sacrifices; and in an age more enlightened, the terms peculiar to the praise and worship of the Supreme Being have been applied to wretches whom it was the reproach of humanity to number among men; and whom nothing but riches or power hindered those that read or wrote their deification, from hunting into the toils of justice, as disturbers of the peace of nature.

There are, indeed, many among the poetical flatterers, who must be resigned to infamy without vindication, and whom we must confess to have deserted the cause of virtue for pay: they have committed, against full conviction, the crime of obliterating the distinctions between good and evil; and instead of opposing the encroachments of vice, have incited her progress, and celebrated her conquests. But there is a lower class of sycophants, whose understanding has not made them capable of equal guilt. Every man of high rank is surrounded with numbers, who have no other rule of thought or action than his maxims and his conduct; whom the honour of being numbered among his acquaintance reconciles to all his vices, and all his absurdities; and who easily persuaded themselves to esteem him, by whose regard they consider themselves as distinguished and exalted.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness. Stupidity is soon blinded by the splendor of wealth, and cowardice is easily fettered in the shackles of dependance. To solicit patronage is, at least in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

N<sup>o</sup> CV. TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1751.

—ANIMORUM  
IMPULSU, ET CERCA MAGNAQUE CUPIDINE DUCTI.

Juv.

VAIN MAN RUNS HEADLONG, TO CAPRICE DESIGN'D;  
IMPELL'D BY PASSION, AND WITH FOLLY BLIND.

I Was lately considering, among other objects of speculation, the new attempt of an *universal register*, an office in which every man may lodge an account of his superfluities and wants, of whatever he desires to purchase or to sell. My imagination soon presented to me the latitude to which this design may be extended by integrity and industry, and the advantages which may be justly hoped from a general mart of intelligence, when once it's reputation shall be so established, that neither reproach nor fraud shall be feared from it; when an application to it shall not be censured as the last resource of desperation, nor it's informations suspected as the fortuitous suggestions of men obliged not to appear ignorant. A place where every exuberance may be discharged, and every deficiency supplied, where every lawful passion may find it's gratifications, and every honest curiosity receive satisfaction; where the stock of a nation, pecuniary and intellectual, may be brought together; and where all conditions of humanity may hope to find relief, pleasure, and accommodation; must equally deserve the attention of the merchant and philosopher, of him who mingles in the tumult of business, and him who only lives to amuse himself with the various employments and pursuits of others. Nor will it be an uninteresting school to the greatest masters of method and dispatch, if such multiplicity can be preserved from embarrassment, and such tumult from inaccuracy.

While I was concert'g this splendid project, and filling my thoughts with it's regulation, it's conveniencies, it's variety, and it's consequences, I sunk gradually into slumber; but the same images, though less distinct, still continued to float upon my fancy. I perceived myself at the gate of an immense edifice, where innumerable multitudes were passing without confusion; every

face on which I fixed my eyes seemed settled in the contemplation of some important purpose, and every foot was hastened by eagerness and expectation. I followed the crowd without knowing whither I should be drawn, and remained a while in the unpleasant state of an idler, where all other beings were busy, giving place every moment to those who had more importance in their looks. Ashamed to stand ignorant, and afraid to ask questions, at last I saw a lady sweeping by me, whom, by the quickness of her eyes, the agility of her steps, and a mixture of levity and impatience, I knew to be my long-loved protectress, Curiosity. 'Great goddess,' said I, 'may thy votary be permitted to implore thy favour? If thou hast been my director from the first dawn of reason, if I have followed thee through the maze of life with invariable fidelity, if I have turned to every new call, and quitted at thy nod one pursuit for another, if I have never stopped at the invitations of fortune, nor forgot thy authority in the bowers of pleasure, inform me now whither chance has conducted me.'

'Thou art now,' replied the smiling power, 'in the presence of Justice, and of Truth, whom the father of gods and men has sent down to register the demands and pretensions of mankind, that the world may at last be reduced to order, and that none may complain hereafter of being doomed to tasks for which they are unqualified, or possessing faculties for which they cannot find employment, or virtues that languish unobserved for want of opportunities to exert them, of being encumbered with superfluities which they would willingly resign, or of wasting away in desires which ought to be satisfied. Justice is now to examine every man's wishes, and Truth is to record them; let us approach, and observe the progress of this great transaction.'

She

n moved forward; and Truth, n her among the most faithful flow-ers, beckoned her to ad-l we were placed near the seat . The first who required the of the office came forward w pace, and tumour of digni-shaking a weighty purse in his manded to be registered by s the Mæcenas of the present chief encourager of literary whom men of learning and t apply in any exigence or dis-certainty of succour. Justice lly enquired, whether he had l the expence of such a decla-whether he had been informed ber of petitioners would swarm i? whether he could distinguish nd negligence from calamity, n from knowledge, or vivacity

To these questions he seemed provided with a reply, but re-; desire to be recorded as a pa-stice then offered to register his on these conditions; that he ver suffer himself to be flatter-ve should never delay an audi-n he had nothing to do; and ould never encourage follow-ut intending to reward them. ms were too hard to be accept-what,' said he, 'is the end of ge, but the pleasure of reading ons, holding multitudes in su-and enjoying their hopes, their and their anxiety; flattering assiduity, and at last dismis-sion for impatience?' Justice heard sion, and ordered his name ed upon the gate among cheats, ers, and publick nuisances, were by that notice warned

er required to be made known coverer of a new art of edu-y which languages and sciences taught to all capacities, and tions, without fear of punish-n of confinement, loss of any e gay mien of ignorance, or ution of the necessary progres dancing, or cards.

and Truth did not trouble : adept with many enquiries; ig his address awkward, and a barbarous, ordered him to red as a tall fellow who want-ment, and might serve in any

post where the knowledge of reading and writing was not required.

A man of a very great and philoso-phick aspect required notice to be given of his intention to set out, a certain day, on a submarine voyage, and of his willingness to take in passengers for no more than double the price at which they might sail above water. His desire was granted, and he retired to a convenient stand, in expectation of filling his ship, and growing rich in a short time by the secrecy, safety, and expedition of the passage.

Another desired to advertise the curious, that he had, for the advancement of true knowledge, contrived an optical instrument, by which those who laid out their industry on memorials of the changes of the wind might observe the direction of the weathercocks on the hither side of the lunar world.

Another wished to be known as the author of an invention by which cities or kingdoms might be made warm in winter by a single fire, a kettle, and pipe. Another had a vehicle by which a man might bid defiance to floods, and continue floating in an inundation, without any inconvenience, till the water should subside. Justice considered these projects as of no importance but to their authors, and therefore scarcely condescended to examine them; but Truth refused to admit them into the register.

Twenty different pretenders came in one hour to give notice of an universal medicine, by which all diseases might be cured or prevented, and life protracted beyond the age of Nestor. But Justice informed them, that one universal medicine was sufficient, and she would delay the notification till she saw who could longest preserve his own life.

A thousand other claims and offers were exhibited and examined. I remarked, among this mighty multitude, that, of intellectual advantages, many had great exuberance, and few confessed any want; of every art there were a hundred professors for a single pupil; but of other attainments, such as riches, honours, and preferments, I found none that had too much, but thousands and ten thousands that thought themselves intitled to a larger dividend.

It often happened, that old misers, and women, married at the close of life, advertised their want of children; not



was it uncommon for those who had a numerous offspring, to give notice of a son or daughter to be spared; but though appearances promised well on both sides, the bargain seldom succeeded; for they soon lost their inclination to adopted children, and proclaimed their intentions to promote some scheme of publick charity: a thousand proposals were immediately

made, among which they hesitated, death precluded the decision.

As I stood looking on this confusion, Truth condescended me, what was my business at her: I was struck with the unexpectedness, and awaked by my efforts to answer it.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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THE  
A M B L E R.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

10 CVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1751.

IONUM COMMENTA DELET DIES, NATURÆ JUDICIA CONFIRMAT.

Cic.

OBELITERATES THE FICTIONS OF OPINION, AND CONFIRMS THE DECISIONS OF NATURE.

ecessary to the success of flat-  
that it be accommodated to  
circumstances or characters,  
the heart on that side where  
ons stand ready to receive it.  
eldom listens with attention to  
e but that of her beauty; a  
always expects to hear of his  
at the bank, his importance  
change, the height of his cre-  
the extent of his traffick: and  
r will scarcely be pleased with-  
itations of the neglect of learn-  
onspiracies against genius, and  
progreſs of merit, or some  
the magnanimity of those who  
poverty and contempt in the  
knowledge, and trust for the  
their labours to the judgment  
ude of posterity.

irance of unfading laurels, and  
reputation, is the settled reci-  
of civility between amicable  
To raise monuments more du-  
i brass, and more conspicuous  
mids, has been long the com-  
of literature; but among the  
ple architects that erect co-  
hemselves, far the greater part,  
want of durable materials, or  
dispose them, see their edifices  
hey are towering to comple-  
those few that for a while at-  
re of mankind, are generally  
be foundation, and soon sink  
s of time.

: affords a more striking con-

viction of the vanity of human hopes, than  
a publick library; for who can see the wall  
crowded on every side by mighty volumes,  
the works of laborious meditation and  
accurate enquiry, now scarcely known  
but by the catalogue, and preserved only  
to increase the pomp of learning, with-  
out considering how many hours have  
been wasted in vain endeavours, how  
often imagination has anticipated the  
praises of futurity, how many statues  
have risen to the eye of vanity, how ma-  
ny ideal converts have elevated zeal,  
how often wit has exulted in the eternal  
infamy of his antagonists, and dogma-  
tisin has delighted in the gradual ad-  
vances of his authority, the immutabi-  
lity of his decrees, and the perpetuity  
of his power.

—Non unquam dedit  
Documenta foris majora, quam fragili loco  
Starent superbi.

Insulting chance ne'er call'd with loud voice,  
On swelling mortals to be proud no more.

Of the innumerable authors whose  
performances are thus treasured up in  
magnificent obscurity, most are forgot-  
ten, because they never deserved to be  
remembered, and owed the honours  
which they once obtained, not to judg-  
ment, or to genius, to labour or to art,  
but to the prejudice of faction, the stra-  
tagem of intrigue, or the servility of a-  
dulation.

Nothing is more common than to find  
H b men

men whose works are now totally neglected, mentioned with praises by their contemporaries, as the oracles of their age, and the legislators of science. Curiosity is naturally excited, their volumes after long enquiry are found, but seldom reward the labour of the search. Every period of time has produced these bubbles of artificial fame, which are kept up a while by the breath of fashion, and then break at once, and are annihilated. The learned often bewail the loss of ancient writers whose characters have survived their works; but perhaps, if we could now retrieve them, we should find them only the Granvilles, Montagues, Stepmys, and Shefields of their time, and wonder by what infatuation or caprice they could be raised to notice.

It cannot, however, be denied, that many have sunk into oblivion, whom it were unjust to number with this despicable class. Various kinds of literary fame seem destined to various measures of duration. Some spread into exuberance with a very speedy growth, but soon wither and decay; some rise more slowly, but last long. Parnassus has it's flowers of transient fragrance, as well as it's oaks of towering height, and it's laurels of eternal verdure.

Among those whose reputation is exhausted in a short time by it's own luxuriance, are the writers who take advantage of present incidents or characters which strongly interest the passions, and engage universal attention. It is not difficult to obtain readers when we discuss a question which every one is desirous to understand, which is debated in every assembly, and has divided the nation into parties; or when we display the faults or virtues of him whose public conduct has made almost every man his enemy or his friend. To the quick circulation of such productions all the motives of interest and vanity concur; the disputant enlarges his knowledge, the zealot animates his passion, and every man is desirous to inform himself concerning affairs so vehemently agitated and variously represented.

It is scarcely to be imagined, through how many subordinations of interest the ardour of party is diffused; and what multitudes fancy themselves affected by every satire or panegyrick on a man of eminence. Whoever has, at any time, taken occasion to mention him with praise

or blame, whoever happens to hate any of his adherents, as he to confirm his opinion, and to strengthen his party, will diligently peruse paper from which he can hope sentiments like his own. An object ever small in itself, if placed near eye, will engross all the rays of and a transaction, however trivial, into importance when it presses intently on our attention. He that shews the political pamphlets of a reign, will wonder why they were eagerly read, or so loudly praised. Most of the performances which had power to flame factions, and fill a kingdom with confusion, have now very little effect as a frigid criticism; and the time is come when the compositions of laterlings shall lie equally despised. I mention as those who write on temporary subjects are exalted above their first, they are afterwards depressed below it; nor can the brightest elegy, or most artful subtilty of reasoning, hope for much esteem from whose regard is no longer quickened by curiosity or pride.

It is, indeed, the fate of controversy even when they contend for philosophical or theological truth, to be set aside and slighted. Either the question is decided, and there is no more for doubt and opposition; or men despair of understanding it, and weary of disturbance, content themselves with quiet ignorance, and refuse harassed with labours which they no longer hope of recompensing with a ledge.

The authors of new discoveries surely expect to be reckoned among those whose writings are secure of veneration: yet it often happens that the general reception of a doctrine of the books in which it was delivered. When any tenet is generally received and adopted as an incontrovertible principle, we seldom look back to the arguments upon which it was first established, or can bear that tediousness of deduction, and multiplicity of evasions by which it's author was forced to concile it to prejudice, and fortify the weakness of novelty against the envy and envy.

It is well known how much philosophy is derived from Boileau's discovery of the qualities of the

who now adopt or enlarge his very few have read the detail of crimes. His name is, indeed, ced; but his works are neglected; are contented to know, that he red his opponents, without en-; what cavils were produced a-him, or by what proofs they were ed.

These writers apply themselves to fundless and inexhaustible, as ex- nents and natural philosophy. These ways lost in successive compila- as new advances are made, and observations become more fa-

Others spend their lives in re- on language, or explanations of ities, and only afford materials icographers and commentators, e themselves overwhelmed by sub- t collectors, that equally destroy mory of their predecessors by am- ion, transposition, or contrac- Every new system of nature gives o a swarm of expostors, whose

business is to explain and illustrate it, and who can hope to exist no longer than the founder of their sect preserves his reputation.

There are, indeed, few kinds of composition from which an author, however learned or ingenious, can hope a long continuance of fame. He who has carefully studied human nature, and can well describe it, may with most reason flatter his ambition. Bacon, among all his pretensions to the regard of posterity, seems to have pleased himself chiefly with his *Essays, which come home to men's business and bosoms*, and of which therefore he declares his expectation, that they *will live as long as books last*. It may, however, satisfy an honest and benevolent mind to have been useful, though less conspicuous; nor will he that extends his hope to higher rewards be so much anxious to obtain praise, as to discharge the duty which Providence assigns him.

## Nº CVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1751.

ALTERNIS IGITUR CONTENDERE VERSIBUS AMBO  
COEPERE: ALTERNOS MUSÆ MEMINISSE VOLERANT.

VIRG.

ON THEMES ALTERNATE NOW THE SWAINS RECITE;  
THE MUSES IN ALTERNATE THEMES DELIGHT.

ELPHINSTON.

LONG the various censures, which the unavoidable comparison performances with those of my efforts has produced, there is none general than that of uniformity.

Of my readers remark the want of these changes of colours, which only fed the attention with unex- l novelty, and of that intermix- subjects, or alternation of man- y which other writers relieved less, and awakened expectation.

we, indeed, hitherto avoided the re of uniting gay and solemn sub- in the same paper, because it seems l for an author to counteract him- o prels at once with equal force both parts of the intellectual ba- or give medicines, which, like the e poison of Dryden, destroy the of one another. I have endea- l sometimes to divert, and some- to elevate; but have imagined it an attempt to disturb matrimony by

solemnity, or interrupt seriousness by drollery. Yet I shall this day publish two letters of very different tendency, which I hope, like tragi-comedy, may chance to please even when they are not critically approved.

TO THE RAMBLER.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH, as my mamma tells me, I am too young to talk at the table, I have great pleasure in listening to the conversation of learned men, especially when they discourse of things which I do not understand; and have, therefore, been of late particularly delighted with many disputes about the *alteration of the stile*, which, they say, is to be made by act of parliament.

One day when my mamma was gone out of the room, I asked a very great scholar what the stile was? He told me, he was afraid I should hardly under- stand him when he informed me, that it

H h 2

was

was the stated and established method of computing time. It was not, indeed, likely that I should understand him; for I never yet knew time computed in my life, nor can I imagine why we should be at so much trouble to count what we cannot keep. He did not tell me whether we are to count the time past, or the time to come; but I have considered them both by myself, and think it as foolish to count time that is gone, as money that is spent; and as for the time which is to come, it only seems farther off by counting; and therefore when any pleasure is promised me, I always think of the time as little as I can.

I have since listened very attentively to every one that talked upon this subject, of whom the greater part seem not to understand it better than myself; for though they often hint how much the nation has been mistaken, and rejoice that we are at last growing wiser than our ancestors, I have never been able to discover from them, that any body has died sooner or been married later for counting time wrong; and therefore I began to fancy that there was a great bustle with little consequence.

At last, two friends of my papa, Mr. Cycle, and Mr. Starlight, being, it seems, both of high learning, and able to make an almanack, began to talk about the new stile. Sweet Mr. Starlight—I am sure I shall love his name as long as I live; for he told Cycle roundly, with a fierce look, that we should never be right without a *year of confusion*. Dear Mr. Rambler, did you ever hear any thing so charming? a whole year of confusion! When there has been a rout at mamma's, I have thought one night of confusion worth a thousand nights of rest; and if I can but see a year of confusion, a whole year of cards in one room, and dancings in another, here a feast, and there a masquerade, and plays, and coaches, and hurries, and messages, and milliners, and raps at the door, and visits, and frolics, and new fashions, I shall not care what they do with the rest of the time, nor whether they count it by the old stile or the new; for I am resolved to break loose from the nursery in the tumult, and play my part among the rest; and it will be strange if I cannot get a husband and a chariot in the year of confusion.

Cycle, who is neither so young nor so handsome as Starlight, very gravely

maintained, that all the perplexity may be avoided by leaping over eleven days in the reckoning; and indeed, if it should come only to this, I think the new stile is a delightful thing; for my mamma says I shall go to court when I am sixteen, and if they can but contrive often to leap over eleven days together, the months of restraint will soon be at an end. It is strange, that with all the plots that have been laid against time, they could never kill it by act of parliament before. Dear Sir, if you have any vote or interest, get them but for once to destroy eleven months, and then I shall be as old as some married ladies. But this is desired only if you think they will not comply with Mr. Starlight's scheme; for nothing surely could please me like a year of confusion, when I shall no longer be fixed this hour to my pen and the next to my needle, or wait at home for the dancing-master one day, and the next for the music-master, but run from ball to ball, and from drum to drum; and spend all my time without tasks, and without account, and go out without telling whither, and come home without regard to prescribed hours, or family-rules. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,  
PROPERANTIA.

#### MR. RAMBLER,

I Was seized this morning with an unusual pensiveness, and finding that books only served to heighten it, took a ramble into the fields, in hopes of relief and invigoration from the keenness of the air and brightness of the sun.

As I wandered wrapped up in thought, my eyes were struck with the hospital for the reception of deserted infants, which I surveyed with pleasure, till by a natural train of sentiment, I began to reflect on the fate of the mothers. For to what shelter can they fly? Only to the arms of their betrayer, which perhaps are now no longer open to receive them; and then how quick must be the transition from deluded virtue to shameless guilt, and from shameless guilt to hopeless wretchedness!

The anguish that I felt, left me no rest till I had, by your means, addressed myself to the publick on behalf of those forlorn creatures, the women of the town; whose misery here might satisfy the most rigorous censor, and whose participation of our common nature might surely

induce us to endeavour, at least, preservation from eternal punish-

ment were all once, if not virtuous, at least innocent; and might still have been blameless and easy, but for the arts and insinuations of those whose fortune, or education, furnished with means to corrupt or to delude.

Let the libertine reflect a moment on the situation of that woman, being forsaken by her betrayer, is reduced to the necessity of turning prostitute for bread, and to judge of the enmity of his guilt by the evils which it occasions.

It cannot be doubted but that to pursue this dreadful course of life brings shame, horror, and regret; but where may they hope for refuge? 'The world is not their friend, nor the world's law.' Their sighs, and tears, and groans, are vain in the eye of their tyrants, the tyrant and the bawd, who fatten on their misery, and threaten them with want or death, if they shew the least design of escaping from their bondage.

To wipe all tears from off all faces, to ask too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is often within the limited power: yet the opportunity which every day affords of relieving most wretched of human beings is over-looked and neglected, with a disregard of policy and goodness.

There are places, indeed, set apart, to which these unhappy creatures may resort, when the diseases of incontinence seize upon them; but if they obtain a cure, to what are they reduced? Either to return with the small remains of beauty to their former guilt, or perish in the streets with nakedness and hunger.

How frequently have the gay and thoughtless, in their evening frolics, seen a band of these miserable females, covered with rags, shivering with cold, and pining with hunger; and, without either pitying their calamities, or reflecting upon the cruelty of those who perhaps first seduced them by caresses of fondness, or magnificence of promises, go on to reduce others to the same wretchedness by the same means?

To stop the increase of this deplorable multitude, is undoubtedly the first and most pressing consideration. To prevent evil is the great end of government, the end for which vigilance and severity are properly employed. But surely those whom passion or interest have already depraved, have some claim to compassion, from beings equally frail and fallible with themselves. Nor will they long groan in their present afflictions, if none were to refuse them relief, but these that owe their exemption from the same distress only to their wisdom and their virtue. I am, &c.

AMICUS.

## Nº CVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1751.

SAFERE AUDY,

INCIPE. VIVENDI RECTE QUI PROROGAT HORAM,  
RUSTICUS EXPECTAT DUM DEFLUAT AMNIS: AT ILLE  
LABITUR, ET LABETUR IN OMNE VOLUBILIS ÆVUM.

HOR.

BEGIN, BE BOLD, AND VENTURE TO BE WISE;  
HE WHO DEFERS THIS WORK FROM DAY TO DAY,  
DOES ON A RIVER'S BANK EXPECTING STAY,  
TILL THE WHOLE STREAM, WHICH STOPP'D HIM, SHOULD BE GONE,  
THAT RUNS; AND, AS IT RUNS, FOR EVER WILL RUN ON.

COWLEY.

An ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of the world, which his system of opinions led him to represent in its worst light, has observed of the earth, 'that the greater part is covered by the inhabitable ocean; that of the rest, as is encumbered with naked moun-

tains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man.'

The same observation may be trans-

lated.

ferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all it's inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable, that either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and at once

we cannot perceive, till they are united into masses. Thus we break the periods of time into centuries and and thus, if we would know the value of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our monious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by expences, by the profusion of sun little singly to alarm our caution which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind prodigality of life; he that hopes to look hereafter with satisfaction on his past years, must learn to know the true value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall to the ground.

It is usual for those who are devoted to the attainment of any new science, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, to exclude pleasure, and to devote days and nights to a particular study. But all common degrees of exertion are attainable at a lower price; I should steadily and resolutely assist any science or language those intervals of vacancies which intervene in the crowded variety of diversion or amusement, would find every day new mediations of knowledge, and discover much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires; which are soon remitted when the counter difficulty, and desires which they are indulged too often, will off the authority of reason, and capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human mind. If we except those gigantic stupendous intelligences who are able to grasp a system by intuition, and to proceed from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps or intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advancement in knowledge by short flights, between which the mind may lie at rest. Every single act of progression requires time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is employed, it will be well employed.

Few minds will be long con-

ere and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion, till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be tainted by occupations less pleasing, it turns again to study with greater alacrity, than when it is glutted with idealasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of it's channel.

From some cause like this, it has probably proceeded, that among those who are contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which various circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to king-

dom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world, such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the *Praise of Folly*, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*—lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that *time was his estate*; an estate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

## Nº CIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 1751.

GRATUM EST, QUOD PATRIÆ CIVEM, POPULOQUE DEDISTI,  
SI FACIS UT PATRIÆ SIT IDONEUS, UTILIS AGIS,  
UTILIS ET BELLORUM PACIS REBUS AGENDIS.  
PLURIMUM ENIM INTERERIT, QUIBUS ARTIBUS, ET QUIBUS HUNC TU  
MORIBUS INSTITUTUS.

JUV.

GRATEFUL THE GIFT! A MEMBER TO THE STATE,  
IF YOU THAT MEMBER USEFUL SHALL CREATE;  
TRAIN'D BOTH TO WAR, AND WHEN THE WAR SHALL CEASE,  
AS FOND, AS FIT T'IMPROVE THE ARTS OF PEACE.  
FOR MUCH IT BOOTS WHICH WAY YOU TRAIN YOUR BOY,  
THE HOPEFUL OBJECT OF YOUR FUTURE JOY.

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,  
**T**HOUGH you seem to have taken a view sufficiently extensive of the vicissitudes of life, and have employed much

of your speculation on mournful subjects, you have not yet exhausted the whole stock of human infelicity. There is still a species of wretchedness which escapes your observation, though it might supply



supply you with many sage remarks, and salutary cautions.

I cannot but imagine the start of attention awakened by this welcome hint; and at this instant see the Rambler snuffing his candle, rubbing his spectacles, stirring his fire, locking out interruption, and settling himself in his easy-chair, that he may enjoy a new calamity without disturbance. For, whether it be that continued sickness or misfortune has acquainted you only with the bitterness of being; or that you imagine none but yourself able to discover what I suppose has been seen and felt by all the inhabitants of the world; whether you intend your writings as antidotal to the levity and merriment with which your rivals endeavour to attract the favour of the publick; or fancy that you have some particular powers of dolorous declamation, and *pour out your groans* with uncommon elegance or energy; it is certain, that whatever be your subject, melancholy for the most part bursts in upon your speculation, your gaiety is quickly overcast, and though your readers may be flattered with hopes of pleasure, they are seldom dismissed but with heavy hearts.

That I may therefore gratify you with an imitation of your own syllables of sadness, I will inform you that I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered in my first cries such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness and the increase of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in playhouses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their time called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the de-

jection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma therefore governed the family without controul; and except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer so fine a child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave, than see me tear my clothes, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured, and hired an honest gentleman of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom, having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too

benfome an employment; for my very judiciously confidered, that ot likely to grow politer in his y, and fuffered me not to pafs re time in his apartment than my quired. When I was fummony task, fhe enjoined me not to of my tutor's ways, who was mentioned before me but for s to be avoided. I was every t admonifhed not to lean on my rofs my legs, or fwing my hands tutor; and once my mother very r deliberated upon his total on, becaufe I began, fhe faid, to s manner of ficking on my hat, his bend in my foulders, and s in my gait.

, however, was her care, that I all thefe depravities; and when only twelve years old, had rid of every appearance of childifh ce. I was celebrated round the for the petulance of my remarks, quicknefs of my replies; and fcholar five years older than mye I dafhed into confufion by the fs of my countenance, f silenced readinefs of repartee, and t with envy by the addrefs with picked up a fan, prefented a x, or received an empty tea-cup. urteen I was completely f skilled eniceties of drefs, and I could y enumerate all the variety of ad diftinguifh the produft of a loom, but dart my eye through ous company, and obferve every n from the reigning mode. I verfally fkilful in all the changes ifive finery; but as every one, , has fomething to which he is urly born, was eminently know-ruffels lace.

ext year faw me advanced to the d power of adjusting the cere-of an afsembly. All received tners from my hand, and to me anger applied for introduction. t now difdained the inftructions or, who was rewarded with a nuity for life, and left me quamy own opinion, to govern my-

horttime I came to London, and ther was well known among r claffes of life, foon obtained i to the moft fplendid afsem- d moft crowded card-tables. ound myfelf univerfally caref-

fed and applauded: the ladies praifed the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the foftnefs of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themfelves to my notice; and invited by a thoufand oblique follicitations my attendance to the playhoufe, and my falutations in the park. I was now happy to the utmoft extent of my conception; I paffed every morning in drefs, every afternoon in vifits, and every night in fome feleft affemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were fuffered to moleft us.

After a few years, however, thefe delights became familiar, and I had leifure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of fatiety, or recreate wearinefs, by varied amufement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the fphere of my pleasures, and to try what fatisfaction might be found in the fociety of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived, that every man whofe name I had heard mentioned with refpect, received me with a kind of tendernes nearly bordering on compaffion; and that thofe whofe reputation was not well eftablifhed, thought it neceffary to juftify their underftandings, by treating me with contempt. One of thefe wiflings elevated his creft, by afking me in a full coffee-houfe the price of patches; and another whifpered that he wondered why Mifs Frifk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her fquirrel.

When I found myfelf thus hunted from all mafculine converfation by thofe who were themfelves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and refolved to dedicate my life to their fervice and their pleafure. But I find that I have now loft my charms. Of thofe with whom I entered the gay world, fome are married, fome have retired, and fome have fo much changed their opinion, that they fcarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties to whom I have made my addreffes, fuffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myfelf welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either ufe or dignity to life, are content to pafs their hours between their bed and their cards, without efteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I

find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt. I am, &c.

FLORENTULUS.

## Nº CX. SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1751.

AT NOBIS VITÆ DOMINUM QUÆRENTIBUS UNUM  
LUX ITER EST, ET CLARA DIES, ET GRATIA SIMPLEX.  
SPEM SEQUIMUR, GRADIMURQUE FIDE, FRUIMURQUE FUTURIS,  
AD QUÆ NON VENIUNT PRÆSENTIS GAUDIA VITÆ,  
NEC CURRUNT PARITER CAPTA, ET CAPIENDA VOLUPTAS.

PRUDENTIUS.

WE THRO' THIS MAZE OF LIFE ONE LORD OBEY;  
WHOSE LIGHT AND GRACE UNERRING, LEAD THE WAY.  
BY HOPE AND FAITH SECURE OF FUTURE BLISS,  
GLADLY THE JOYS OF PRESENT LIFE WE MISS:  
FOR BAFFLED MORTALS STILL ATTEMPT IN VAIN,  
PRESENT AND FUTURE BLISS AT ONCE TO GAIN.

F. LEWIS.

**T**HAT to please the Lord and Father of the universe, is the supreme interest of created and dependent beings, as it is easily proved, has been universally confessed; and since all rational agents are conscious of having neglected or violated the duties prescribed to them, the fear of being rejected, or punished by God, has always burdened the human mind. The expiation of crimes, and renovation of the forfeited hopes of divine favour, therefore constitutes a large part of every religion.

The various methods of propitiation and atonement which fear and folly have dictated, or artifice and interest tolerated in the different parts of the world, however they may sometimes reproach or degrade humanity, at least shew the general consent of all ages and nations in their opinion of the placability of the divine nature. That God will forgive, may, indeed, be established as the first and fundamental truth of religion; for though the knowledge of his existence is the origin of philosophy, yet, without the belief of his mercy, it would have little influence upon our moral conduct. There could be no prospect of enjoying the protection or regard of him, whom the least deviation from rectitude made inexorable for ever; and every man would naturally withdraw his thoughts from the contemplation of a creator,

whom he must consider as a governor too pure to be pleased, and too severe to be pacified; as an enemy infinitely wise, and infinitely powerful, whom he could neither deceive, escape, nor resist.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. A constant and unflinching obedience is above the reach of terrestrial diligence; and therefore the progress of life could only have been the natural descent of negligent despair from crime to crime, had not the universal persuasion of forgiveness to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation, recalled those to the paths of virtue whom their passions had solicited aside; and animated to new attempts, and firmer perseverance, those whom difficulty had discouraged, or negligence surprised.

In times and regions so disjoined from each other, that there can scarcely be imagined any communication of sentiments either by commerce or tradition, has prevailed a general and uniform expectation of propitiating God by corporal austerities, of anticipating his vengeance by voluntary inflictions, and appealing his justice by a speedy and cheerful submission to a less penalty when a greater is incurred.

Incorporated minds will always feel some inclination towards exterior acts, and ritual observances. Ideas not represented by sensible objects are fleeting;  
variable.

, and evanescent. We are not judge of the degree of conviction operated at any particular on our own thoughts, but as it ded by some certain and definite He that reviews his life in order mine the probability of his account with God, if he could once the necessary proportion between and sufferings, might securely in his performance of the expiation while safety remains the reality of mental purity, he is afraid lest he should decide too

his own favour, lest he should feel the pangs of true contrition. He should mistake satiety for contentment, or imagine that his passions are lulled when they are only sleeping. This natural and reasonable diffidence, in humble and timorous disposition to confound penance with contentment, to repose on human nature, and to receive from the final sentence the stated and religious remission of reconciliatory pain. He is never willing to be without remorse, we seek in the knowledge of our succour for our own ignorance; ready to trust any that will undertake to direct us when we have concluded in ourselves.

desire to ascertain by some outward mark the state of the soul, and singleness to calm the conscience: settled method, have produced, are diversified in their effects by tempers and principles, most of which are dissensions and rules, the doubts and confusions, that have embarrassed the mind of repentance, and perplexed the inflexible minds with innumerable scruples concerning the necessities of sorrow, and degrees of self-abhorrence; and these corrupted by fraud, or credulity, have, by the complacency of the mind from one to another, incited others to an attempt of all subsidiary ordinary prudential caution, and the discipline of regulated piety.

Repentance, however difficult to be understood, is, if it be explained without affect, easily understood. *Repentance is the relinquishment of any practice the conviction that it has of God.* Sorrow, and fear, and weeping, are properly not parts, but attendants of repentance; yet they are too

closely connected with it, to be easily separated; for they not only mark its sincerity, but promote its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obstinacy, by which his safety or happiness in this world is endangered, without feeling the pungency of remorse. He who is fully convinced that he suffers by his own failure, can never forbear to trace back his miscarriage to its first cause, to impute to himself a contrary behaviour, and to form involuntary resolutions against the like fault, even when he knows that he shall never again have the power of committing it. Danger considered as imminent, naturally produces such trepidations of impatience as leave all human means of safety behind them: he that has once caught an alarm of terror, is every moment seized with useless anxieties; adding one security to another, trembling with sudden doubts, and distracted by the perpetual occurrence of new expedients. If, therefore, he whose crimes have deprived him of the favour of God, can reflect upon his conduct without disturbance, or can at will banish the reflection; if he who considers himself as suspended over the abyss of eternal perdition only by the thread of life, which must soon part by its own weakness, and which the wing of every minute may divide, can cast his eyes round him without shuddering with horror, or panting with security; what can he judge of himself but that he is not yet awakened to sufficient conviction, since every loss is more lamented than the loss of the Divine favour, and every danger more dreaded than the danger of final condemnation?

Retirement from the cares and pleasures of the world has been often recommended as useful to repentance. This at least is evident, that every one retires, whenever ratiocination and recollection are required on other occasions: and surely the retrospect of life, the disentanglement of actions complicated with innumerable circumstances, and diffused in various relations, the discovery of the primary movements of the heart, and the extirpation of lusts and appetites deeply rooted and widely spread, may be allowed to demand some secession from sport and noise, and business and folly. Some suspension of common affairs, some pause of temporal pain and pleasure, is doubtless necessary to him that deliberates for eternity.

eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miscarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only question in which mistake cannot be rectified.

Austerities and mortifications are means by which the mind is invigorated and roused, by which the attractions of pleasure are interrupted, and the chains of sensuality are broken. It is observed by one of the fathers, that *he who restrains himself in the use of things lawful, will never encroach upon things forbidden*. Abstinence, if nothing more, is at least a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped by him that dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction; or delights to approach the pleasures which he knows it fatal to partake. Austerity is the proper antidote to indulgence; the distastes of mind as well as body are cured by contraries, and to contraries we should readily have recourse, if we dreaded guilt as we dread pain.

The completion and sum of repentance is a change of life. That sorrow

which dictates no caution, that fear which does not quicken our escape, that anxiety which fails to rectify our affections, are vain and unavailing. But sorrow and terror must naturally precede reformation; for what other cause can produce it? He, therefore, that feels himself alarmed by his conscience, anxious for the attainment of a better state, and afflicted by the memory of his past faults, may justly conclude, that the great work of repentance is begun, and hope by retirement and prayer, the natural and religious means of strengthening his conviction, to impress upon his mind such a sense of the Divine presence, as may overpower the blandishments of secular delights, and enable him to advance from one degree of holiness to another, till death shall set him free from doubt and contest, misery and temptation.

What better can we do than prostrate fall  
Before him reverent; and there confess  
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg. with tears  
Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?

## Nº CXI. TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1751.

Θρηνη γὰρ οἱ ταχέως, καὶ ἀσφαλές.

SOPHOC.

DISASTER ALWAYS WAITS ON EARLY WIT.

IT has been observed, by long experience, that late springs produce the greatest plenty. The delay of blooms and fragrance, of verdure and breezes, is for the most part liberally recompensed by the exuberance and fecundity of the ensuing seasons; the blossoms which lie concealed till the year is advanced, and the sun is high, escape those chilling blasts, and nocturnal frosts, which are often fatal to early luxuriance, prey upon the first smiles of vernal beauty, destroy the feeble principles of vegetable life, intercept the fruit in the gem, and beat down the flowers unopened to the ground.

I am afraid there is little hope of persuading the young and sprightly part of my readers, upon whom the spring naturally forces my attention, to learn from the great process of nature, the difference between diligence and hurry, between speed and precipitation; to profess their designs with calmness, to watch

the concurrence of opportunity, and endeavour to find the lucky moment which they cannot make. Youth is the time of enterprize and hope; having yet no occasion of comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us. The first repulses rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence; a brave and generous mind is long before it suspects it's own weakness, or submits to sap the difficulties which it expected to subdue by storm. Before disappointments have enforced the dictates of philosophy, we believe it in our power to shorten the interval between the first cause and the last effect; we laugh at the timorous delays of plodding industry, and fancy that, by increasing the fire, we can at pleasure accelerate the projection.

At our entrance into the world, when health and vigour give us fair promise

ufficient for the regular maturation schemes, and a long enjoyment of our acquisitions, we are eager in the present moment; we pluck satisfaction within our reach, suffering it to ripen into perfection and crowd all the varieties of nature into a narrow compass; but age is too slow to change our conduct; we are negligent of time in proportion as leisure remains, and suffer the shortness of life to steal from us in languid moments for future undertakings, or to reach remote advantages, hopes or some fortuitous occurrence; drowsy equilibrations of unsteady counsel. Whether it be aged, having tasted the pleasures of youth, or in declining condition, and found them become less anxious for their attainment; or that frequent miscarriages have led them to despair, and frozen inactivity; or that death shocks them as it advances upon them, they are afraid to remind themselves of decay, or to discover to their friends, that the time of trifling is

perpetual conflict with natural desires to be the lot of our present youth we require something to counteract the ardour and frugidity of age; we must labour to recall the impetuosity of youth; in youth we learn to expect, and in age to

be disappointed; expectation is, indeed, to be borne at a time when every gratification fires the blood, and feeds the fancy; when the heart is in every fresh form of delight, and no rival engagements to withdraw from the importunities of a new world. Yet since the fear of missing what we seek must always be proportioned to the happiness expected from it; the passions, even in this youthful state, might be somewhat cooled by frequent inculcation of the chief of temperance, and the hastening that which we endeavour to postpone before our time.

It is too early to aspire to honours, and to encounter not only the loss of interest, but the malignity

of them. He that is too eager to be generally endangers his fortune in ventures, and uncertain projects; he that hastens too speedily to reputation raises his character by arti-

fices and fallacies, decks himself in colours which quickly fade, or in plumes which accident may shake off, or competition pluck away.

The danger of early eminence has been extended by some, even to the gifts of nature; and an opinion has been long conceived, that quickness of invention, accuracy of judgment, or extent of knowledge, appearing before the usual time, presage a short life. Even those who are less inclined to form general conclusions, from instances which by their own nature must be rare, have yet been inclined to prognosticate no suitable progress from the first sallies of rapid wits; but have observed, that after a short effort they either loiter or faint, and suffer themselves to be surpassed by the even and regular perseverance of slower understandings.

It frequently happens, that applause abates diligence. Whosoever finds himself to have performed more than was demanded, will be contented to spare the labour of unnecessary performances, and sit down to enjoy at ease his superfluities of honour. He whom success has made confident of his abilities, quickly claims the privilege of negligence, and looks contemptuously on the gradual advances of a rival, whom he imagines himself able to leave behind whenever he shall again summon his force to the contest. But long intervals of pleasure dissipate attention, and weaken constancy; nor is it easy for him that has sunk from diligence into sloth, to rouse out of his lethargy, to recollect his notions, rekindle his curiosity, and engage with his former ardour in the toils of study.

Even that friendship which intends the reward of genius, too often tends to obstruct it. The pleasure of being caressed, distinguished, and admired, easily seduces the student from literary solitude. He is ready to follow the call which summons him to hear his own praise, and which, perhaps, at once flatters his appetite with certainty of pleasures, and his ambition with hopes of patronage; pleasures which he conceives inexhaustible, and hopes which he has not yet learned to distrust.

These evils, indeed, are by no means to be imputed to nature, or considered as inseparable from an early display of uncommon abilities. They may be certainly escaped by prudence and resolution.

tion, and must therefore be recounted rather as consolations to those who are less liberally endowed, than as discouragements to such as are born with uncommon qualities. Beauty is well known to draw after it the persecutions of impertinence, to incite the artifices of envy, and to raise the flames of unlawful love; yet among the ladies whom prudence or modesty have made most eminent, who has ever complained of the inconveniencies of an amiable form? or would have purchased safety by the loss of charms?

Neither grace of person, nor vigour of understanding, are to be regarded otherwise than as blessings, as means of happiness indulged by the Supreme Benefactor; but the advantages of either may be lost by too much eagerness to obtain them. A thousand beauties in their first blossom, by an imprudent exposure to the open world, have suddenly withered at the blast of infamy; and men who might have subjected new regions to the empire of learning, have

been lured by the praise of their first productions from academical retirement, and wasted their days in vice and dependence. The virgin who too soon aspires to celebrity and conquest, perishes by childish vanity, ignorant credulity, or guiltless indiscretion. The genius who catches at laurels and preferment before his time, mocks the hopes that he had excited, and loses those years which might have been most usefully employed, the years of youth, of spirit, and vivacity.

It is one of the innumerable absurdities of pride, that we are never more impatient of direction, than in that part of life when we need it most; we are in haste to meet enemies whom we have not strength to overcome, and to undertake tasks which we cannot perform: and as he that once miscarries does not easily persuade mankind to favour another attempt, an ineffectual struggle for fame is often followed by perpetual obscurity.

## Nº CXII. SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1751.

IN MEA VESANAS HABUI DISPENDIA VIRUS,  
ET VALUI POENAS FORTIS IN IPSE MEAS.

OVID.

OF STRENGTH PERNICIOUS TO MYSELF I BOAST;  
THE POW'RS I HAVE WERE GIV'N ME TO MY COST.

F. LEWIS.

**WE** are taught by Celsus, that health is best preserved by avoiding settled habits of life, and deviating sometimes into slight aberrations from the laws of medicine; by varying the proportions of food and exercise, interrupting the successions of rest and labour, and mingling hardships with indulgence. The body, long accustomed to stated quantities and uniform periods; is disordered by the smallest irregularity; and since we cannot adjust every day by the balance or barometer, it is fit sometimes to depart from rigid accuracy, that we may be able to comply with necessary affairs, or strong inclinations. He that too long observes nice punctualities, condemns himself to voluntary imbecility, and will not long escape the miseries of disease.

The same laxity of regimen is equally necessary to intellectual health, and to

a perpetual susceptibility of occasional pleasure. Long confinement to the same company which perhaps similitude of taste brought first together, quickly contracts his faculties, and makes a thousand things offensive that are in themselves indifferent; a man accustomed to hear only the echo of his own sentiments, soon bars all the common avenues of delight, and has no part in the general gratifications of mankind.

In things which are not immediately subject to religious or moral consideration, it is dangerous to be too long or too rigidly in the right. Sensibility may, by an incessant attention to elegance and propriety, be quickened to a tenderness inconsistent with the condition of humanity, irritable by the slightest asperity, and vulnerable by the gentlest touch. He that pleases himself too much with minute exactness, and sub-

endure nothing in accommodation, or address, below the perfection, will, whenever he is in the crowd of life, be harassed with various distresses, from which those who are not in the same manner in their sensations find no disturbance. His exotick softness will shrink from coarseness of vulgar felicity, like a flower transplanted to northern nurse-ry from the dews and sun-shine of the southern regions.

There will always be a wide interval between the practical and ideal excellence; therefore, if we allow not ourselves to be satisfied while we can perceive any defect, we must refer our hopes to some other period of existence. It is well known that, exposed to a mirror, the smoothest polish of the most polished bodies discovers cavities and projections; and that the softest bloom of virginity repels the eye with excess and discolorations. The perceptions as well as the senses may be imputed to our own disquiet, and we may, by constant cultivation of the powers of the mind, raise in time an artificial fastidiousness, which shall fill the imagination with phantoms of turpitude, shew us the skeleton of every delight, and prevent only with the pains of pleasure, the deformities of beauty.

Envy, indeed, would perhaps be able to disturb the peace of mankind, but it is always the consequence of superciliousness; for it is the privilege of deep reflection, or lively fancy, to enjoy happiness by art and refinement.

But by continual indulgence of humour, or by long enjoyment of undisputed superiority, the dull and thoughtless may likewise acquire the art of tormenting themselves and others, and become sufficiently ridiculous or hateful to those who are within reach of their conduct, or reach of their voice.

Those who have grown old in a single way are generally found to be morose, selfish, and captious; tenacious of their practices and maxims; soon offended by contradiction or negligence; and without any association, but with themselves, will watch their nod, and subvert themselves to unlimited authority. This is the effect of having lived without the necessity of consulting any opinion but their own.

The irascibility of this class of tyrants is generally exerted upon petty provocations, such as are incident to understandings not far extended beyond the instincts of animal life; but, unhappily, he that fixes his attention on things always before him, will never have long cessations of anger. There are many veterans of luxury, upon whom every noon brings a paroxysm of violence, fury, and execration; they never sit down to their dinner without finding the meat so injudiciously bought, or so unskillfully dressed, such blunders in the seasoning, or such improprieties in the sauce, as can scarcely be expiated without blood; and, in the transports of resentment, make very little distinctions between guilt and innocence, but let fly their menaces, or growl out their discontent, upon all whom fortune exposes to the storm.

It is not easy to imagine a more unhappy condition than that of dependence on a peevish man. In every other state of inferiority the certainty of pleasing is perpetually increased by a fuller knowledge of our duty; and kindness and confidence are strengthened by every new act of trust, and proof of fidelity. But peevishness sacrifices to a momentary offence the obsequiousness or usefulness of half a life, and as more is performed, increases her exactions.

Chrysalus gained a fortune by trade, and retired into the country; and, having a brother burdened by the number of his children, adopted one of his sons. The boy was dismissed with many prudent admonitions; informed of his father's inability to maintain him in his native rank; cautioned against all opposition to the opinions or precepts of his uncle; and animated to perseverance by the hopes of supporting the honour of the family, and overtopping his elder brother. He had a natural ductility of mind, without much warmth of affection, or elevation of sentiment; and therefore readily complied with every variety of caprice; patiently endured contradictory reproofs; heard false accusations without pain, and opprobrious reproaches without reply; laughed obstreperously at the ninetieth repetition of a joke; asked questions about the universal decay of trade; admired the strength of those heads by which the price of stocks is changed and adjusted; and behaved with such  
prudence



prudence and circumspection, that after six years the will was made, and Juven- culus was declared heir. But unhappi- ly, a month afterwards, retiring at night from his uncle's chamber, he left the door open behind him: the old man tore his will, and being then perceptibly de- clining, for want of time to deliberate, left his money to a trading company.

When female minds are imbittered by age or solitude, their malignity is ge- nerally exerted in a rigorous and spite- ful superintendence of domestick trifles. Eriphile has employed her eloquence for twenty years upon the degeneracy of servants, the nastiness of her house, the ruin of her furniture, the difficulty of preserving tapestry from the moths, and the carelessness of the sluts whom she employs in brushing it. It is her busi- ness every morning to visit all the rooms, in hopes of finding a chair without it's cover, a window shut or open contrary to her orders, a spot on the hearth, or a feather on the floor, that the rest of the day may be justifiably spent in taunts of contempt, and vociferations of anger. She lives for no other purpose but to preserve the neatness of a house and gar- dens, and feels neither inclination to pleasure, nor aspiration after virtue, while she is engrossed by the great em- ployment of keeping gravel from grass, and wainscot from dust. Of three ami- able nieces she has declared herself an irreconcilable enemy to one, because she broke off a tulip with her hoop; to another, because she spilt her coffee on a Turkey carpet; and to the third, because she let a wet dog run into the parlour. She has broken off her intercourse of visits, because company makes a house dirty; and resolves to confine herself

more to her own affairs, and to live no longer in mire by foolish lenity.

Pecvishness is generally the vice of narrow minds; and, except when it is the effect of anguish and disease, by which the resolution is broken, and the mind made too feeble to bear the lightest addition to it's miseries, proceeds from an unreasonable persuasion of the im- portance of trifles. The proper remedy against it is, to consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of suffer- ing perturbation and uneasiness from causes unworthy of our notice.

He that resigns his peace to little ca- sualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadver- tencies or offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity which constitute the chief praise of a wise man.

The province of prudence lies between the greatest things and the least; some surpass our power by their magnitude, and some escape our notice by their num- ber and their frequency. But the in- dispensable business of life will afford sufficient exercise to every understanding; and such is the limitation of the human powers, that by attention to trifles we must let things of importance pass un- observed: when we examine a mite with a glass, we see nothing but a mite.

That it is every man's interest to be pleased, will need little proof: that it is his interest to please others, experience will inform him. It is therefore not less necessary to happiness than to vir- tue, that he rid his mind of passions which make him uneasy to himself, and hateful to the world, which enchain his intellects, and obstruct his improvement.

## CXIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1751.

—UXOREM, POSTHUME DUCIS?

C QUA TISSIPHONE, QUIBUS EXAGITARE CULVERIS?

JUV.

SOBER MAN LIKE THEE TO CHANGE HIS LIFE!  
HAT FURY WOULD POSSESS THEE WITH A WIFE?

DRYDEN.

## THE RAMBLER.

t whether it is always a  
nnocence to treat censure  
t. We owe so much reve-  
rdom of mankind, as just-  
that our own opinion of  
y be ratified by the concur-  
r suffrages; and since guilt  
must have the same effect  
ences unable to pierce be-  
l appearance, and influen-  
er by example than pre-  
obliged to refute a false  
ve should countenance the  
we have never committed.  
y from an accusation with  
silence, is equally in the  
n that is hardened by vil-  
spirited by innocence. The  
which Horace erects upon  
cience, may be sometimes  
udence or power; and we  
s with to preserve the dig-  
ae by adorning her with  
wickedness cannot assume.  
ason I have determined no  
ure, with either patient or  
tion, a reproach which is,  
y opinion, unjust; but will  
honestly before you, that  
readers may at length de-

ou will be able to preserve  
l impartiality, when you  
am considered as an adver-  
the female world, you may  
me for doubting, notwith-  
veneration to which you  
e yourself entitled by your  
urning, your abstraction, or  
Beauty, Mr. Rambler, has  
wered the resolutions of the  
be reasonings of the wife,  
d to sensibility, and subdued  
to softness.

of those unhappy beings,  
been marked out as hus-

bands for many different women, and  
deliberated a hundred times on the brink  
of matrimony. I have discussed all the  
nuptial preliminaries so often, that I can  
repeat the forms in which jointures are  
settled, pin-money secured, and provi-  
sions for younger children ascertained;  
but am at last doomed by general con-  
sent to everlasting solitude, and excluded  
by an irreversible decree from all hopes  
of connubial felicity. I am pointed out  
by every mother, as a man whose visits  
cannot be admitted without reproach;  
who raises hopes only to embitter disap-  
pointment, and makes offers only to se-  
duce girls into a waste of that part of  
life, in which they might gain advan-  
tageous matches, and become mistresses  
and mothers.

I hope you will think, that some part  
of this penal severity may justly be re-  
mitted, when I inform you, that I never  
yet professed love to a woman with-  
out sincere intentions of marriage; that  
I have never continued an appearance  
of intimacy from the hour that my in-  
clination changed, but to preserve her  
whom I was leaving from the shock of  
abruptness, or the ignominy of contempt;  
that I always endeavoured to give the  
ladies an opportunity of seeming to dis-  
card me; and that I never forsook a mis-  
tress for larger fortune, or brighter beau-  
ty, but because I discovered some irre-  
gularity in her conduct, or some deprav-  
ity in her mind; not because I was  
charmed by another, but because I was  
offended by herself.

I was very early tired of that succes-  
sion of amusements by which the thoughts  
of most young men are dissipated, and  
had not long glittered in the splendour  
of an ample patrimony before I wished  
for the calm of domestick happiness.  
Youth is naturally delighted with  
sprightliness and ardour, and therefore  
I breathed out the sighs of my first affec-  
tion at the feet of the gay, the sparkling,  
the vivacious Ferocula. I fancied to  
myself

K k

myself a perpetual source of happiness in wit never exhausted, and spirit never depressed; looked with veneration on her readiness of expedients, contempt of difficulty, assurance of address, and promptitude of reply; considered her as exempt by some prerogative of nature from the weakness and timidity of female minds; and congratulated myself upon a companion superior to all common troubles and embarrassments. I was, indeed, somewhat disturbed by the unshaken perseverance with which she enforced her demands of an unreasonable settlement; yet I should have consented to pass my life in union with her, had not my curiosity led me to a crowd gathered in the street, where I found Ferocula, in the presence of hundreds, disputing for six-pence with a chairman. I saw her in so little need of assistance, that it was no breach of the laws of chivalry to forbear interposition, and I spared myself the shame of owning her acquaintance. I forgot some point of ceremony at our next interview, and soon provoked her to forbid me her presence.

My next attempt was upon a lady of great eminence for learning and philosophy. I had frequently observed the barrenness and uniformity of connubial conversation, and therefore thought highly of my own prudence and discernment, when I selected from a multitude of wealthy beauties, the deep-read Misothea, who declared herself the inexorable enemy of ignorant pertness, and puerile levity; and scarcely condescended to make tea, but for the linguist, the geometician, the astronomer, or the poet. The queen of the Amazons was only to be gained by the hero who could conquer her in single combat; and Misothea's heart was only to bless the scholar who could overpower her by disputation. Amidst the fondest transports of courtship she could call for a definition of terms, and treated every argument with contempt that could not be reduced to regular syllogism. You may easily imagine, that I wished this courtship at an end; but when I desired her to shorten my torments, and fix the day of my felicity, we were led into a long conversation, in which Misothea endeavoured to demonstrate the folly of attributing choice and self-direction to any human being. It was not difficult to discover the danger of committing my-

self for ever to the arms of one who might at any time mistake the dictates of passion, or the calls of appetite, for the decree of fate; or consider cuckoldom as necessary to the general system, as a link in the everlasting chain of successive causes. I therefore told her, that destiny had ordained us to part, and that nothing should have torn me from her but the talons of necessity.

I then solicited the regard of the calm, the prudent, the economical Sophronia, a lady who considered wit as dangerous, and learning as superfluous, and thought that the woman who kept her house clean, and her accounts exact, took receipts for every payment, and could find them at a sudden call, enquired nicely after the condition of the tenants, read the price of stocks once a week, and purchased every thing at the best market, could want no accomplishments necessary to the happiness of a wise man. She discoursed with great solemnity on the care and vigilance which the superintendence of a family demands; observed how many were ruined by confidence in servants; and told me that she never expected honesty but from a strong chest, and that the best store-keeper was the mistress's eye. Many such oracles of generosity she uttered, and made every day new improvements in her schemes for the regulation of her servants, and the distribution of her time. I was convinced, that whatever I might suffer from Sophronia, I should escape poverty; and we therefore proceeded to adjust the settlements according to her own rule, *fair and softly*. But one morning her maid came to me in tears to intreat my interest for a reconciliation to her mistress, who had turned her out at night for breaking six teeth in a tortoise-shell comb: she had attended her lady from a distant province, and having not lived long enough to save much money, was destitute among strangers, and though of a good family, in danger of perishing in the streets, or of being compelled by hunger to prostitution. I made no scruple of promising to restore her; but upon my first application to Sophronia, was answered with an air which called for approbation, that if she neglected her own affairs, I might suspect her of neglecting mine; that the comb stood her in three half-crowns; that no servant should

her twice; and that indeed she the first opportunity of parting Phillida, because, though she was t, her constitution was bad, and she ght her very likely to fall sick. Of onference I need not tell you the ef- it surely may be forgiven me, if is occasion I forgot the decency of ion forms.

om two more ladies I was disen- l by finding, that they entertained ivals at the same time, and deter- d their choice by the liberality of ettlements. Another I thought f justified in forsaking, because she

gave my attorney a bribe to favour her in the bargain; another because I could never soften her to tenderness, till she heard that most of my family had died young; and another, because, to increase her fortune by expectations, she represented her sister as languishing and consumptive.

I shall in another letter give the remaining part of my history of courtship. I presume that I should hitherto have injured the majesty of female virtue, had I not hoped to transfer my affection to higher merit. I am, &c.

HYMENÆUS.

## Nº CXIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1751.

—AUDI,

NULLA UNQUAM DE MORTE HOMINIS CUNCTATIO LONGA EST.

JUV.

WHEN A MAN'S LIFE IS IN DEBATE,  
THE JUDGE CAN NE'ER TOO LONG DELIBERATE.

DRYDEN.

WER and superiority are so flattering and delightful, that, fraught with temptation and exposed to danger as are, scarcely any virtue is so cautious, or any prudence so timorous, as cline them. Even those that have reverence for the laws of right, are d with shewing that not fear, but e, regulates their behaviour; and d be thought to comply, rather than

We love to overlook the bounds which we do not wish to pass; as the Roman satirist remarks—that has no design to take the life another, is yet glad to have it in hands.

om the same principle, tending yet to degeneracy and corruption, promote the desire of investing lawful authority with terror, and governing by rather than persuasion. Pride is lling to believe the necessity of as- ing any other reason than her own and would rather maintain the equitable claims by violence and ties, than descend from the dig- of command to dispute and expol- on.

may, I think, be suspected, that political arrogance has sometimes l its way into legislative assemblies, mingled with deliberations upon rty and life. A slight perusal of

the laws by which the measures of vindictive and coercive justice are established, will discover so many disproportions between crimes and punishments, such capricious distinctions of guilt, and such confusion of remissness and severity, as can scarcely be believed to have been produced by publick wisdom, sincerely and calmly studious of publick happiness.

The learned, the judicious, the pious Boerhaave, relates, that he never saw a criminal dragged to execution without asking himself, 'Who knows whether this man is not less culpable than me?' On the days when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave, let every spectator of the dreadful procession put the same question to his own heart. Few among those that crowd in thousands to the legal massacre, and look with carelessness, perhaps with triumph, on the utmost exacerbations of human misery, would then be able to return without horror and dejection. For who can congratulate himself upon a life passed without some act more mischievous to the peace or prosperity of others, than the theft of a piece of money?

It has been always the practice, when any particular species of robbery becomes prevalent and common, to en-

K k 2

deave

deavour it's suppression by capital denunciations. Thus, one generation of malefactors is commonly cut off, and their successors are frightened into new expedients; the art of thievery is augmented with greater variety of fraud, and subtilized to higher degrees of dexterity, and more occult methods of conveyance. The law then renews the pursuit in the heat of anger, and overtakes the offender again with death. By this practice, capital inflictions are multiplied, and crimes very different in their degrees of enormity, are equally subjected to the severest punishment that man has the power of exercising upon man.

The lawgiver is undoubtedly allowed to estimate the malignity of an offence, not merely by the loss or pain which single acts may produce, but by the general alarm and anxiety arising from the fear of mischief, and insecurity of possession: he therefore exercises the right which societies are supposed to have over the lives of those that compose them, not simply to punish a transgression, but to maintain order, and preserve quiet; he enforces those laws with severity that are most in danger of violation, as the commander of a garrison doubles the guard on that side which is threatened with the enemy.

This method has been long tried, but tried with so little success, that rapine and violence are hourly increasing: yet few seem willing to despair of it's efficacy; and of those who employ their speculations upon the present corruption of the people, some propose the introduction of more horrid, lingering, and terrific punishments; some are inclined to accelerate the executions; some to discourage pardons; and all seem to think that lenity has given confidence to wickedness, and that we can only be rescued from the talons of robbery by inflexible rigour, and sanguinary justice.

Yet since the right of setting an uncertain and arbitrary value upon life has been disputed, and since experience of past times gives us little reason to hope that any reformation will be effected by a periodical havock of our fellow-beings, perhaps it will not be useless to consider what consequences might arise from relaxations of the law, and a more rational and equitable adaption of penalties to offences.

*Death is, as one of the ancients ob-*

*serves, τὸ τῶν φοβερῶν φοβερῶτατον—of*  
*ful things the most dreadful; an en-*  
*yond which nothing can be threat-*  
*ed by sublunary power, or feared from*  
*human enmity or vengeance. The*  
*law should, therefore, be reserved as the*  
*last resort of authority, as the first*  
*and most operative of prohibitory*  
*measures, and placed before the treat-*  
*ment of life, to guard from invasion what*  
*cannot be restored. To equal robbery*  
*with murder is to reduce murder to its*  
*proper rank in common minds, and to*  
*condemnations of iniquity, and incite the*  
*commission of a greater crime to prevent*  
*detection of a less. If only robbers*  
*were punished with death, very few*  
*would stain their hands in blood; but*  
*when, by the last act of cruelty, a*  
*new danger is incurred, and security*  
*may be obtained, upon what principle*  
*shall we bid them forbear?*

It may be urged, that the sentence often mitigated to simple robbery surely this is to confess that our law is unreasonable in our own opinion; indeed, it may be observed, that murderers have, at their last hour, common sensations of mankind, and plead in their favour.

From this conviction of the ineffectualness of the punishment to the offence, proceeds the frequent solicitation for clemency. They who would rejoice in the correction of a thief, are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. The crime shrinks to nothing, compared with his misery; and severity defeats its exciting pity.

The gibbet, indeed, certainly afflicts those who die upon it from the crime; but it does not improve the community; but their example seems not to contribute more to the reformation of their associates, than any other method of separation. It seldom passes much of his time in reflection or anticipation, but from the very hastens to riot, and from robbery; nor, when the grave closes upon his companion, has any other thought than to find another.

The frequency of capital punishments, therefore, rarely hinders the commission of a crime, but naturally commonly prevents it's detection; is, if we proceed only upon prudential principles, chiefly for that reason avoided. Whatever may be urged by casuists or politicians, the great duty of mankind, as they can never

pick the pocket and to pierce the equally criminal, will scarcely that two malefactors so different can be justly doomed to the same ment: nor is the necessity of sub-; the conscience to human laws so evinced, so clearly stated, or so lly allowed, but that the pious, ader, and the just, will always : to concur with the community et which their private judgment approve.

who knows not how often rigors produce total impunity, and any crimes are concealed and for- for fear of hurrying the offender state in which there is no repent- as conversed very little with man-

And whatever epithets of re- or contempt this compassion may rom those who confound cruelty mness, I know not whether any an would wish it less powerful, or ensive.

iose whom the wisdom of our as condemned to die, had been d in their rudiments of robbery, ight, by proper discipline and labour, have been disentangled their habits, they might have all the temptations to subsequent

and passed their days in repara- d penitence; and detected they all have been, had the prosecu- en certain that their lives would en spared. I believe, every thief nself, that he has been more than ized and dismissed; and that he metimes ventured upon capital

crimes, because he knew that those whom he injured would rather connive at his escape, than cloud their minds with the horrors of his death.

All laws against wickedness are ineffectual, unless some will inform, and some will prosecute; but till we mitigate the penalties for mere violations of property, information will always be hated, and prosecution dreaded. The heart of a good man cannot but recoil at the thought of punishing a slight injury with death; especially when he remembers, that the thief might have procured safety by another crime, from which he was restrained only by his remaining virtue.

The obligations to assist the exercise of public justice are indeed strong; but they will certainly be overpowered by tenderness for life. What is punished with severity contrary to our ideas of adequate retribution, will be seldom discovered; and multitudes will be suffered to advance from crime to crime, till they deserve death, because, if they had been sooner prosecuted, they would have suffered death before they deserved it.

This scheme of invigorating the laws by relaxation, and extirpating wickedness by lenity, is so remote from common practice, that I might reasonably fear to expose it to the publick, could it be supported only by my own observations: I shall, therefore, by ascribing it to it's author, Sir Thomas More, endeavour to procure it that attention which I wish always paid to prudence, to justice, and to mercy.

## Nº CXV. TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1751.

QUÆDAM PARVA QUIDEM, SED NON TOLERANDA MARITIS.

Juv.

SOME FAULTS, THO' SMALL, INTOLERABLE GROW.

DRYDEN.

TO THE RAMBLER.

down, in pursuance of my late en- ment, to recount the remaining the adventures that beset me in ag quest of conjugal felicity, though I have not yet been so to obtain it, I have at least en- red to deserve by unwearied dili- without suffering from repeated

disappointments any abatement of my hope, or repression of my activity.

You must have observed in the world a species of mortals who employ themselves in promoting matrimony, and, without any visible motive of interest or vanity, without any discoverable impulse of malice or benevolence, without any reason, but that they want objects of attention and topics of conversation.

are incessantly busy in procuring wives and husbands. They fill the ears of every single man and woman with some convenient match, and when they are informed of your age and fortune, offer a partner of life with the same readiness, and the same indifference, as a salesman, when he has taken measure by his eye, fits his customer with a coat.

It might be expected that they should soon be discouraged from this officious interposition by resentment or contempt; and that every man should determine the choice on which so much of his happiness must depend, by his own judgment and observation: yet it happens, that as these proposals are generally made with a shew of kindness, they seldom provoke anger, but are at worst heard with patience, and forgotten. They influence weak minds to approbation; for many are sure to find in a new acquaintance whatever qualities report has taught them to expect; and in more powerful and active understandings they excite curiosity, and sometimes, by a lucky chance, bring persons of similar tempers within the attraction of each other.

I was known to possess a fortune, and to want a wife; and therefore was frequently attended by these hymeneal solicitors, with whose importunity I was sometimes diverted, and sometimes perplexed; for they contended for me as vultures for a carcase; each employing all his eloquence, and all his artifices, to enforce and promote his own scheme, from the success of which he was to receive no other advantage than the pleasure of defeating others equally eager, and equally industrious.

An invitation to sup with one of those busy friends, made me by a concerted chance acquainted with Camilla, by whom it was expected that I should be suddenly and irresistibly enslaved. The lady, whom the same kindness had brought without her own concurrence into the lists of love, seemed to think me at least worthy of the honour of captivity; and exerted the power, both of her eyes and wit, with so much art and spirit, that though I had been too often deceived by appearances to devote myself irrevocably at the first interview, yet I could not suppress some raptures of admiration, and flutters of desire. I was easily persuaded to make nearer approaches; but soon discovered, that an

union with Camilla was not much to be wished. Camilla professed a boundless contempt for the folly, levity, ignorance, and impertinence of her own sex; and very frequently expressed her wonder that men of learning or experience could submit to trifle away life with beings incapable of solid thought. In mixed companies, she always associated with the men, and declared her satisfaction when the ladies retired. If any short excursion into the country was proposed, she commonly insisted upon the exclusion of women from the party; because, where they were admitted, the time was wasted in frothy compliments, weak indulgences, and idle ceremonies. To shew the greatness of her mind, she avoided all compliance with the fashion; and to boast the profundity of her knowledge, mistook the various textures of silk, confounded tabbies with damasks, and sent for ribbands by wrong names. She despised the commerce of stated visits, a farce of empty form without instruction; and congratulated herself, that she never learned to write message-cards. She often applauded the noble sentiment of Plato, who rejoiced that he was born a man rather than a woman; proclaimed her approbation of Swift's opinion, that women are only a higher species of monkeys; and confessed, that when she considered the behaviour, or heard the conversation, of her sex, she could not but forgive the Turks for suspecting them to want souls.

It was the joy and pride of Camilla to have provoked, by this insolence, all the rage of hatred, and all the persecutions of calumny; nor was she ever more elevated with her own superiority, than when she talked of female anger and female cunning. Well, says she, has nature provided that such virulence should be disabled by folly, and such cruelty be restrained by impotence.

Camilla doubtless expected, that what she lost on one side, she should gain on the other; and imagined that every male heart would be open to a lady who made such generous advances to the borders of virility. But man, ungrateful man, instead of springing forward to meet her, shrunk back at her approach. She was persecuted by the ladies as a deserter, and at best received by the men only as a fugitive. I, for my part, amused myself a while with her superciliousness, but novelty soon gave way to

detestation.

1, for nothing out of the com-  
 r of nature can be long borne.  
 inclination to a wife who had  
 edness of a man without his  
 d the ignorance of a woman  
 er softness; nor could I think  
 and honour to be entrusted to  
 acious virtue as was hourly  
 danger, and soliciting assault.  
 xt mistress was Nitella, a lady  
 mien, and soft voice, always  
 to approve, and ready to re-  
 ection from those with whom  
 ad brought her into company.  
 la I promised myself an easy  
 with whom I might loiter away  
 without disturbance or alterca-  
 therefore soon resolved to ad-  
 ; but was discouraged from  
 ng my courtship by observing,  
 apartments were superstitiously  
 and that, unless she had notice  
 ifit, she was never to be seen.  
 a kind of anxious cleanliness  
 ave always noted as the charac-  
 of a flattern; it is the super-  
 upulosity of guilt, dreading dis-  
 and shunning suspicion; it is the  
 of an effort against habit, which  
 pelled by external motives, can-  
 at the middle point.

a was always tricked out rather  
 ety than elegance; and seldom  
 rbear to discover, by her unca-  
 nstraint, that her attention  
 ened, and her imagination en-  
 I therefore concluded, that be-  
 occasionally and ambitiously  
 she was not familiarized to her  
 aments. There are so many  
 tors for the fame of cleanliness,  
 is not hard to gain information  
 that fail, from those that de-  
 excel: I quickly found, that  
 passed her time between finery  
 ; and was always in a wrapper,  
 , and slippers, when she was  
 rated for immediate shew.

then led by my evil destiny to  
 tis, who never neglected an  
 ury of seizing a new prey when  
 within her reach. I thought  
 quickly made happy by perm-  
 ittend her to public places; and  
 my own vanity with imagining  
 , which I should raise in a thou-  
 arts, by appearing as the ac-  
 dged favourite of Charybdis.  
 n after hinted her intention to  
 ramble for a fortnight into a  
 le kingdom which she had ne-

ver seen. I solicited the happiness of  
 accompanying her, which, after a short  
 reluctance, was indulged me. She had  
 no other curiosity in her journey, than  
 after all possible means of expence; and  
 was every moment taking occasion to  
 mention some delicacy, which I knew  
 it my duty upon such notices to pro-  
 cure.

After our return, being now more  
 familiar, she told me, whenever we met,  
 of some new diversion; at night she had  
 notice of a charming company that would  
 breakfast in the gardens; and in the morn-  
 ing had been informed of some new song  
 in the opera, some new dress at the play-  
 house, or some performer at a concert  
 whom she longed to hear. Her intelli-  
 gence was such, that there never was a  
 shew to which she did not summon me  
 on the second day; and as she hated a  
 crowd, and could not go alone, I was  
 obliged to attend at some intermediate  
 hour, and pay the price of a whole com-  
 pany. When we passed the streets, she  
 was often charmed with some trinket in  
 the toy-shops; and from moderate desires  
 of seals and snuff-boxes, rose, by degrees,  
 to gold and diamonds. I now began to  
 find the smile of Charybdis too costly for  
 a private purse, and added one more to  
 six and forty lovers, whose fortune and  
 patience her rapacity had exhausted.

Imperia then took possession of my  
 affections; but kept them only for a  
 short time. She had newly inherited a  
 large fortune, and having spent the ear-  
 ly part of her life in the perusal of ro-  
 mances, brought with her into the gay  
 world all the pride of Cleopatra; ex-  
 pected nothing less than vows, altars,  
 and sacrifices; and thought her charms  
 dishonoured, and her power infringed,  
 by the softest opposition to her senti-  
 ments, or the smallest transgression of  
 her commands. Time might indeed  
 cure this species of pride in a mind not  
 naturally undiscerning, and vitiated on-  
 ly by false representations; but the op-  
 erations of time are slow; and I therefore  
 left her to grow wise at leisure, or to  
 continue in error at her own expence.

Thus I have hitherto, in spite of my-  
 self, passed my life in frozen celibacy.  
 My friends, indeed, often tell me, that  
 I flatter my imagination with higher  
 hopes than human nature can gratify;  
 that I dress up an ideal charmer in all  
 the radiance of perfection, and then en-  
 ter the world to look for the same excel-  
 lence in corporeal beauty. But surely,  
 Mr.



Mr. Rambler, it is not madness to hope for some terrestrial lady unstained with the spots which I have been describing; at least I am resolved to pursue my search; for I am so far from thinking meanly of marriage, that I believe it able to afford

the highest happiness decreed to our present state; and if after all these miscarriages I find a woman that fills up my expectation, you shall hear once more from, Yours, &c.

HYMENÆUS.

Nº CXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1751.

OPTAT EPHIPPIA BOS; FIGER OPTAT ARARE CABALLUS.

HOR.

THUS THE SLOW OX WOULD GAUDY TRAPPINGS CLAIM;  
THE SPRIGHTLY HORSE WOULD PLOUGH—

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

**I** WAS the second son of a country gentleman by the daughter of a wealthy citizen of London. My father having by his marriage freed the estate from a heavy mortgage, and paid his sisters their portions, thought himself discharged from all obligation to further thought, and entitled to spend the rest of his life in rural pleasures. He therefore spared nothing that might contribute to the completion of his felicity; he procured the best guns and horses that the kingdom could supply, paid large salaries to his groom and huntsman, and became the envy of the country for the discipline of his hounds. But above all his other attainments, he was eminent for a breed of pointers and setting-dogs, which by long and vigilant cultivation he had so much improved, that not a partridge or heathcock could rest in security, and game of whatever species that dared to light upon his manor, was beaten down by his shot, or covered with his nets.

My elder brother was very early initiated in the chase, and at an age when other boys are *creeping like snails unwillingly to school*, he could wind the horn, beat the bushes, bound over hedges, and swim rivers. When the huntsman one day broke his leg, he supplied his place with equal abilities, and came home with the scut in his hat, amidst the acclamations of the whole village. I being either delicate or timorous, less desirous of honour, or less capable of Sylvan heroism, was always the favourite of my mother; because I kept my coat clean, and my complexion free from *speckles*, and did not come home like

my brother mired and tanned, nor carry corn in my hat to the horse, nor bring dirty curs into the parlour.

My mother had not been taught to amuse herself with books, and being much inclined to despise the ignorance and barbarity of the country ladies, disdained to learn their sentiments or conversation, and had made no addition to the notions which she had brought from the precincts of Cornhill. She was, therefore, always recounting the glories of the city; enumerating the succession of mayors; celebrating the magnificence of the banquets at Guildhall; and relating the civilities paid her at the companies feasts by men of whom some are now made aldermen, some have fined for sheriffs, and none are worth less than forty thousand pounds. She frequently displayed her father's greatness; told of the large bills which he had paid at sight; of the sums for which his word would pass upon the Exchange; the heaps of gold which he used on Saturday night to toss about with a shovel; the extent of his warehouse, and the strength of his doors; and when she relaxed her imagination with lower subjects, described the furniture of their country-house, or repeated the wit of the clerks and porters.

By these narratives I was fired with the splendor and dignity of London, and of trade. I therefore devoted myself to a shop, and warmed my imagination from year to year with enquiries about the privileges of a freeman, the power of the common council, the dignity of a wholesale dealer, and the grandeur of mayoralty, to which my mother assured me that many had arrived who began the world with less than myself.

I was very impatient to enter into a

rich led to such honour and fortune was forced for a time to endure repression of my eagerness, as my grandfather's maxim, that no man seldom makes much, who is out of his time before ad-twenty.' They thought it, therefore, to keep me at home proper age, without any other intent than that of learning mercantile accounts, and the art of reckonings; but at length the tediousness of it, I was transplanted to town, with great satisfaction to myself, as a haberdasher.

My father, who had no conception of virtue, merit, or dignity, but being rich, had all the good which naturally arise from a fortune, and an unwearied attention to the increase; his desire to gain wealth well tempered by the vanity of it, that, without any other principle, he lived in the esteem of the commercial world; and was treated with respect by the only sort of good opinion he valued or desired, those who were universally allowed to be richer than himself.

His instructions I learned in a few months to handle a yard with great dexterity, to wind tape neatly upon the ends of fingers, and to make up parcels with great frugality of paper and packing; and soon caught from my apprentices the true grace of a counsellor, the careless air with which a man of fortune is to be held between friends, and the vigour and sprightliness with which the box, after the ribbon has been cut, is returned into it.

Having no desire of any higher improvement, and therefore applying all my powers to the knowledge of my business, I was quickly master of all that was to be known, became a critic in the rarest, contrived new variations of colours, and new mixtures of colours, as sometimes consulted by the ladies when they projected fashions for the coming spring.

In all these accomplishments, in the fourth year of my apprenticeship, I visited to my friends in the country, where I expected to be received as an ornament of the family, and condescended by the neighbouring gentlemen as a proof of pecuniary knowledge, and as a mark of an office of the mode. I was happily, at the first public table

to which I was invited, appeared a student of the Temple, and an officer of the guards, who looked upon me with a smile of contempt, which destroyed at once all my hopes of distinction, so that I durst hardly raise my eyes for fear of encountering their superiority of mien. Nor was my courage revived by any opportunities of displaying my knowledge; for the templar entertained the company for part of the day with historical narratives and political observations; and the colonel afterwards detailed the adventures of a birth-night, told the claims and expectations of the courtiers, and gave an account of assemblies, gardens, and diversions. I, indeed, essayed to fill up a pause in a parliamentary debate with a faint mention of trade, and Spaniards; and once attempted, with some warmth, to correct a gross mistake about a silver breast-knot; but neither of my antagonists seemed to think a reply necessary; they resumed their discourse without emotion, and again engrossed the attention of the company; nor did one of the ladies appear desirous to know my opinion of her dress, or to hear how long the carnation shot with white, that was then new amongst them, had been antiquated in town.

As I knew that neither of these gentlemen had more money than myself, I could not discover what had depressed me in their presence; nor why they were considered by others as more worthy of attention and respect; and therefore resolved, when we met again, to rouse my spirit, and force myself into notice. I went very early to the next weekly meeting, and was entertaining a small circle very successfully with a minute representation of my last night's story, when the colonel entered careless and gay, sat down with a kind of unconcerned civility, and without attempting to interest any disposition, drew my audience away to the other part of the room, to which I had not the courage to follow them. Soon after came in the lawyer, not indeed with the same attraction of mien, but with great powers of language; and by one or two sentences the company was to happy amuse themselves that I was neither heard nor seen, nor was able to give any other proof of my existence than that I put round the glass, and was in my turn permitted to name the next.

My mother, indeed, endeavoured to

comfort me in my vexation, by telling me, that perhaps these showy talkers were hardly able to pay every one his own; that he who has money in his pocket needs not care what any man says of him; that, if I minded my trade, the time will come when lawyers and soldiers would be glad to borrow out of my purse; and that it is fine, when a man can set his hands to his sides, and say he is worth forty thousand pounds every day of the year. These and many more such consolations and encouragements I received from my good mother, which however did not much allay my uneasiness; for having by some accident heard, that the country ladies despised her as a cit, I had therefore no longer much reverence for her opinions, but considered her as one whose ignorance and prejudice had hurried me, though without ill intentions, into a state of meanness and ignominy, from which I could not find any possibility of rising to the rank which my ancestors had always held.

I returned, however, to my master, and busied myself among thread, and silks, and laces, but without my former cheerfulness and alacrity. I had now no longer any felicity in contemplating the exact disposition of my powdered curls, the equal plaits of my ruffles, or the glossy blackness of my shoes; nor

heard with my former elevation those compliments which ladies sometimes condescended to pay me upon my readiness in twisting a paper, or counting out the change. The term of *Young Man*, with which I was sometimes honoured, as I carried a parcel to the door of a coach, tortured my imagination; I grew negligent of my person, and sullen in my temper, often mistook the demands of the customers, treated their caprices and objections with contempt, and received and dismissed them with surly silence.

My master was afraid lest the shop should suffer by this change of my behaviour; and, therefore, after some expostulations, posted me in the warehouse, and preserved me from the danger and reproach of desertion, to which my discontent would certainly have urged me, had I continued any longer behind the counter.

In the sixth year of my servitude my brother died of drunken joy, for having run down a fox that had baffled all the packs in the province. I was now heir, and with the hearty consent of my master commenced gentleman. The adventures in which my new character engaged me shall be communicated in another letter, by, Sir, Yours, &c.

MISOCAPELUS.

## Nº CXVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1751.

Ἦσαν ἰσὶ οὐδὲ μὲν μέγαν δέμιν αὐτὰρ ἰσὶ Ὀσσυ  
Πηλεὺς εἰσεπιφύλλει, ἵν' ἕρπης ἀμείβετο; εἴη.

HOM.

THE GODS THEY CHALLENGE, AND AFFECT THE SKIES;  
HEAV'D ON OLYMPUS TOTT'RING OSSA STOOD;  
ON OSSA, PELION NGDS WITH ALL HIS WOOD.

POPE.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,  
**N**OTHING has more retarded the advancement of learning than the disposition of vulgar minds to ridicule and vilify what they cannot comprehend. All industry must be excited by hope; and as the student often proposes no other reward to himself than praise, he is easily discouraged by contempt and insult. He who brings with him into a clamorous multitude the timidity of *exclusive speculation*, and has never hard-

ened his front in publick life, or accustom'd his passions to the vicissitudes and accidents, the triumphs and defeats of mixed conversation, will blush at the stare of petulant incredulity, and suffer himself to be driven by a hurst of laughter from the fortresses of demonstration. The mechanist will be afraid to assert before hardy contradiction, the possibility of tearing down bulwarks with a silk-worm's thread; and the astronomer of relating the rapidity of light, the distance of the fixed stars, and the height of the lunar mountains.

could by any efforts have shaken cowardice, I had not sheltered under a borrowed name, nor ap-  
 you for the means of commu-  
 g to the publick the theory of a  
 a subject which, except some  
 and transient strictures, has been  
 neglected by those who were  
 qualified to adorn it, either for  
 f leisure to prosecute the various  
 hes in which a nice discussion  
 agage them, or because it requires  
 verity of knowledge, and such  
 of curiosity, as is scarcely to be  
 in any single intellect: or perhaps  
 foresaw the tumults which would  
 d against them, and confined their  
 edge to their own breasts, and  
 ned prejudice and folly to the  
 on of chance.

t the professors of literature ge-  
 reside in the highest stories, has  
 memorially observed. The wis-  
 of the ancients was well acquaint-  
 the intellectual advantages of an  
 d situation: why else were the  
 stationed on Olympus or Par-  
 by those who could with equal  
 have raised them bowers in the  
 Tempe, or erected their altars  
 the flexures of Meander? Why  
 ve himself nursed upon a moun-  
 or why did the goddesses, when  
 ze of beauty was contested, try  
 ise upon the top of Ida? Such  
 the fictions by which the great  
 of the earlier ages endeavoured  
 deate to posterity the importance  
 garret, which, though they had  
 ng obscured by the negligence and  
 ace of succeeding times, were well  
 ed by the celebrated symbol of  
 oras—'ἀνέμῳ ἀντίστοιχόν τῷ ἠχῷ  
 ὄντι — when the wind blows,  
 hip it's echo.' This could not  
 understood by his disciples as an  
 ble injunction to live in a garret,  
 I have found frequently visited by  
 bo and the wind. Nor was the  
 n wholly obliterated in the age  
 gustus, for Tibullus evidently  
 tulates himself upon his garret,  
 thout some allusion to the Pythia-  
 precept—

*hæret inimicos ventos audire cubantem  
 idas hybernas aquas cum fuderit auster,  
 um somnos, imbre juvante, sequit*

How sweet in sleep to pass the careless hours,  
 Lull'd by the beating winds and dashing  
 show'rs!

And it is impossible not to discover  
 the fondness of Lucretius, an earlier  
 writer, for a garret, in his description  
 of the lofty towers of serene learning;  
 and of the pleasure with which a wise  
 man looks down upon the confused and  
 errattick state of the world moving be-  
 low him.

*Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenera  
 Edita doctrinæ sapientum templa serena;  
 Despicere unde quæc: alicis, passimque videre  
 Errare, atque viam palantis querere vitæ.*

—'Tis sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide  
 To virtue's heights, with wisdom well sup-  
 ply'd,

And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:  
 From thence to look below on human kind,  
 Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

DRYDEN.

The institution has, indeed, conti-  
 nued to our own time; the garret is still  
 the usual receptacle of the philosopher and  
 poet; but this, like many ancient cus-  
 toms, is perpetuated only by an acci-  
 dental imitation, without knowledge of  
 the original reason for which it was esta-  
 blished.

*Causa latet; res est rectissima.*

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

ADDISON.

Conjectures have, indeed, been ad-  
 vanced concerning these habitations of  
 literature, but without much satisfac-  
 tion to the judicious enquirer. Some  
 have imagined, that the garret is ge-  
 nerally chosen by the wits, as most ea-  
 sily rented; and concluded that no man  
 rejoices in his aerial abode, but on the  
 days of payment. Others suspect, that  
 a garret is chiefly convenient, as it is  
 remoter than any other part of the house  
 from the outer-door; which is often ob-  
 served to be infested by visitants, who  
 talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a  
 coat, and repeat the same sounds every  
 morning, and sometimes again in the  
 afternoon, without any variation, ex-  
 cept that they grow daily more impor-  
 tunate and clamorous, and raise their  
 voices in time from mournful murmurs  
 to raging vociferations. This eternal

money is always desirable to a man whose chief pleasure is to enlarge his knowledge, and vary his ideas. Others talk of freedom from noise, and abstraction from common business or amusement; and some yet more visionary, tell us that the faculties are enlarged by open prospects, and that the fancy is more at liberty when the eye ranges without confinement.

These conveniencies may perhaps all be found in a well-chosen garret; but surely they cannot be supposed sufficiently important to have operated invariably upon different climates, distant ages, and separate nations. Of an universal practice, there must still be presumed an universal cause, which, however reconduce and abuse, may be perhaps reserved to make me illustrious by it's discovery, and you by it's promulgation.

It is universally known that the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body, and that the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient element. The effects of the air in the production or cure of corporeal maladies have been acknowledged from the time of Hippocrates; but no man has yet sufficiently considered how far it may influence the operations of the genius, though every day affords instances of local understanding, of wits and reasoners, whose faculties are adapted to some single spot, and who, when they are removed to any other place, sink at once into silence and stupidity. I have discovered, by a long series of observations, that invention and eloquence suffer from impediments from dense and impure vapours, and that the tenuity of a deflected air at a proper distance from the surface of the earth, accelerates the fancy, and sets at liberty those intellectual powers which were before shackled by too strong attraction, and unable to expand themselves under the pressure of a gross atmosphere. I have found dulness to quicken into sentiment in a thin ether, as water, though not very hot, boils in a receiver partly exhausted; and heads, in appearance empty, have teemed with notions upon rising ground, as the flaccid sides of a football would have swelled out into stiffness and extension.

For this reason I never think myself qualified to judge decisively of any

man's faculties, whom I have only known in one degree of elevation; but take some opportunity of attending him from the cellar to the garret, and try upon him all the various degrees of refraction and condensation, tension and laxity. If he is neither vivacious aloft, nor serious below, I then consider him as hopeless; but as it seldom happens, that I do not find the temper to which the texture of his brain is fitted, I accommodate him in time with a tube of mercury, first marking the point most favourable to his intellects, according to rules which I have long studied, and which I may, perhaps, reveal to mankind in a complete treatise of barometrical pneumatology.

Another cause of the gaiety and sprightliness of the dwellers in garrets is probably the increase of that vertiginous motion, with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth. The power of agitation upon the spirits is well known; every man has felt his heart lightened in a rapid vehicle, or on a galloping horse; and nothing is plainer, than that he who towers to the fifth story is whirled through more space by every circumrotation, than another that grovels upon the ground-floor. The nations between the tropicks are known to be fiery, inconstant, inventive, and fanciful; because, living at the utmost length of the earth's diameter, they are carried about with more swiftness than those whom nature has placed nearer to the poles; and therefore, as it becomes a wise man to struggle with the inconveniencies of his country, whenever celerity and acuteness are requisite, we must actuate our language by taking a few turns round the center in a garret.

If you imagine that I ascribe to air and motion effects which they cannot produce, I desire you to consult your own memory, and consider whether you have never known a man acquire reputation in his garret, which, when fortune or a patron had placed him upon the first floor, he was unable to maintain; and who never recovered his former vigour of understanding till he was restored to his original situation. That a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would continue block-heads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe. But let

man be considered as unimpaired till this potent remedy has acted; for perhaps he was formed not only in a garret, as the joiner zeus was rational in no other but his own shop.

Is a frequent removal to various parts from the center, so necessary to estimate of intellectual abilities consequently of so great utility, that if I hoped that the world could be persuaded to so expensive experiment, I would propose, there should be a cavern dug, and erected, like those which Bacon describes in Solomon's house, for the calm and concentration of understanding, according to the exigence of different employments, or constitutions. Some that fume away in meditation upon time and space in the tower, compare tables of interest at a

certain depth; and he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile, ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth with declamation.

Addison observes, that we may find the heat of Virgil's climate in some lines of his Georgick: so, when I read a composition, I immediately determine the height of the author's habitation. As an elaborate performance is commonly said to smell of the lamp, my commendation of a noble thought, a sprightly fally, or a bold figure, is to pronounce it fresh from the garret; an expression which would break from me upon the perusal of most of your papers, did I not believe, that you sometimes quit the garret, and ascend into the cock-loft.

HYPERTATUS.

## Nº CXVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1751.

— OMNES ILLACRYMABILES  
URGENTUR, IGNOTIQUE LONGA  
NOCTE.

HOR.

IN ENDLESS NIGHT THEY SLEEP, UNWEPT, UNKNOWN.

FRANCIS.

ER O has, with his usual elegance and magnificence of language, said, in his relation of the dream, to depreciate those honours which he himself appears to have with restless solicitude, by shewing what narrow limits all that would celebrity which man can hope in is circumscribed.

‘*tu sec,*’ says Africanus, pointing north from the celestial regions, the globe assigned to the residence of human beings is of such dimensions: how then can you rise from the praise of men any more worthy of a wish? Of this little world the inhabited parts are neither numerous nor wide; even the places where men are to be found are not by intervening deserts; and nations are so separated as that none can be transmitted from one to another. With the people of the south from the opposite part of the earth separated, you have no intercourse; how small a tract do you compare with the countries of the east? The territory which you in-

‘habit is no more than a scanty island enclosed by a small body of water, to which you give the name of the Great Sea and the Atlantick Ocean. And even in this known and frequented continent, what hope can you entertain, that your renown will pass the stream of Ganges, or the cliffs of Caucasus? Or by whom will your name be uttered in the extremities of the north or south, towards the rising or the setting sun? So narrow is the space to which your fame can be propagated; and even there how long will it remain?’

He then proceeds to assign natural causes why fame is not only narrow in its extent, but short in its duration; he observes the difference between the computation of time in earth and heaven, and declares, that according to the celestial chronology, no human honours can last a single year.

Such are the objections by which Tully has made a shew of discouraging the pursuit of fame; objections which sufficiently discover his tenderness and regard for his darling phantom. *Hor-*

mer, when the plan of his poem made the death of Patroclus necessary, resolved, at least, that he should die with honour; and therefore brought down against him the patron god of Troy, and left to Hector only the mean task of giving the last blow to an enemy whom a divine hand had disabled from resistance. Thus Tully ennobles fame, which he professes to degrade, by opposing it to celestial happiness; he confines not it's extent but by the boundaries of nature, nor contracts it's duration but by representing it small in the estimation of superior beings. He still admits it the highest and noblest of terrestrial objects, and alleges little more against it, than that it is neither without end, nor without limits.

What might be the effect of these observations conveyed in Ciceronian eloquence to Roman understandings, cannot be determined; but few of those who shall in the present age read my humble version will find themselves much depressed in their hopes, or retarded in their designs; for I am not inclined to believe, that they who among us pass their lives in the cultivation of knowledge, or acquisition of power, have very anxiously enquired what opinions prevail on the further banks of the Ganges, or invigorated any effort by the desire of spreading their renown among the clans of Caucasus. The hopes and fears of modern minds are content to range in a narrower compass; a single nation, and a few years, have generally sufficient amplitude to fill our imaginations.

A little consideration will indeed teach us, that fame has other limits than mountains and oceans; and that he who places happiness in the frequent repetition of his name, may spend his life in propagating it, without any danger of weeping for new worlds, or necessity of passing the Atlantick sea.

The numbers to whom any real and perceptible good or evil can be derived by the greatest power, or most active diligence, are inconsiderable; and where neither benefit nor mischief operate, the only motive to the mention or remembrance of others is curiosity; a passion which, though in some degree universally associated to reason, is easily confined, overborne, or diverted from any particular object.

Among the lower classes of mankind

there will be found very little of any other knowledge than what may contribute immediately to the relief of pressing uneasiness, or the attainment of some near advantage. The Tutor said to hear with wonder a prodigal walk out only that they may walk and enquire why any man should for nothing: so those whose curiosity has always restrained them to the contemplation of their own necessities who have been accustomed to look forward only to a small distance scarcely understand, why many days should be spent in studies, and in new studies, and which, according to Malherbe's observation, tend to lessen the price of bread will the trader or manufacturer be persuaded, that much pleasure can be derived from the mere knowledge of what is performed in remote regions, or at distant times; or that any thing can be the result of their enquiry, of which they can only hear the name, but which cannot influence our lives or any consequences.

The truth is, that very few have leisure from indispensable business, to employ their thoughts upon narrative characters; and among those who are at liberty to give the liberty of more by their own choice, many are to themselves engagements, by the indulgence of some petty ambition, or the admission of some insatiable desire, the toleration of some predomination. The man whose whole life is accumulated money, has no other pleasure than to collect interest, to estimate curies, and to engage for more; the lover disdains to turn his ear to any other name than that of Corinna; the courtier thinks the hour lost, is not spent in promoting his interest, and facilitating his advancement; the adventurer of valour, and the discoverer of science, will find a deception, when they are obtruded upon an attention thus busy with it's false amusement, and impatient of interruption or disturbance.

But not only such employments seduce attention by appearances of novelty, or promises of happiness, but they restrain the mind from ex-cursion; curiosity may be equally engaged by less formidable enemies; be dissipated in trifles, or congested in indolence. The sportsman and the

have their heads filled with a horse-race, a feather or a ball; in ignorance of every thing beneath as much content as he that is up gold, or solicits preferment, in the field, or beats the anvil; and yet lower in the ranks of intellect, yet not their days without pleasure itself, without joy or sorrow, nor free from their lethargy to hear or

of those who have dedicated themselves to knowledge, the far greater are confined their curiosity to a sect, and have very little inclination to promote any fame, but that their own studies entitle them to

The naturalist has no desire of the opinions or conjectures of a philosopher; the botanist looks upon a philosopher as a being unworthy of regard; the lawyer scarcely hears the name of a physician without contempt; that is growing great and happy in trifling a bottle, wonders how it can be engaged by trifling about war or peace.

Therefore, he that imagines the world led with his actions and praises, is excluded from the number of his

encomiasts, all those who are placed below the flight of fame, and who hear in the vallies of life no voice but that of necessity; all those who imagine themselves too important to regard him and consider the mention of his name as an usurpation of their time; all who are too much, or too little pleased with themselves, to attend to any thing external; all who are attracted by pleasure, or chained down by pain, to unvaried ideas; all who are withheld from attending his triumph by different pursuits; and all who slumber in universal negligence; he will find his renown straitened by nearer bounds than the rocks of Caucasus, and perceive that no man can be venerable or formidable, but to a small part of his fellow-creatures.

That we may not languish in our endeavours after excellence, it is necessary, that, as Africanus counsels his descendant, 'we raise our eyes to higher prospects, and contemplate our future and eternal state, without giving up our hearts to the praise of crowds, or fixing our hopes on such rewards as human power can bestow.'

## Nº CXIX. TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1751.

ILIACOS INTRA MUROS PECCATUR, ET EXTRA.

HOR.

FAULTS LAY ON EITHER SIDE THE TROJAN TOWERS.

ELPHINSTON.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

Notwithstanding all that wit, or wit or pride, or prudence, will suggest, men and women must be their lives together, I have therefore thought those writers to human happiness, who endeavour to excite in either sex a general love or suspicion of the other. To them who are entering the world and looking abroad for a situation, that all are equally viciously ridiculous; that they who are certainly betrayed, and they who are always disappointed; is a reason for judgment, but to inflame

Without hope there can be none. Those who are convinced, reason for preference can be

found, will never harass their thoughts with doubt and deliberation; they will resolve, since they are doomed to misery, that no needless anxiety shall disturb their quiet; they will plunge at hazard into the crowd, and snatch the first hand that shall be held toward them.

That the world is overrun with vice, cannot be denied; but vice, however predominant, has not yet gained an unlimited dominion. Simple and unmingled good is not in our power, but we may generally escape a greater evil by suffering a less; and therefore those who undertake to initiate the young and ignorant in the knowledge of life, should be careful to inculcate the possibility of virtue and happiness, and to encourage endeavours by prospects of success.

You, perhaps, do not suspect, that these



that the face of one who has been subject for many years to all the hardships of antiquated discipline, has been long accustomed to the violence of neglect, and the purchase of insult; has been mortified in his attendances by equities, after frequent illiberal games long distasteful, and wits and beauties of ancient renown, has been invited, with malicious importunity, to the second wedding of many acquaintances; has been ridiculed by two generations of coquets in whispers intended to be heard; and has long considered, by the airy and gay, as too venerable for familiarity, and too safe for pleasure. It is indeed natural to be injured by such usage, and by continual repetition to produce an habitual spite; yet I have hitherto struggled with so much vigilance against my pride, and my resentment, that I have preserved my temper uncorrupted. I have not yet made it any part of my employment to collect jests and smart maxims; nor am inclined to lessen the number of the few friends whom time has left me, by obstructing that happiness which I cannot partake, and venturing my vacation in centres of the forwardness and insincerity of girls, or the incontinency, tastelessness, and perfidy of men.

It is, indeed, not very difficult to bear that condition to which we are not condemned by necessity, but increased by observation and choice; and therefore I, perhaps, have never yet felt all the malignity with which a reproach, edged with the appellation of old maid, swells some of those hearts in which it is inflicted. I was not condemned in my youth to solitude, either by indigence or deformity, nor passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph. I have danced the round of gaiety amidst the tauntings of envy, and gratulations of applause; been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the grace, the sprightliness, and the wine; and seen my regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love. If, therefore, I am yet a stranger to nuptial happiness, I suffer only the consequences of my own resolve, and can look back upon the succession of lovers, whose addressees I have refused, with grief and without malice.

When my name first began to be inscribed upon glasses, I was honoured

with the amorous professions of Venuustus, a gentleman who the only son of a wealthy family had educated in all the wanton expense, and dissipation of office. He was beautiful in his person, a in his address, and therefore soon fell upon my eye at an age when sight is very little over-ruled by understanding. He had not any particular himself of gladdening or amusing himself with the want of conversation; and his chief business was to fill the mind of others with parties, gambles, and shows. We were often engaged in short excursions to gardens and and I was for a while pleased with care which Venuustus discovered in securing me from any appearance of anger, or possibility of mischance. He never failed to recommend caution to a coachman, or to promise me a reward if he landed us safely; ways contrived to return by day for fear of robbers. This extraordinary solicitude was represented for as the effect of his tenderness; but fear is too strong for continual parity. I soon discovered, that stultus had the cowardice as well as the grace of a female. His imagination perpetually clouded with terrors, could scarcely refrain from several outcries at any accidental surprisings; durst not enter a room if a rat was behind the wainscot, nor cross where the cattle were sticking in the shine; the least breeze that waved the river was a storm, and every murmur in the street was a cry of fire. When I lost his colour when my reel had broke his chain; and was to throw water in his face on the den entrance of a black cat. When once obliged me to drive away my fan a beetle that kept him from rest; and chide off a dog that yet his heels, to which he would gladly given up me to facilitate his own. Women naturally expect defence from a lover or a husband, and therefore you will not think it probable in refusing a wretch who have burdened life with uneasiness, and flown to me for that which it was his duty to have given.

My next lover was Eugeius, a of a sick-jobber, whose visits were by the urgency of persuasion





on me to allow. Fungosa very suitable companion; for en bred in a counting-house, a language unintelligible in place. He had no deputation, but that of an negotiator of the changes in; nor had any means of raising, but by telling how some-overreached in a bargain by

He was, however, a youth obriety and prudence, and fre-formed us how carefully he prove my fortune. I was not conclude the match, but was awed by my parents, that I dismiss him, and might per-been doomed for ever to the of pedlary, and the jargon of d not a fraud been discovered ement, which set me free from ution of groveling pride and impudence.

Afterwards six months without ular notice, but at last became f the glittering Flosculus, who the mode of embroidery to s of his time, and varied at he cock of every hat, and the every coat, that appeared in ie assemblies. Flosculus made reffion upon my heart by a nt which few ladies can hear motion; he commended my ces, my judgment in suiting ind my art in disposing orna-But Flosculus was too much y his own elegance, to be suf-ittentive to the duties of a lover, se with varied praise an ear ate by riot of adulation. He to be repaid part of his tribute, away three days because I to take notice of a new coat. r found, that Flosculus was ival than an admirer; and that probably live in a perpetual f emulous finery, and spend n stratagems to be first in the

on after the honour at a feast ng the eyes of Dentatus, one man beings whose only happi-

ness is to dine. Dentatus regaled me with foreign varieties, told me of measures that he had laid for procuring the best cook in France, and entertained me with bills of fare, prescribed the arrangement of dishes, and taught me two sauces invented by himself. At length, such is the uncertainty of human happiness, I declared my opinion too hastily upon a pie made under his own direction; after which he grew so cold and negligent, that he was easily dismissed.

Many other lovers, or pretended lovers, I have had the honour to lead a while in triumph. But two of them I drove from me, by discovering that they had no taste or knowledge in musick; three I dismissed, because they were drunkards; two, because they paid their addresses at the same time to other ladies; and six, because they attempted to influence my choice, by bribing my maid. Two more I discarded at the second visit, for obscene allusions; and five for drollery on religion. In the latter part of my reign, I sentenced two to perpetual exile, for offering me settlements, by which the children of a former marriage would have been injured; four, for representing falsely the value of their estates; three for concealing their debts; and one for raising the rent of a decrepit tenant.

I have now sent you a narrative, which the ladies may oppose to the tale of Hymenæus. I mean not to depreciate the sex which has produced poets and philosophers, heroes and martyrs; but will not suffer the rising generation of beauties to be dejected by partial satire; or to imagine, that those who censured them have not likewise their follies, and their vices. I do not yet believe happiness unattainable in marriage, though I have never yet been able to find a man with whom I could prudently venture an inseparable union. It is necessary to expose faults, that their deformity may be seen; but the reproach ought not to be extended beyond the crime, nor either sex to be condemned, because some women, or men, are indelicate or dishonest.

I am, &c. TRANQUILLA.

N<sup>o</sup> CXX. SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1751.

REDDITUM CYRI SOLIO PHRAATEN  
DISSIDENS PLEBI, NUMERO BEATORUM  
EXIMIT VIRIUS, POPULUMQUE FALSISS  
DEDOCEAT UTI

VOCIBUS.

HOR.

TRUE VIRTUE CAN THE CROWD UNTEACH  
THEIR FALSE MISTAKEN FORMS OF SPEECH;  
VIRTUE TO CROWDS A FOE PROTEST,  
DISDAINS TO NUMBER WITH THE BLEST  
PHRAATES, BY HIS SLAVES ADOR'D,  
AND TO THE PARTHIAN CROWN RESTOR'D.

FRANCIS.

IN the reign of Jenghiz Can, conqueror of the east, in the city of Samarcand, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hasted to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages; the sea was covered with his ships; the streams of Oxus were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wafted wealth to Nouradin.

At length Nouradin felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indolence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physick; they filled his apartments with alexipharmicks, restoratives, and essential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of Arabia were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. Nouradin was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him Almamoulin, his only son; and dismissing

his attendants—My son, says he, behold here the weakness and fragility of man; look backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of Asia drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me, and sighed: "His root," she cried, "is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of Oxus; it sends out branches afar, and bids defiance to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top." Now, Almamoulin, look upon me withering and prostrate; look upon me and attend. I have trafficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splendid, my servants are numerous; yet I displayed only a small part of my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of Death is upon me; a frigid sick torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom. The thought of leaving his wealth filled Nouradin with such grief, that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched a while with honest sorrow,





Plate V.

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two hours in profound meditation perusing the paper which was in his hand. He then retired to his chamber, as overborne with affluence and there read the inventory of his possessions, which swelled his thoughts with such transports, that he notwithstanding his father's death. He was sufficiently composed to order a house of modest magnificence, suitable to the rank of Nouradin's son, and the reputation of his father.

The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and the treasures greater to his eyes than his imagination. Almamoulin had been bred to the use of exact frugality, and had offered with envy on the finery and dissipation of other young men: he therefore, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to want. He resolved to give vent to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no

more. He immediately procured a splendid house, dressed his servants in rich employments, and covered his horses with apparel. He showered down his bounty on the populace, and suffered their passions to swell him with insolence. He blessed him with anger, the more of the more combined against him. The leaders of armies threatened destruction. Almamoulin was in the midst of his dangers: he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeared them with gold, and supplication.

Almamoulin sought to strengthen himself by alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms for the hand of a noble birth. His suit was rejected, and his presents returned. A princess of Altracan once intended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and wearing the jewels of Golconda. She sparkled in her eyes, and towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. He saw his confusion, and disdained to notice it.

How, says she, 'darest thou hope my obedience, who thus art at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation;

'thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.'

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestick pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of towers, and rolled rivers through new channels.

These amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to Samarcand, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out—I have at last found the use of riches; I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy, and I enjoy at once the raptures of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please, that they may be repaid with pleasure? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend?

Such were the thoughts of Almamoulin, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly, regaling at his expence; but in the midst of this festivity, an officer of justice entered the house, and in the form of legal citation, summoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitors accom-



ing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unpatronized and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses; and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of Oxus, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. 'Brother,' said the philosopher, 'thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes; and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them what experience has now taught thee that they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they

tempted thee, upon thy first into the world, to purchase the sound of vulgar acclamation; they cannot bestow fortitude; unanimity, that man may be who stood trembling at Alstronore a being not naturally selfish. That they will not unexhausted pleasure, the record of forsaken palaces and neglected ruins will easily inform thee; they rarely purchase friends; soon discover, when thou stand thy trial uncountenanced alone. Yet think not rich there are purposes to which man be delighted to apply thou may, by a rational distribution who want them, ease the painful disease, still the throbs of anxiety, relieve innocence of oppression, and raise imbecility to fulness and vigour. This enable thee to perform, and afford the only happiness of our present state, the confidence of divine favour, and the hope of rewards.'

## Nº CXXI. TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1751.

O IMITATORS, SERVUM PECUS!

HOR.

AWAY, YE IMITATORS, SERVILE HERD!

ELPHINSTON.

I Have been informed by a letter, from one of the universities, that among the youth from whom the next swarm of reasoners is to learn philosophy, and the next flight of beauties to hear elegies and sonnets, there are many who, instead of endeavouring by books and meditation to form their own opinions, content themselves with the secondary knowledge, which a convenient bench in a coffee-house can supply; and, without any examination or distinction, adopt the criticisms and remarks which happen to drop from those who have risen by merit or fortune to reputation and authority.

These humble retailers of knowledge my correspondent stigmatizes with the name of Echoes; and seems desirous that they should be made ashamed of lazy submission, and animated to attempts

after new discoveries, and original sentiments.

It is very natural for young men to be vehement, acrimonious, and forward. For, as they seldom comprehend all the consequences of a position, they perceive the difficulties by which a more experienced reasoner is strained from confidence; they fix conclusions with great precipitancy, without considering anything that can darken or raise the question; they expect to find their own opinion universally prevalent; they are inclined to impute uncertainty and hesitation to want of honesty, rather than to want of knowledge. I may perhaps be reproached by my lively correspondent, when it shall be found that I have no inclination to perfect collectors of fortuitous knowledge, or the severity required; yet, as I





to be much pained by hasty censure, shall not be afraid of taking into consideration those whom I think conclude without a sufficient knowledge of cause.

Who adopts the sentiments of another whom he has reason to believe can judge of himself, is only to be blamed who claims the honours which are due to the author, and endeavours to deceive the world into praise and censure; for to learn is the proper business of youth; and whether we improve our knowledge by books or by conversation, we are equally indebted to the assistance.

A greater part of students are not able to distinguish abilities to construct systems, to receive knowledge; nor can have any beyond that of becoming intelligent hearers in the schools of art, of being able to comprehend what others say; and to remember what others say. Even those to whom Providence has allotted greater strength of understanding, can expect only to improve a little. In every other part of knowledge, they must be content to follow the lead, which they are not able to follow; and, even in that which they call peculiarly their own, can seldom add more than some small particle to the hereditary stock descended to them from ancient times, the result of the labour of a thousand intel-

ligence, which, being fixed and limited, admits of no other variety than such as arises from new methods of distribution. New arts of illustration, the necessity following the traces of our predecessors is indisputably evident; but it appears no reason, why imagination should be subject to the same restriction.

It might be conceived, that of those who profess to forsake the narrow limits of truth, every one may deviate to a different point, since though the path is uniform and fixed, obliquity infinitely diversified. The roads are narrow, so that they who choose them must either follow or meet there; but in the boundless region of possibility, which fiction claims for its dominion, there are surely a thousand unexplored, a thousand unplucked, a thousand fountains of new ideas, combinations of imagery unserved, and races of ideal inhabitants hitherto described.

Yet, whatever hope may persuade, or reason evince, experience can boast of very few additions to ancient fable. The wars of Troy, and the travels of Ulysses, have furnished almost all succeeding poets with incidents, characters, and sentiments. The Romans are confessed to have attempted little more than to display in their own tongue the inventions of the Greeks. There is, in all their writings, such a perpetual recurrence of allusions to the tales of the fabulous age, that they must be confessed often to want that power of giving pleasure which novelty supplies; nor can we wonder that they excelled so much in the graces of diction, when we consider how rarely they were employed in search of new thoughts.

The warmest admirers of the great Mantuan poet can extol him for little more than the skill with which he has, by making his hero both a traveller and a warrior, united the beauties of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in one composition: yet his judgment was perhaps sometimes overborne by his avarice of the Homeric treasures; and, for fear of suffering a sparkling ornament to be lost, he has inserted it where it cannot shine with its original splendor.

When Ulysses visited the infernal regions, he found, among the heroes that perished at Troy, his competitor Ajax, who, when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses, died by his own hand in the madness of disappointment. He still appeared to resent, as on earth, his loss and disgrace. Ulysses endeavoured to pacify him with praises and submission; but Ajax walked away without reply. This passage has always been considered as eminently beautiful; because Ajax, the haughty chief, the unlettered soldier, of unshaken courage, of immoveable constancy, but without the power of recommending his own virtues by eloquence, or enforcing his assertions by any other argument than the sword, had no way of making his anger known but by gloomy fullness and dumb ferocity. His hatred of a man whom he conceived to have defeated him only by volubility of tongue, was therefore naturally shewn by silence more contemptuous and piercing than any words that so rustic an orator could have found, and by which he gave his enemy no opportunity of exerting the only power in which he was superior.

When

When *Æneas* is sent by *Virgil* to the shades, he meets *Dido* the queen of *Carthage*, whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave; he accosts her with tenderness and excuses; but the lady turns away like *Ajax* in mute disdain. She turns away like *Ajax*; but she resembles him in none of those qualities which gave either dignity or propriety to silence. She might, without any departure from the tenour of her conduct, have burst out like other injured women into clamour, reproach, and denunciation; but *Virgil* had his imagination full of *Ajax*, and therefore could not prevail on himself to teach *Dido* any other mode of resentment.

If *Virgil* could be thus seduced by imitation, there will be little hope that common wits should escape; and accordingly we find, that besides the universal and acknowledged practice of copying the ancients, there has prevailed in every age a particular species of fiction. At one time all truth was conveyed in allegory; at another, nothing was seen but in a vision; at one period all the poets followed sheep, and every event produced a pastoral; at another they buried themselves wholly in giving directions to a painter.

It is indeed easy to conceive why any fiction should become popular, by which idleness is favoured, and imbecility assisted; but surely no man of genius can much applaud himself for repeating a tale with which the audience is already tired, and which could bring no honour to any but its inventor.

There are, I think, two schemes of writing, on which the laborious wits of the present time employ their faculties. One is the adaptation of sense to all the rhymes which our language can supply to some word, that makes the burden of the stanza; but this, as it has been only used in a kind of amorous burlesque, can scarcely be censured with much acrimony. The other is the imitation of *Spenser*, which, by the influence of some men of learning and genius, seems likely to gain upon the age, and therefore deserves to be more attentively considered.

To imitate the fictions and sentiments of *Spenser* can incur no reproach, for allegory is perhaps one of the most pleasing vehicles of instruction. But I am very far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His style was in his own time allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words and peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that *Johnson* boldly pronounces him *to have written no language*. His stanza is at once difficult and unpleasing; tiresome to the ear by its uniformity, and to the attention by its length. It was at first formed in imitation of the Italian poets, without due regard to the genius of our language. The Italians have little variety of termination, and were forced to contrive such a stanza as might admit the greatest number of similar rhymes; but our words end with so much diversity, that it is seldom convenient for us to bring more than two of the same sound together. If it be justly observed by *Milton*, that rhyme obliges poets to express their thoughts in improper terms, these improprieties must always be multiplied, as the difficulty of rhyme is increased by long concatenations.

The imitators of *Spenser* are indeed not very rigid censors of themselves, for they seem to conclude, that when they have disfigured their lines with a few obsolete syllables, they have accomplished their design, without considering that they ought not only to admit old words, but to avoid new. The laws of imitation are broken by every word introduced since the time of *Spenser*, as the character of *Hector* is violated by quoting *Aristotle* in the play. It would indeed be difficult to exclude from a long poem all modern phrases, though it is easy to sprinkle it with gleanings of antiquity. Perhaps, however, the style of *Spenser* might by long labour be justly copied; but life is surely given us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value, but because it has been forgotten.

CXXII. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1751.

NESCIO QUA NATALE SOLUM DULCEDINE CUNCTOS.  
DUCIT.

OVID.

BY SECRET CHARMS OUR NATIVE LAND ATTRACTS.

HING is more subject to  
ake and disappointment than  
judgment concerning the ea-  
siness of any undertaking;  
e form our opinion from the  
ce of others, or from ab-  
temptation of the thing to  
ed.

er is done skilfully appears to  
ich ease; and art, when it is  
ired to habit, vanishes from  
1. We are therefore more  
excited to emulation, by  
have attained the highest de-  
cellence, and whom we can  
with least reason hope to equal.  
sting the probability of suc-  
previous consideration of the  
ig, we are equally in danger  
ig ourselves. It is never easy,  
possible, to comprise the series  
cesses with all it's circum-  
cidents, and variations, in a  
scheme. Experience soon  
the tortuosities of imaginary  
the complications of simpli-  
the asperities of smoothness.  
fficulties often start up from  
ies of art, stop the career of  
epress the gaiety of confi-  
d when we imagine ourselves  
he end of our labours, drive  
new plans and different mea-

are many things which we  
see others unable to perform,  
as have even ourselves misear-  
emptying; and yet can hardly  
be difficult; nor can we for-  
nder asideth at every new fai-  
promise certainty of success  
essay; but when we try, the  
ances recur, the same inability  
d, and the vexation of disap-  
must again be suffered.  
various kinds of speaking or  
which serve necessity, or pro-  
are, none appears to artists or  
ple narration; for what should  
that knows the whole order  
ds of an affair unable to re-

late it? Yet we hourly find such an  
endeavour to entertain or instruct us by  
recitals, clouding the facts which they  
intend to illustrate, and losing them-  
selves and their auditors in wilds and  
mazes, in digression and confusion. When  
we have congratulated ourselves upon a  
new opportunity of enquiry, and new  
means of information, it often happens,  
that without designing either deceit or  
concealment, without ignorance of the  
fact, or unwillingness to disclose it, the  
relator fills the ear with empty sounds,  
harasses the attention with fruitless im-  
patience, and disturbs the imagination  
by a tumult of events, without order of  
time, or train of consequence.

It is natural to believe, upon the same  
principle, that no writer has a more  
easy task than the historian. The phi-  
losopher has the works of Omniscience  
to examine; and is therefore engaged in  
disquisitions, to which finite intellects  
are utterly unequal. The poet trusts  
to his invention, and is not only in dan-  
ger of those inconsistencies, to which  
every one is exposed by departure from  
truth, but may be censured as well for  
deficiencies of matter, as for irregularity  
of disposition, or impropriety of orna-  
ment. But the happy historian has no  
other labour than of gathering what  
tradition pours down before him, or re-  
cords treasure for his use. He has only  
the actions and designs of men like him-  
self to conceive and to relate; he is not  
to form, but copy characters, and there-  
fore is not blamed for the inconsistency  
of statesmen, the injustice of tyrants,  
or the cowardice of commanders. The  
difficulty of making variety consistent,  
or uniting probability with surprize,  
needs not to disturb him; the manners  
and actions of his personages are al-  
ready fixed; his materials are provided  
and put into his hands, and he is at lei-  
sure to employ all his powers in arrang-  
ing and displaying them.

Yet, even with these advantages, very  
few in any age have been able to raise  
themselves to reputation by writing his-  
tories

tories; and among the innumerable authors, who fill every nation with accounts of their ancestors, or undertake to transmit to futurity the events of their own time, the greater part, when fashion and novelty have ceased to recommend them, are of no other use than chronological memorials, which necessity may sometimes require to be consulted, but which fright away curiosity, and disgust delicacy.

It is observed, that our nation, which has produced so many authors eminent for almost every other species of literary excellence, has been hitherto remarkably barren of historical genius; and so far has this defect raised prejudices against us, that some have doubted, whether an Englishman can stop at that mediocrity of style, or confine his mind to that even tenour of imagination which narrative requires.

They who can believe that nature has so capriciously distributed understanding, have surely no claim to the honour of serious confutation. The inhabitants of the same country have opposite characters in different ages; the prevalence or neglect of any particular study can proceed only from the accidental influence of some temporary cause; and if we have failed in history, we can have failed only because history has not hitherto been diligently cultivated.

But how is it evident, that we have not historians among us, whom we may venture to place in comparison with any that the neighbouring nations can produce? The attempt of Raleigh is deservedly celebrated for the labour of his researches, and the elegance of his style; but he has endeavoured to exert his judgment more than his genius, to select facts, rather than adorn them; and has produced an historical dissertation, but seldom risen to the majesty of history.

The works of Clarendon deserve more regard. His diction is indeed neither exact in itself, nor suited to the purpose of history. It is the effusion of a mind crowded with ideas, and desirous of imparting them; and therefore always accumulating words, and involving one clause and sentence in another. But there is in his negligence a rude inartificial majesty, which, without the nicety of laboured elegance, swells the mind by it's plenitude and diffusion. His narration is not perhaps sufficiently rapid, being stopped too fre-

quently by particularities, which, though they might strike the author who was present at the transactions, will not equally detain the attention of posterity. But this ignorance or carelessness of the art of writing is amply compensated by his knowledge of nature and of policy, the wisdom of his maxims, the justness of his reasonings, and the variety, distinctness, and strength of his characters.

But none of our writers can, in my opinion, justly contest the superiority of Knolles, who, in his history of the Turks, has displayed all the excellencies that narration can admit. His style, though somewhat obscured by time, and sometimes vitiated by false wit, is pure, nervous, elevated, and clear. A wonderful multiplicity of events is so artfully arranged, and so distinctly explained, that each facilitates the knowledge of the next. Whenever a new personage is introduced, the reader is prepared by his character for his actions; when a nation is first attacked, or city besieged, he is made acquainted with it's history, or situation; so that a great part of the world is brought into view. The descriptions of this author are without minuteness, and the digressions without ostentation. Collateral events are so artfully woven into the texture of his principal story, that they cannot be disjoined, without leaving it lacerated and broken. There is nothing turgid in his dignity, nor superfluous in his copiousness. His orations only, which he feigns, like the ancient historians, to have been pronounced on remarkable occasions, are tedious and languid; and since they are merely the voluntary sports of imagination, prove how much the most judicious and skilful may be mistaken, in the estimate of their own powers.

Nothing could have sunk this author in obscurity, but the remoteness and barbarity of the people whose story he relates. It seldom happens, that all circumstances concur to happiness or fame. The nation which produced this great historian has the grief of seeing his genius employed upon a foreign and uninteresting subject; and that writer, who might have secured perpetuity to his name, by a history of his own country, has exposed himself to the danger of oblivion, by recounting enterprizes and revolutions, of which none desire to be informed.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXIII. TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1751.

VO SEMEL EST IMBUTA RECENS, SERVABIT ODOREM  
ESTA DIU.

HOR.

WHAT SEASON'D FIRST THE VESSEL, KEEPS THE TASTE.

CREECH.

TO THE RAMBLER.

THOUGH I have so long found myself deluded by projects of ho-didistinction, that I often resolve them no more into my heart; determinately forever excluded, they recover their dominion by stratagem; and whenever, after that relaxation of vigilance, recalcution return to their charge, hope again in possession, with a vain of pleasures dancing about

while I am preparing to write a disappointed expectations, I bear to flatter myself, that you readers are impatient for my notice; and that the sons of learning aid down several of your late discontent, when they found a scapulus had delayed to continue

ive. The desire of gratifying the expectations that I have raised, is not the motive of this relation, which, once promised it, I think myself at liberty to forbear. For I may have wished to clear myself every other adhesion of trade, shall be always wise enough to punctuality, and amidst all arts of politeness, continue to diligence, and detest falsehood. The death of my brother had freed me from the duties of a shop, freed myself as restored to the my birth, and entitled to the reception which my ancestors

I was, however, embarrassed by many difficulties at my first return to the world; for my hasty gentleman inclined me to pre-ventures; and every accident drove me back towards my old life, considered by me as an obstacle to my happiness. With no common grief and indignation, that I found my former com-

panions still daring to claim my notice, and the journeymen and apprentices sometimes pulling me by the sleeve as I was walking in the street, and without any terror of my new sword, which was, notwithstanding, of an uncommon size, inviting me to partake of a bottle at the old house, and entertaining me with histories of the girls in the neighbourhood. I had always, in my official state, been kept in awe by lace and embroidery; and imagined that to fright away these unwelcome familiarities, nothing was necessary, but that I should, by splendor of dress, proclaim my reunion with a higher rank. I therefore sent for my tailor; ordered a suit with twice the usual quantity of lace; and that I might not let my persecutors increase their confidence, by the habit of accosting me, staid at home till it was made.

This week of confinement I passed in practising a forbidden frown, a smile of condescension, a slight salutation, and an abrupt departure; and in four mornings was able to turn upon my heel with so much levity and sprightliness, that I made no doubt of discouraging all publick attempts upon my dignity. I therefore issued forth in my new coat, with a resolution of dazzling intimacy to a fitter distance; and pleased myself with the timidity and reverence which I should impress upon all who had hitherto presumed to harass me with their freedoms. But, whatever was the cause, I did not find myself received with any new degree of respect; those whom I intended to drive from me, ventured to advance with their usual phrases of benevolence; and those whose acquaintance I solicited grew more supercilious and reserved. I began soon to repent the expense, by which I had procured no advantage, and to suspect that a shining dress, like a weighty weapon, has no force in itself, but owes all its efficacy to him that wears it.

N n

Many



Many were the mortifications and calamities which I was condemned to suffer in my initiation to politeness. I was so much tortured by the incessant civilities of my companions, that I never passed through that region of the city but in a chair with the curtains drawn; and at last left my lodgings, and fixed myself in the verge of the court. Here I endeavoured to be thought a gentleman just returned from his travels, and was pleased to have my landlord believe, that I was in some danger from importunate creditors; but this scheme was quickly defeated by a formal deputation sent to offer me, though I had now retired from business, the freedom of my company.

I was now detected in trade, and therefore resolved to stay no longer. I hired another apartment, and changed my servants. Here I lived very happily for three months, and, with secret satisfaction, often overheard the family celebrating the greatness and felicity of the esquire; though the conversation seldom ended without some complaint of my covetousness, or some remark upon my language or my gait. I now began to venture into the publick walks, and to know the faces of nobles and beauties; but could not observe, without wonder, as I passed by them, how frequently they were talking of a taylor. I longed, however, to be admitted to conversation, and was somewhat weary of walking in crowds without a companion, yet continued to come and go with the rest, till a lady whom I endeavoured to protect in a crowded passage, as she was about to step into her chariot, thanked me for my civility, and told me, that, as she had often distinguished me for my modest and respectful behaviour, whenever I set up for myself, I might expect to see her among my first customers.

Here was an end of all my ambulatory projects. I indeed sometimes entered the walks again, but was always blasted by this destructive lady, whose mischievous generosity recommended me to her acquaintance. Being therefore forced to practise my aditious character upon another stage, I betook myself to a coffee-house frequented by wits, among whom I learned in a short time the art of criticism, and talked to loudly and volubly of nature, and man-

ners, and sentiment, and diction, and similes, and contrasts, and action, and pronunciation, that I was often desired to lead the hiss and clap, and was feared and hated by the players and the poets. Many a sentence have I hissed which I did not understand, and many a groan have I uttered when the ladies were weeping in the boxes. At last a malignant author, whose performance I had persecuted through the nine nights, wrote an epigram upon Tape the critick, which drove me from the pit for ever.

My desire to be a fine gentleman still continued: I therefore, after a short suspense, chose a new set of friends at the gaming-table, and was for some time pleased with the civility and openness with which I found myself treated. I was indeed obliged to play; but being naturally timorous and vigilant, was never surprised into large sums. What might have been the consequence of long familiarity with these plunderers, I had not an opportunity of knowing; for one night the constables entered and seized us, and I was once more compelled to sink into my former condition, by sending for my old master to attest my character.

When I was deliberating to what new qualifications I should aspire, I was summoned into the country, by an account of my father's death. Here I had hopes of being able to distinguish myself, and to support the honour of my family. I therefore bought guns and horses; and, contrary to the expectation of the tenants, increased the salary of the huntsman. But when I entered the field, it was soon discovered that I was not destined to the glories of the chace. I was afraid of thorns in the thicket, and of dirt in the marsh; I shivered on the brink of a river while the sportsman crossed it, and trembled at the sight of a five-bar gate. When the sport and danger were over, I was still equally disconcerted; for I was effeminate, though not delicate, and could only join a feebly whispering voice in the clamours of their triumph.

A fall, by which my ribs were broken, soon recalled me to domestick pleasures, and I exerted all my art to obtain the favour of the neighbouring ladies; but wherever I came, there was always some unlucky conversation upon ribbands, fillets, pins, or thread, which drove all

of compliments out of my mind overwhelmed me with shame and confusion.

I passed the ten first years after the death of my brother, in which I lived at last to repress that ambition which I could never gratify; and, of wasting more of my life in endeavours after accomplishments,

which, if not early acquired, no endeavours can obtain, I shall confine my care to those higher excellencies which are in every man's power; and though I cannot enchant affection by elegance and ease, hope to secure esteem by honesty and truth. I am, &c.

MISOCAPELUS.

## Nº CXXIV. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1751.

—TACITUM SYLVAS INTER REPTARE SALUBRES,  
FRANTEM QUICQUID DIGNUM SAPIENTE BONOQUE EST.

HOR.

ORANGE IN SILENCE THROUGH EACH HEALTHFUL WOOD,  
AND MUSE WHAT'S WORTHY OF THE WISE AND GOOD.

ELPHINSTON.

The season of the year is now come, which the theatres are shut and tables forsaken; the regions of pleasure are for a while unpeopled, and leads out her votaries to groves and fields, to still scenes and erratick tions. Those who have passed months in a continual tumult of business; who have never opened their eyes in the morning, but upon some new want; nor slept at night without the noise of dances, musick, and good cheer; or of soft sighs, and humble suppers; must now retire to distant places, where the sirens of flattery are to be heard, where beauty spurns without praise or envy, and wit is only by the echo.

I think it one of the most important offices of social benevolence to give notice of the approach of calamity, by a timely prevention it may be avoided; or, by preparatory measures easily endured, I cannot feel the rigour of winter, or observe the length of the day, without considering the comfort of my fair readers, who are now going to leave all that has so long occupied their hours, all from which they are accustomed to hope for demand who, till fashion proclaims the necessity of returning to the seats of industry and elegance, must endure the solitude of the squire, the sober housewife, the tradesman, or the formal parson, the dissipated jollity, or the dulness of rural instruction; without any relief but to the gloom of solitude, they will yet find greater inconveniences, and must learn, however unwilling, to endure themselves,

In winter, the life of the polite and gay may be said to roll on with a strong and rapid current; they float along from pleasure to pleasure, without the trouble of regulating their own motions, and pursue the course of the stream in all the felicity of inattention; content that they find themselves in progression, and careless whither they are going. But the months of summer are a kind of sleeping stagnation without wind or tide, where they are left to force themselves forward by their own labour, and to direct their passage by their own skill; and where, if they have not some internal principle of activity, they must be stranded upon shallows, or lie torpid in a perpetual calm.

There are, indeed, some to whom this universal dissolution of gay societies affords a welcome opportunity of quitting, without disgrace, the post which they have found themselves unable to maintain; and of seeming to retreat only at the call of nature, from assemblies where, after a short triumph of uncontested superiority, they are overpowered by some new intruder of softer elegance or sprightlier vivacity. By these, hopeless of victory, and yet ashamed to confess a conquest, the summer is regarded as a release from the fatiguing service of celebrity, a dismissal to more certain joys and a safer empire. They now solace themselves with the influence which they shall obtain, where they have no rival to fear; and with the lustre which they shall effuse, when nothing can be seen of brighter splendour. They imagine, while they are preparing for their journey, the admiration with which the rusticks

rufficks will crowd about them; plan the laws of a new assembly; or contrive to delude provincial ignorance with a fictitious mode. A thousand pleasing expectations swarm in the fancy; and all the approaching weeks are filled with distinctions, honours, and authority.

But others, who have lately entered the world, or have yet had no proofs of it's inconstancy and desertion, are cut off, by this cruel interruption, from the enjoyment of their prerogatives, and doomed to lose four months in inactive obscurity. Many complaints do vexation and desire extort from those exiled tyrants of the town, against the inexorable fun, who pursues his course without any regard to love or beauty; and visits either tropick at the stated time, whether shunned or courted, deprecated or implored.

To them who leave the places of public resort in the full bloom of reputation, and withdraw from admiration, courtship, subinflation, and applause, a rural triumph can give nothing equivalent. The praise of ignorance, and the subjection of weakness, are little regarded by beauties who have been accustomed to more important conquests, and more valuable panegyrics. Nor indeed should the powers which have made havock in the theatres, or borne down rivalry in courts, be degraded to a mean attack upon the untravelled heir, or ignoble contest with the ruddy milkmaid.

How then must four long months be worn away? Four months, in which there will be no routs, no shews, no *ridottos*; in which visits must be regulated by the weather, and assemblies will depend upon the moon! The Platonists imagine, that the future punishment of those who have in this life debauched their reason by subjection to their senses, and have preferred the gross gratifications of lewdness and luxury, to the pure and sublime felicity of virtue and contemplation, will arise from the predominance and solicitations of the same appetites, in a state which can furnish no means of appeasing them. I cannot but suspect that this month, bright with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; this month, which covers the meadow with verdure, and decks the gardens with all the mixtures of colorisick radiance; this month, from which the man of fancy expects new infusions of *imagery*, and the naturalist new scenes of observation; this month will chain down multitudes to the Platonick pe-

nance of desire without enjoyment, and hurry them from the highest satisfactions, which they have yet learned to conceive, into a state of hopeless wishes and pining recollection, where the eye of vanity will look round for admiration to no purpose, and the hand of avarice shuffle cards in a bower with ineffectual dexterity.

From the tediousness of this melancholy suspension of life, I would willingly preserve those who are exposed to it, only by inexperience; who want not inclination to wisdom or virtue, though they have been dissipated by negligence, or misled by example; and who would gladly find the way to rational happiness, though it should be necessary to struggle with habit, and abandon fashion. To these many arts of spending time might be recommended, which would neither sadden the present hour with weariness, nor the future with repentance.

It would seem impossible to a solitary speculatist, that a human being can want employment. To be born in ignorance with a capacity of knowledge, and to be placed in the midst of a world filled with variety, perpetually pressing upon the senses and irritating curiosity, is surely a sufficient security against the languishment of inattention. Novelty is indeed necessary to preserve eagerness and alacrity; but art and nature have stores inexhaustible by human intellect; and every moment produces something new to him who has quickened his faculties by diligent observation.

Some studies, for which the country and the summer afford peculiar opportunities, I shall perhaps endeavour to recommend in a future essay; but if there be any apprehension not apt to admit unaccustomed ideas, or any attention so stubborn and inflexible, as not easily to comply with new directions, even these obstructions cannot exclude the pleasure of application; for there is a higher and nobler employment, to which all faculties are adapted by him who gave them. The duties of religion, sincerely and regularly performed, will always be sufficient to exalt the meanest, and to exercise the highest, understanding. That mind will never be vacant, which is frequently recalled by stated duties to meditations on eternal interests; nor can any hour be long, which is spent in obtaining some new qualification for celestial happiness.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXV. TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1751.DESCRIPTAS SERVARE VICES, OPERUMQUE COLORES,  
CUR EGO, SI NEQUEO IGNOROQUE, POETA SALUTOR?

HOR.

BUT IF, THROUGH WEAKNESS, OR MY WANT OF ART,  
I CAN'T TO EV'RY DIFFERENT STYLE IMPART  
THE PROPER STROKES AND COLOURS IT MAY CLAIM,  
WHY AM I HONOUR'D WITH A POET'S NAME?

FRANCIS.

is one of the maxims of the civil w, that *definitions are hazardous*. gs modified by human understand-subject to varieties of complica-and changeable as experience ad-s knowledge, or accident influ-caprice, are scarcely to be includ-any standing form of expression, de they are always suffering some-tion of their state. Definition is, d, not the province of man; every is set above or below our facul-

The works and operations of na-re too great in their extent, or too diffused in their relations, and the rmances of art too inconstant and tain to be reduced to any deter-e idea. It is impossible to impress our minds an adequate and just re-itation of an object so great that in never take it into our view, or stable that it is always changing our eye, and has already lost it's while we are labouring to conceive

finitions have been no less difficult certain in criticisms than in law. nation, a licentious and vagrant y, unsusceptible of limitations, npatient of restraint, has always ured to baffle the logician, to x the confines of distinction, and the inclosures of regularity. There efore scarcely any species of writ-f which we can tell what it is's, and what are it's constituents; new genius produces some inno-, which, when invented and ap-l, subverts the rules which the e of foregoing authors had esta-l.

neddy has been particularly un-ious to definers; for though per-ey might properly have contented ves with declaring it to be *such matick representation of human may excite mirth*, they have em-d their definition with the means

by which the comick writers attain their end, without considering that the various methods of exhilarating their audience, not being limited by nature, cannot be comprised in precept. Thus, some make comedy a representation of mean, and others of bad men; some think that it's essence consists in the un-importance, others in the fictitiousness of the transaction. But any man's reflections will inform him, that every dramatick composition which raises mirth is comick; and that, to raise mirth, it is by no means universally necessary that the personages should be either mean or corrupt, nor always requisite that the action should be trivial, nor ever that it should be fictitious.

If the two kinds of dramatick poetry had been defined only by their effects upon the mind, some absurdities might have been prevented, with which the compositions of our greatest poets are disgraced, who, for want of some settled ideas and accurate distinctions, have unhappily confounded tragick with comick sentiments. They seem to have thought, that as the meanness of personages constituted comedy, their greatness was sufficient to form a tragedy; and that nothing was necessary but that they should crowd the scene with monarchs, and generals, and guards; and make them talk, at certain intervals, of the downfall of kingdoms, and the rout of armies. They have not considered that thoughts or incidents, in themselves ridiculous, grow still more grotesque by the solemnity of such characters; that reason and nature are uniform and inflexible; and that what is despicable and absurd will not, by any association with splendid titles, become rational or great; that the most important affairs, by an intermixture of an unseasonable levity, may be made contemptible; and that the robes of royalty can give no dignity to nonsense or to folly.

Comedy;

'Comedy,' says Horace, 'sometimes raises her voice;' and tragedy may likewise on proper occasions abate her dignity; but as the comick personages can only depart from their familiarity of style, when the more violent passions are put in motion, the heroes and queens of tragedy should never descend to trifle, but in the hours of ease and intermissions of danger. Yet in the tragedy of Don Sebastian, when the king of Portugal is in the hands of his enemy, and having just drawn the lot, by which he is condemned to die, breaks out into a wild boast that his dust shall take possession of Africk, the dialogue proceeds thus between the captive and his conqueror:

*Muley Mo'uch.* What shall I do to conquer thee?

*Seb.* Impossible!

Souls know no conquerors.

*M. Mol.* I'll shew thee for a monster thro' my Africk.

*Seb.* No, thou canst only shew me for a man:

Africk is stor'd with monsters; man's a prodigy

Thy subjects have not seen.

*M. Mol.* Thou talk'st as if Still at the head of battle.

*Seb.* Thou mistak'st, For there I would not talk.

*Brnducar, the Minister.* Sure he would sleep.

This conversation, with the sly remark of the minister, can only be found not to be comick, because it wants the probability necessary to representations of common life, and degenerates too much towards buffoonry and farce.

The same play affords a smart return of the general to the emperor, who, enforcing his orders for the death of Sebastian, vents his impatience in this abrupt threat:

—No more replies,  
But see thou do'st it: Or——

To which Dorax answers,

Choak in that threat: I can say Or as loud.

A thousand instances of such impropriety might be produced, were not oneificent in Aureng-Zebe sufficient to exemplify it. Indamora, a captive queen, having Aureng-Zebe for her lover, employs Arimant, to whose charge she had been intrusted, and whom she had made

sensible of her charms, to carry a message to his rival.

ARIMANT, with a letter in his hand: INDAMORA.

*Arim.* And I the messenger to him from you?

Your empire you to tyranny pursue:  
You lay commands, both cruel and unjust,  
To serve my rival, and betray my trust.

*Ind.* You first betray'd your trust in loving me:

And should not I my own advantage see?  
Serving my love, you may my friendship gain:  
You know the rest of your pretences vain.  
You must, my Arimant, you must be kind:  
'Tis in your nature, and your noble mind.

*Arim.* I'll to the king, and strait my trust resign.

*Ind.* His trust you may, but you shall never mine.

Heav'n made you love me for no other end,  
But to become my constant and friend:  
As such, I keep no secret from your sight,  
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:  
Read it, and tell me freely then your mind,  
If 'tis indit'd, as I meant it, kind.

*Arim.* I ask not Heav'n my freedom to restore,

But only for your sake——I'll read no more.  
And yet I must——

*Let's for my own, than for your service sad——*

Another line, like this, would make me mad:  
Heav'n! she goes on——yet more——and yet more kind!

Each sentence is a dagger to my mind.  
*See me this night——*

*I thank fortune, who did such a friend provide;  
For faithful Arimant shall be your guide.*

Not only to be made an instrument,  
But pre-engag'd without my own consent!

*Ind.* Unknown t' engage you, still suggests my score,

And gives you scope of meriting the more.

*Arim.* The best of men  
Some int'rest in their actions must confess;  
None merit, but in hope they may possess:  
The fatal paper rather let me tear,  
Than, like Bellerophon, my own sentence bear.

*Ind.* You may; but 'twill not be your best advice:

'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.  
You know you must obey me, soon or late:  
Why should you vainly struggle with your fate?

*Arim.* I thank thee, Heav'n! thou hast been wondrous kind!  
Why am I thus to slavery design'd,  
And yet am cheated with a freeborn mind!  
Or make thy orders with my reason suit,  
Or let me live by sense, a glorious brute——

*(She forces him)*

n, and I obey with speed, before  
adful sentence comes, *See me no  
ore.*

s scene, every circumstance con-  
turn tragedy to farce. The wild  
y of the expedient; the con-  
e subjection of the lover; the  
obliging him to read the letter,  
ause it ought to have been con-  
from him; the frequent inter-  
of amorous impatience; the  
postulations of a voluntary slave;  
erious haughtiness of a tyrant  
power; the deep reflection of  
ing rebel upon fate and freewill;  
wife wish to lose his reason as  
he finds himself about to do  
cannot persuade his reason to  
, are surely sufficient to awaken  
t torpid ribibility.  
e is scarce a tragedy of the last  
which has not debased it's most  
nt incidents, and polluted it's

most serious interlocutions with buf-  
foony and meanness; but though per-  
haps it cannot be pretended that the pre-  
sent age has added much to the force  
and efficacy of the drama, it has at least  
been able to escape many faults, which  
either ignorance had overlooked, or in-  
dulgence had licensed. The later tra-  
gedies indeed have faults of another kind,  
perhaps more destructive to delight,  
though less open to censure. That per-  
petual tumour of phrase with which  
every thought is now expressed by every  
personage, the paucity of adventures  
which regularity admits, and the unva-  
ried equality of flowing dialogue, has  
taken away from our present writers al-  
most all that dominion over the passions  
which was the boast of their predecessors.  
Yet they may at least claim this com-  
mendation, that they avoid gross faults,  
and that, if they cannot often move ter-  
ror or pity, they are always careful not  
to provoke laughter.

## Nº CXXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1751.

—NIRIL EST ALIUD MAGNUM QUAM MULTA MINUTA.

VET. AUCT.

SANDS FORM THE MOUNTAIN, MOMENTS MAKE THE YEAR.

YOUNG.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

LONG other topics of conver-  
sation which your papers supply,  
lately engaged in a discussion of  
rafter given by Tranquilla of her  
Venustulus, whom, notwithstand-  
severity of his mistress, the greater  
r seemed inclined to acquit of un-  
or culpable timidity.

of the company remarked, that  
ce ought to be distinguished from  
nd that if Venustulus was afraid  
turnal adventures, no man who  
red how much every avenue of  
wn was infested with robbers,  
think him blameable; for why  
life be hazarded without prospect  
our or advantage? Another was  
sion, that a brave man might be  
of crossing the river in the calmest  
r; and declared, that, for his part,  
there were coaches and a bridge,  
uld never be seen tottering in a  
n case, out of which he might be  
by any irregular agitation, or

which might be overset by accident, or  
negligence, or by the force of a sudden  
gust, or the rush of a larger vessel. It  
was his custom, he said, to keep the se-  
curity of day-light, and dry ground;  
for it was a maxim with him, that no  
wife man ever perished by water, or was  
lost in the dark.

The next was humbly of opinion,  
that if Tranquilla had seen, like him,  
the cattle run roaring about the mea-  
dows in the hot months, she would not  
have thought meanly of her lover for  
not venturing his safety among them.  
His neighbour then told us, that for his  
part he was not ashamed to confess, that  
he could not see a rat, though it was  
dead, without palpitation; that he had  
been driven six times out of his lodgings  
either by rats or mice; and that he al-  
ways had a bed in the closet for his ser-  
vant, whom he called up whenever the  
enemy was in motion. Another won-  
dered that any man should think himself  
disgraced by a precipitate retreat from a  
dog; for there was always a possibility  
that a dog might be mad; and that surely,  
though

though there was no danger but of being bit by a fierce animal, there was more wisdom in flight than contest. By all these declarations another was encouraged to confess, that if he had been admitted to the honour of paying his addresses to Tranquilla, he should have been likely to incur the same censure; for among all the animals upon which nature has impressed deformity and horror, there was none whom he durst not encounter rather than a beetle.

Thus, Sir, though cowardice is universally defined too close and anxious an attention to personal safety, there will be found scarcely any fear, however excessive in its degree, or unreasonable in its object, which will be allowed to characterize a coward. Fear is a passion which every man feels so frequently predominant in his own breast, that he is unwilling to hear it censured with great asperity; and, perhaps, if we confess the truth, the same restraint which would hinder a man from declaiming against the frauds of any employment among those who profess it, should withhold him from treating fear with contempt among human beings.

Yet since fortitude is one of those virtues which the condition of our nature makes hourly necessary, I think you cannot better direct your admonitions than against superfluous and panick terrors. Fear is implanted in us as a preservative from evil; but it's duty, like that of other passions, is not to overhear reason, but to assist it; nor should it be suffered to tyrannize in the imagination, to raise phantoms of horror, or beset life with supernumerary distresses.

To be always afraid of losing life is, indeed, scarcely to enjoy a life that can deserve the care of preservation. He that once indulges idle fears will never be at rest. Our present state admits only of a kind of negative security; we must conclude ourselves safe when we see no danger, or none adequate to our powers of opposition. Death indeed continually hovers about us, but hovers commonly unseen, unless we sharpen our fight by useless curiosity.

There is always a point at which caution, however solicitous, must limit its preservatives, because one terror often counteracts another. I once knew one of the speculants of cowardice, whose reigning disturbance was the dread of house-breakers. His enquiries were for

nine years employed upon the best method of barring a window, or a door; and many an hour has he spent in establishing the preference of a bolt to a lock. He had at last, by the daily superaddition of new expedients, contrived a door which could never be forced; for one bar was secured by another with such intricacy of subordination, that he was himself not always able to disengage them in the proper method. He was happy in this fortification, till being asked how he would escape if he was threatened by fire, he discovered, that with all his care and expence, he had only been assisting his own destruction. He then immediately tore off his bolts, and now leaves at night his outer-door half-locked, that he may not by his own folly perish in the flames.

There is one species of terror which those who are unwilling to suffer the reproach of cowardice have wisely dignified with the name of *antipathy*. A man who talks with intrepidity of the monsters of the wilderness while they are out of sight, will readily confess his *antipathy* to a mole, a weasel, or a frog. He has indeed no dread of harm from an insect or worm, but his *antipathy* turns him pale whenever they approach him. He believes that a boat will transport him with as much safety as his neighbours, but he cannot conquer his *antipathy* to the water. Thus he goes on without any reproach from his own reflections, and every day multiplies *antipathies*, till he becomes contemptible to others, and burdensome to himself.

It is indeed certain, that impressions of dread may sometimes be unluckily made by objects not in themselves justly formidable; but when fear is discovered to be groundless, it is to be eradicated like other false opinions, and *antipathies* are generally superable by a single effort. He that has been taught to shudder at a mouse, if he can persuade himself to risque one encounter, will find his own superiority, and exchange his terrors for the pride of conquest.

I am, Sir, &c.

THRASO.

SIR,  
AS you profess to extend your regard to the minuteness of decency, as well as to the dignity of science, I cannot forbear to lay before you a mode of persecution by which I have been vexed

rooms and coffee-houses, and de-  
from entering the doors of my

ing the ladies who please them-  
with splendid furniture, or elegant  
nment, it is a practice very com-  
o ask every guest how he likes  
red work of the cornice, or the  
of the tapestry; the china at the  
or the plate on the side-board;  
all occasions to enquire his opi-  
their judgment and their choice.  
a has laid her new watch in the  
v nineteen times, that she may  
ne to look upon it. Calista has

of dropping her snuff-box by  
g out her handkerchief, that when  
it up I may admire it; and Ful-  
has conducted me, by mistake,  
ie wrong room, at every visit I  
aid since her picture was put into a  
ame.

pe, Mr. Rambler, you will in-  
hem, that no man should be de-  
ne privilege of silence, or tortur-  
ale declarations; and that though  
may justly claim to be exempt  
rudeness, they have no right to  
inwilling civilities. To please is  
able and elegant ambition, and is  
ly rewarded with honest praise;  
seize applause by violence, and  
ut for commendation, without  
ng or caring to know, whether it  
en from conviction, is a species  
anny by which modesty is oppres-  
sincerity corrupted. The tri-  
of admiration, thus exacted by  
ence and importunity, differs from  
pest paid to silent merit, as the  
ir of a pirate from the merchant's

I am, &c.

MISOCOLAX.

SIR,

YOUR great predecessor, the Spec-  
tator, endeavoured to diffuse among  
his female readers a desire of knowledge;  
nor can I charge you, though you do  
not seem equally attentive to the ladies,  
with endeavouring to discourage them  
from any laudable pursuit. But how-  
ever either he or you may excite our  
curiosity, you have not yet informed us  
how it may be gratified. The world  
seems to have formed an universal con-  
spiracy against our understandings; our  
questions are supposed not to expect an-  
swers, our arguments are confuted with  
a jest, and we are treated like beings  
who transgress the limits of our nature  
whenever we aspire to seriousness or im-  
provement.

I enquired yesterday of a gentleman  
eminent for astronomical skill, what  
made the day long in summer, and short  
in winter; and was told that nature pro-  
tracted the days in summer, lest ladies  
should want time to walk in the park;  
and the nights in winter, lest they should  
not have hours sufficient to spend at the  
card-table.

I hope you do not doubt but I heard  
such information with just contempt,  
and I desire you to discover to this great  
master of ridicule, that I was far from  
wanting any intelligence which he  
could have given me. I asked the  
question with no other intention than to  
set him free from the necessity of silence,  
and give him an opportunity of ming-  
ling on equal terms with a polite assem-  
bly, from which, however uneasy, he  
could not then escape, by a kind intro-  
duction of the only subject on which I  
believed him able to speak with pro-  
priety. I am, &c. GENEROSA.

Nº CXXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1751.

COEPISTI MELIUS QUAM DESINISTI ULTIMA PRIMIS  
CEDUNT: DISSIMILES HIC VIR, ET ILLE PUER.

OVID.

SUCCESSING YEARS THY EARLY FAME DESTROY;  
THOU, WHO BEGAN'ST A MAN, WILT END A BOY.

LITIAN, a name eminent  
mong the restorers of polite litera-  
when he published a collection of  
ms, prefixed to many of them the  
f his age at which they were com-

posed. He might design by this infor-  
mation, either to boast the early maturity  
of his genius, or to conciliate indul-  
gence to the puerility of his perform-  
ances. But whatever was his intent,

O o



it is remarked by Scaliger, that he very little promoted his own reputation, because he fell below the promise which his first productions had given, and in the latter part of his life seldom equalled the sallies of his youth.

It is not uncommon for those who at their first entrance into the world were distinguished for attainments or abilities, to disappoint the hopes which they had raised, and to end in neglect and obscurity that life which they began in celebrity and honour. To the long catalogue of the inconveniencies of old age, which moral and satirical writers have so copiously displayed, may be often added the loss of fame.

The advance of the human mind towards any object of laudable pursuit, may be compared to the progress of a body driven by a blow. It moves for a time with great velocity and vigour, but the force of the first impulse is perpetually decreasing, and though it should encounter no obstacle capable of quelling it by a sudden stop, the resistance of the medium through which it passes, and the latent inequalities of the smoothest surface, will in a short time by continued retardation wholly over-power it. Some hindrances will be found in every road of life, but he that fixes his eyes upon any thing at a distance, necessarily loses sight of all that fills up the intermediate space, and therefore sets forward with alacrity and confidence, nor suspects a thousand obstacles by which he afterwards finds his passage embarrassed and obstructed. Some are indeed stopt at once in their career by a sudden shock of calamity, or diverted to a different direction by the cross impulse of some violent passion; but far the greater part languish by slow degrees, deviate at first into slight obliquities, and themselves scarcely perceive at what time their ardour forsook them, or when they lost sight of their original design.

Weariness and negligence are perpetually prevailing by silent encroachments, assisted by different causes, and not observed till they cannot, without great difficulty, be opposed. Labour necessarily requires pauses of ease and relaxation, and the deliciousness of ease commonly makes us unwilling to return to labour. We, perhaps, prevail upon ourselves to renew our attempts, but eagerly listen to every argument for frequent interpositions of amusement; for

when indolence has once entered the mind, it can scarcely be dispossessed but by such efforts as very few are willing to exert.

It is the fate of industry to be easily endangered by miscarriage and success, by confidence and despondency. He that engages in a great undertaking with a false opinion of its facility, too high conceptions of his own strength is easily discouraged by the first drance of his advances, because he promised himself an equal and uninterrupted progression without impediment or disturbance; when unexpected interruptions break in upon him, he is in the state of a man surprised by a tempest where he purposed only to bask in calm, or sport in the shallows.

It is not only common to find the faculty of an enterprise greater, but profit less, than hope had pictured. Youth enters the world with very many prejudices in her own favour, imagines herself not only certain of accomplishing every adventure, but of obtaining those rewards which the accomplishment may deserve. She is easily persuaded to believe that the love of merit can be resisted by obstinacy, avarice, or its lustre darkened by pride and malignity. She has not yet learned that the most evident claim to praise or preferment may be rejected by malice against conviction, or by silence without examination; that may be sometimes defeated by art and sometimes overborne by clay. That in the mingled numbers of good and kind, many need no other proof to ennuity than that they find themselves excelled; that others have their curiosity, and consider every man who fills the mouth of report with his name, as an intruder upon their repose and disturber of their repose; that are engaged in complications of interest, which they imagine endangered by innovation; that many yield themselves up implicitly to every report which they disseminate or folly scatters that whoever aspires to the notice of the publick, has in almost every man a rival; and must struggle with the opposition of the daring, and the stratagems of the timorous, quicken the frigid and soften the rate, must reclaim perverseness as a form of stupidity.

It is no wonder that when the

reward has vanished, the zeal prize should cease; for who strive to cultivate the soil has, after long labour, discovered barren? He who hath pleased with anticipated praises, and that he should meet in every patronage or friendship, will sit his vigour, when he finds those who desire to be content his admirers nothing can be cold civility, and that many own his excellence, lest they too justly expected to reward it. He, thus cut off from the port that port to which his addressitude had been employed to, often abandons himself to ad to the wind, and glides carelessly down the current of life, resolution to make another effort is swallowed up by the gulph of idly.

He is betrayed to the same defect themselves by a contrary fallacy: was said of Hannibal, that he nothing to the completion of his virtues, but that when he had victory he should know how to. The folly of desisting too soon ceasesful labours, and the haste ng advantages before they are is often fatal to men of impetuosity, to men whose conscious-uncommon powers fills them with presumption, and who having borne down before them, and left a panting behind, are early perceiving that they have reached the state of perfection, and that now, longer in danger from competition may pass the rest of their life in the enjoyment of their acquisitions,

in contemplation of their own superiority, and in attention to their own praises, and look unconcerned from their eminence upon the toils and contentions of meaner beings.

It is not sufficiently considered in the hour of exultation, that all human excellence is comparative; that no man performs much but in proportion to what others accomplish, or to the time and opportunities which have been allowed him; and that he who stops at any point of excellence is every day sinking in estimation, because his improvement grows continually more incommensurate to his life. Yet, as no man willingly quits opinions favourable to himself, they who have once been justly celebrated, imagine that they still have the same pretensions to regard, and seldom perceive the diminution of their character while there is time to recover it. Nothing then remains but murmurs and remorse; for if the spendthrift's poverty be embittered by the reflection that he once was rich, how must the idler's obscurity be clouded by remembering that he once had lustre!

These errors all arise from an original mistake of the true motives of action. He that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men, will be dejected by neglect and envy, or infatuated by honours and applause. But the consideration that life is only deposited in his hands to be employed in obedience to a master who will regard his endeavours, not his success, would have preserved him from trivial elations and discouragements, and enabled him to proceed with constancy and cheerfulness, neither enervated by commendation, nor intimidated by censure.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1751.

Αἰὼν δ' ἀσφαλὲς  
 Οὐκ ἰγνίει, ὅτ' Αἰακίδης παρὰ Πηλεῖ,  
 Οἷτι παρ' ἀντιθέω  
 Κάδμω· λίγονταί γε μὴν βροτῶν  
 Ὅλκον ὑπέρτατον εἶ  
 Σχέϊν.

PIND.

FOR NOT THE BRAVE, OR WISE, OR GREAT,  
 E'er yet had happiness complete;  
 NOR PELFUS. GRANDSON OF THE SKY,  
 NOR CADMUS, SCAP'D THE SHAFTS OF PAIN,  
 THOUGH FAVOUR'D BY THE POW'RS ON HIGH,  
 WITH EV'RY BLISS THAT MAN CAN GAIN.

THE writers who have undertaken the task of reconciling mankind to their present state, and relieving the discontent produced by the various distribution of terrestrial advantages, frequently remind us that we judge too hastily of good and evil, that we view only the superficies of life, and determine of the whole by a very small part; and that in the condition of men it frequently happens, that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

None but those who have learned the art of subjecting their senses as well as reason to hypothetical systems, can be persuaded by the most specious rhetorician that the lots of life are equal; yet it cannot be denied that every one has his peculiar pleasures and vexations, that external accidents operate variously upon different minds, and that no man can exactly judge from his own sensations, what another would feel in the same circumstances.

If the general disposition of things be estimated by the representation which every one makes of his own state, the world must be considered as the abode of sorrow and misery; for how few can forbear to relate their troubles and their distresses? If we judge by the account which may be obtained of every man's fortune from others, it may be concluded, that we are all placed in an elysian region, overspread with the luxuriance of plenty, and fanned by the breezes of felicity; since scarcely any complaint

is uttered without censure from that hear it, and almost all are to have obtained a provision at least adequate to their virtue or their undesigning, to possess either more than to deserve or more than they enjoy.

We are either born with such a latitude of temper and inclination, receive so many of our ideas and so from the state of life in which we are engaged, that the griefs and cares part of mankind seem to the others, easily, folly, and affectation. Every society has its cant of laments which is understood or regarded but themselves; and every part has its uneasinesses, which the do not feel them will not count. An event which spreads distraction half the commercial world, at the trading companies in council committees, and shakes the neck of a thousand stockjobbers, is regarded by the landlord and the farmer with indifference. An affair of love fills the young breast with intermissions of hope and fear, away the night and day from other pleasure or employment guarded by them whose passions extinguished, as an amusement can properly raise neither joy nor and though it may be suffered in the vacuity of an idle moment, the ways give way to prudence or industry.

He that never had any other than to fill a chest with money, or another man's labour to his estate, is grieved but at a bad mortgage, and a company but to make a would be astonished to hear of known among the polite and of denomination of wits. How

gape with curiosity, or grin with contempt, at the mention of beings who have no wish but to speak what was never spoken before; who, if they happen to inherit wealth, often exhaust their patrimonies in treating those who will hear them talk; and if they are poor, neglect opportunities of improving their fortunes for the pleasure of making others laugh? How slowly would he believe that there are men who would rather lose a legacy than the reputation of a dithich; who think it less disgrace to want money than repartee; whom the vexation of having been foiled in a contest of raillery is sometimes sufficient to deprive of sleep; and who would esteem it a lighter evil to miss a profitable bargain by some accidental delay, than not to have thought of a smart reply till the time of producing it was past? How little would he suspect that this child of idleness and frolic enters every assembly with a beating bosom, like a litigant on the day of decision, and revolves the probability of applause with the anxiety of a conspirator whose fate depends upon the next night; and at the hour of retirement he carries home, under a shew of airy negligence, a heart lacerated with envy, or depressed with disappointment; and inamures himself in his closet, that he may disencumber his memory at leisure, review the progress of the day, state with accuracy his loss or gain of reputation, and examine the causes of his failure or success?

Yet more remote from common conceptions are the numerous and restless anxieties, by which female happiness is particularly disturbed. A solitary philosopher would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care and sorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet, and feasted with unmingled pleasure; for what can interrupt the content of those upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours, and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave, and whose smiles soften the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach them endeavour to multiply

delights, without requiring from them any return but willingness to be pleased?

Surely, among these favourites of nature, thus unacquainted with toil and danger, felicity must have fixed her residence; they must know only the changes of more vivid or more gentle joys; their life must always move either to the slow or brightly melody of the lyre of gladiators; they can never assemble but to pleasure, or retire but to peace.

Such would be the thoughts of every man who should hover at a distance round the world, and know it only by conjecture and speculation. But experience will soon discover how easily those are disgusted who have been made nice by plenty, and tender by indulgence. He will soon see to how many dangers power is exposed which has no other guard than youth and beauty, and how easily that tranquillity is molested which can only be smoothed with the songs of flattery. It is impossible to supply wants as fast as an idle imagination may be able to form them, or to remove all inconveniences by which elegance refined into impatience may be offended. None are so hard to please as those whom satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves; nor any so readily provoked, as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

There are indeed some strokes which the envy of fate aims immediately at the fair. The mistress of Catullus wept for her sparrow many centuries ago, and lap-dogs will be sometimes sick in the present age. The most fashionable brocade is subject to stains; a pin-ner, the pride of Brussels, may be torn by a careless washer; a picture may drop from a watch; or the triumph of a new suit may be interrupted on the first day of its enjoyment, and all distinctions of dress unexpectedly obliterated by a general mourning.

Such is the state of every age, every sex, and every condition; all have their cares, either from nature or from folly; and whoever, therefore, finds himself inclined to envy another, should remember that he knows not the real condition which he desires to obtain, but is certain that, by indulging a vicious passion, he must lessen that happiness which he thinks already too sparingly bestowed.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1751.

—NUNC, O NUNC, DÆDALE, DIXIT,  
 MATERIAM, QUÆ SIS INGENIOSUS, HABES.  
 POSSIDET IN TERRAS, ET POSSIDET ÆQUORA MINOS.  
 NEC TELLUS NOSTRÆ, NEC PATET UNDA FUGÆ.  
 RESTAT ITER COELO: COELO TENTABIMUS IRE.  
 DA VENIAM COEPTO, JUPITER ALTE, MEQ.

OVID.

NOW DÆDALUS, BEHOLD, BY FATE ASSIGN'D,  
 A TASK PROPORTION'D TO THY MIGHTY MIND!  
 UNCONQUER'D BARS ON EARTH AND SEA WITHSTAND;  
 THINE, MINOS, IS THE MAIN, AND THINE THE LAND.  
 THE SKIES ARE OPEN—LET US TRY THE SKIES:  
 FORGIVE, GREAT JOVE, THE DARING ENTERPRIZE.

**M**ORALISTS, like other writers, instead of casting their eyes abroad in the living world, and endeavouring to find maxims of practice and new hints of theory, content their curiosity with that secondary knowledge which books afford, and think themselves entitled to reverence by a new arrangement of an ancient system, or new illustration of established principles. The sage precepts of the first instructors of the world are transmitted from age to age with little variation, and echoed from one author to another, not perhaps without some loss of their original force at every repercussion.

I know not whether any other reason than this idleness of imitation can be assigned for that uniform and constant partiality, by which some vices have hitherto escaped censure, and some virtues wanted recommendation; nor can I discover why else we have been warned only against part of our enemies, while the rest have been suffered to steal upon us without notice; why the heart has on one side been doubly fortified, and laid open on the other to the incursions of error, and the ravages of vice.

Among the favourite topics of moral declamation, may be numbered the miscarriages of imprudent boldness, and the folly of attempts beyond our power. Every page of every philosopher is crowded with examples of temerity that sunk under burthens which she laid upon herself, and called out enemies to battle by whom she was destroyed.

Their remarks are too just to be disputed, and too salutary to be rejected; but there is likewise some danger lest timorous prudence should be inculcated till courage and enterprize are wholly

repressed, and the mind congealed in perpetual inactivity by the fatal influence of frigidistick wisdom.

Every man should, indeed, carefully compare his force with his undertaking; for though we ought not to live only for our own sakes, and though therefore danger or difficulty should not be avoided merely because we may expose ourselves to misery or disgrace; yet it may be justly required of us, not to throw away our lives upon inadequate and hopeless designs, since we might, by a just estimate of our abilities, become more useful to mankind.

There is an irrational contempt of danger which approaches nearly to the folly, if not the guilt, of suicide; there is a ridiculous perseverance in impracticable schemes, which is justly punished with ignominy and reproach. But in the wide regions of probability, which are the proper province of prudence and election, there is always room to deviate on either side of rectitude without rushing against apparent absurdity; and according to the inclinations of nature, or the impressions of precept, the daring and the cautious may move in different directions without touching upon rashness or cowardice.

That there is a middle path which it is every man's duty to find, and to keep, is unanimously confessed; but it is likewise acknowledged, that this middle path is so narrow, that it cannot easily be discovered, and so little beaten, that there are no certain marks by which it can be followed; the care, therefore, of all those who conduct others has been, that whenever they decline into obliquities, they should tend towards the side of safety.

n, indeed, raise no wonder that it has been generally censured; it is one of the vices with which it is charged, and which therefore numbers are ready to con-

It is the vice of noble and generous minds, the exuberance of imagination, and the ebullition of genius; therefore not regarded with much jealousy, because it never flatters us with the appearance of softness and immobility, which is commonly necessary to invite compassion. But if the same passion had been applied to the search of truth against the folly of presumption, impossibilities, and anticipating success, I know not whether many men would have been roused to usefulness, having been taught to condescend with timidity, never to excel, lest they should unexpectedly fail.

It is necessary to distinguish our own merits from that of others, and that we will perhaps assist us in fixing the limits of caution and adventure. In an undertaking that involves the happiness or the safety of many, we have certainly no right to more than is allowed by those who take the danger; but where only ourselves can suffer by miscarriage, we are confined within such narrow limits still less is the reproach of tediousness when numbers will receive advantage by success, and only one be injured by failure.

We are generally willing to hear praise, which case is favoured; and as argument is raised by general representations of human folly, even in those most eminently jealous of their reputation, we confess, with reluctance, that vain man is ignorant of his own weakness, and therefore he presumes to attempt what he cannot accomplish; but it ought likewise to be remembered, that a man is ignorant of his own powers, and perhaps have accomplished a thousand things, which the prejudices of others restrained him from attempt-

As observed in the golden verses of Job, that 'power is never far from necessity.' The vigour of the mind quickly appears, when no longer any place for doubt

and hesitation, when diffidence is absorbed in the sense of danger, or overwhelmed by some resistless passion. We then soon discover, that difficulty is, for the most part, the daughter of idleness; that the obstacles with which our way seemed to be obstructed were only phantoms, which we believed real, because we durst not advance to a close examination; and we learn that it is impossible to determine without experience how much constancy may endure, or perseverance perform.

But whatever pleasure may be found in the review of distresses when art or courage has surmounted them, few will be persuaded to wish that they may be awakened by want or terror to the conviction of their own abilities. Every one should therefore endeavour to invigorate himself by reason and reflection, and determine to exert the latent force that nature may have reposed in him, before the hour of exigence comes upon him, and compulsion shall torture him to diligence. It is below the dignity of a reasonable being to owe that strength to necessity which ought always to act at the call of choice, or to need any other motive to industry than the desire of performing his duty.

Reflections that may drive away despair cannot be wanting to him who considers how much life is now advanced beyond the state of naked, undisciplined, uninstructed nature. Whatever has been effected for convenience or elegance, while it was yet unknown, was believed impossible; and therefore would never have been attempted, had not some, more daring than the rest, adventured to bid defiance to prejudice and censure. Nor is there yet any reason to doubt that the same labour would be rewarded with the same success. There are qualities in the products of nature yet undiscovered, and combinations in the powers of art yet untried. It is the duty of every man to endeavour that something may be added by his industry to the hereditary aggregate of knowledge and happiness. To add much can indeed be the lot of few, but to add something, however little, every one may hope; and of every honest endeavour, it is certain, that, however unsuccessful, it will be at last rewarded.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXX. SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1751.

NON SIC PRATA NOVO VERE DECENTIA  
ÆSTATIS CALIDÆ DISTOLIAT VAPOR,  
SÆVIT SOLSTITIO CUM MEDIUS DIES. ———  
UT FULGOR TENFRIS QUI RADIAT GENIS  
MOMENTO RAPITUR, NULLAQUE NON DIES  
FORMOSI SPOLIUM CORPORIS ABSTULIT.  
RYS EST FORMA FUGAX. QUIS SAPIENS BONO  
CONFIDAT FRAGILI?

SENECA.

NOT FASTER IN THE SUMMER'S RAY  
THE SPRING'S FRAIL BEAUTY FADES AWAY,  
THAN ANGUISH AND DECAY CONSUME  
THE SMILING VIRGIN'S ROSEY BLOOD.  
SOME BEAUTY'S SNATCH'D EACH DAY, EACH HOUR;  
FOR BEAUTY IS A FLEETING FLOW'ER:  
THEN HOW CAN WISDOM E'er CONFIDE  
IN BEAUTY'S MOMENTARY PRIDE?

ELPHINSTON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

<sup>578,</sup>  
**Y**OU have very lately observed, that in the numerous subdivisions of the world, every class and order of mankind have joys and sorrows of their own; we all feel hourly pain and pleasure from events which pass unheeded before other eyes, but can scarcely communicate our perceptions to minds preoccupied by different objects, any more than the delight of well-disposed colours or harmonious sounds can be imparted to such as want the sense of hearing or of sight.

I am so strongly convinced of the justice of this remark, and have on so many occasions discovered with how little attention pride looks upon calamity of which she thinks herself not in danger, and indolence listens to complaint when it is not echoed by her own remembrance, that though I am about to lay the occurrences of my life before you, I question whether you will condescend to peruse my narrative, or without the help of some female speculatist be able to understand it.

I was born a beauty. From the dawn of reason I had my regard turned wholly upon myself, nor can recollect any thing earlier than praise and admiration. My mother, whose face had luckily advanced her to a condition above her birth, thought no evil so great as deformity. She had not the power of imagining any other defect than a cloudy complexion,

or disproportionate features; and therefore contemplated me as an assemblage of all that could raise envy or desire, and predicted with triumphant fondness the extent of my conquests, and the number of my slaves.

She never mentioned any of my young acquaintance before me, but to remark how much they fell below my perfection; how one would have had a fine face but that her eyes were without lustre; how another struck the sight at a distance, but wanted my hair and teeth at a nearer view; another disgraced an elegant shape with a brown skin; some had short fingers, and others dimples in a wrong place.

As she expected no happiness nor advantage but from beauty, she thought nothing but beauty worthy of her care; and her maternal kindness was chiefly exercised in contrivances to protect me from any accident that might deface me with a scar, or stain me with a freckle: she never thought me sufficiently shaded from the sun, or screened from the fire. She was severe or indulgent with no other intention than the preservation of my form; she excused me from work, lest I should learn to hang down my head, or harden my finger with a needle; she snatched away my book, because a young lady in the neighbourhood had made her eyes red with reading by a candle; but she would scarcely suffer me to eat, lest I should spoil my shape, nor to walk, lest I should swell my ankle with a sprain.

I was accurately surveyed from foot, lest I should have suffered diminution of my charms in the space of the day; and was never allowed to sleep, till I had passed the cosmetick discipline, part of which is a regular lustration performed with bean-flower water and May-day hair was perfumed with vanillants, by some of which it was thickened, and by others to be softened. The softness of my hands was improved by medicated gloves, and my cheeks by a pomade prepared for other, of virtue to disperse pimple and clear discolorations.

I was always called up early, because the morning air gives a freshness to the complexion, but I was placed behind a curtained mother's chamber, because the complexion is easily tanned by the rising sun, and was then dressed with a thousand cautions, and again heard my friends, and triumphed in the commands and prognostications of all who had oached me.

My mother was not so much prepossessed with an opinion of my natural excellence, as not to think some cultivation necessary to their completion. She thought that I should want none of the accomplishments included in female education, or considered necessary in my life. I was looked upon in the first year as the chief ornament of the singing-master's ball; and Mr. B. used to reproach his other scholars with inferior performances on the harpsichord. At twelve I was remarkable for my cards with great elegance of address and accuracy of judgment.

At the time came when my mother thought me perfect in my exercises, and desired to display in the open world the accomplishments which had yet been discovered in select parties, or at assemblies. Preparations were made for my appearance on a public sight, which she considered as important and critical moment in my life. She cannot be charged with neglecting any means of recommendation, or leaving any thing to which prudence could ascertain an advantage. My name was tried in every possible friend was consulted about it, of my dress, and the mantua-makers were harried with directions and

at the night arrived from which

my future life was to be reckoned. I was dressed and sent out to conquer, with a heart beating like that of an old knight-errant at his first sally. Scholars have told me of a Spartan matron, who, when she armed her son for battle, bade him bring back his shield, or be brought upon it. My venerable parent dismissed me to a field, in her opinion of equal glory, with a command to shew that I was her daughter, and not to return without a lover.

I went, and was received like other pleasing novelties with a tumult of applause. Every man who valued himself upon the graces of his person, or the elegance of his address, crowded about me, and wit and splendor contended for my notice. I was delightfully fatigued with incessant civilities, which were made more pleasing by the apparent envy of those whom my presence exposed to neglect, and returned with an attendant equal in rank and wealth to my utmost wishes, and from this time stood in the first rank of beauty, was followed by gazers in the Mall, celebrated in the papers of the day, imitated by all who endeavoured to rise into fashion, and censured by those whom age or disappointment forced to retire.

My mother, who pleased herself with the hopes of seeing my exaltation, dressed me with all the exuberance of finery; and when I represented to her that a fortune might be expected proportionate to my appearance, told me that she should scorn the reptile who could enquire after the fortune of a girl like me. She advised me to prosecute my victories, and time would certainly bring me a captive who might deserve the honour of being enchained for ever.

My lovers were indeed so numerous, that I had no other care than that of determining to whom I should seem to give the preference. But having been steadily and indolently instructed to preserve my heart from any impressions which might hinder me from consulting my interest, I acted with less embarrassment, because my choice was regulated by principles more clear and certain than the caprice of approbation. When I had singled out one from the rest as more worthy of encouragement, I proceeded in my measures by the rules of art; and yet when the ardour of the first visits was spent, generally found a sudden declension of my influence; I felt in my



self the want of some power to diversify amusement, and enliven conversation, and could not but suspect that my mind failed in performing the promises of my face. This opinion was soon confirmed by one of my lovers, who married Lavinia with less beauty and fortune than mine, because he thought a wife ought to have qualities which might make her amiable when her bloom was past.

The vanity of my mother would not suffer her to discover any defect in one that had been formed by her instructions, and had all the excellence which she herself could boast. She told me that nothing so much hindered the advancement of women as literature and wit, which generally frightened away those that could make the best settlements, and drew about them a needy tribe of poets and philosophers, that filled their heads with wild notions of content, and contemplation, and virtuous obscurity. She therefore enjoined me to improve my minuet step with a new French dancing-master, and wait the event of the next birth-night.

I had now almost completed my nineteenth year: if my charms had lost any of their softness, it was more than compensated by additional dignity; and

if the attractions of innocence were paired, their place was supplied by arts of allurements. I was then preparing for a new attack, without abatement of my confidence, when the midst of my hopes and schemes was seized by that dreadful tyrant which has so often put a sudden stop to the tyranny of beauty. I recovered health after a long confinement when I looked again on that face had been often flushed with transient its own reflexion, and saw all that I had learned to value, all that I had deavoured to improve, all that had cured me honours or praises, irretrievably destroyed, I sunk at once in melancholy and despondence. My mother was not much consoled or alleviated by my mother, who grieved that I had lost my life together with my looks, and declared, that she thought a woman, divested of her charms, fit for nothing; for which those who love could desire to save her from the gall.

Having thus continued my relation the period from which my life takes a new course, I shall conclude in my other letter, if by publishing this I shew any regard for the correspondence, Sir, &c.

VICTOR

## Nº CXXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 18, 1751.

—FATIS ACCEDE DEISQUE,  
ET COLE FELICES; MISEROS FUGE. SIDERA COELO  
UT DISTANT, FLAMMA MARI, SIC UTILE RECTO.

LUCAN

STILL FOLLOW WHERE AUSPICIOUS FATES INVITE;  
CARESS THE HAPPY, AND THE WRETCHED SLIGHT.  
SOONER SHALL JARRING ELEMENTS UNITE,  
THAN TRUTH WITH GAIN, THAN INTEREST WITH RIGHT.

F. I

**T**HERE is scarcely any sentiment in which, amidst the innumerable varieties of inclination that nature or accident have scattered in the world, we find greater numbers concurring than in the wish for riches; a wish indeed so prevalent, that it may be considered as universal and transcendental, as the desire in which all other desires are included, and of which the various purposes which actuate mankind are only subordinate species and different modifications.

Wealth is the general center of inclination, the point to which all minds

preserve an invariable tendency which they afterwards diverge in different directions. Whatever is the ultimate design, the intention, the care is to be rich; and in the enjoyment we intend finally to acquire we seldom consider it as attainable by the means of money. Of this therefore all unanimously confess the value, nor is there any disagreement about the use.

No desire can be formed which does not assist to gratify. He that wishes his happiness in splendid equip-

rous dependants, in refined praise  
ular acclamations, in the accu-  
sion of curiosities or the revels of  
y, in splendid edifices or wide plan-  
s, must still either by birth or ac-  
on possess riches. They may be  
ered as the elemental principles of  
re, which may be combined with  
s diversity; as the essential and  
ary substance, of which only the  
s left to be adjusted by choice.

e necessity of riches being thus ap-  
; it is not wonderful that almost  
mind has been employed in en-  
urs to acquire them; that multi-  
have vied in arts by which life is  
hed with accommodations, and  
therefore mankind may reason-  
e expected to reward.

had indeed been happy, if this  
inant appetite had operated only  
currence with virtue, by influenc-  
one but those who were zealous to  
e what they were eager to possess,  
ad abilities to improve their own  
es by contributing to the ease or  
ess of others. To have riches and  
e merit would then have been the  
and success might reasonably have  
onsidered as a proof of excellence.  
we do not find that any of the  
of men keep a stated proportion  
ir powers of attainment. Many  
nd desire wealth, who can never  
e it by honest industry or useful  
edge. They therefore turn their  
bout to examine what other me-  
can be found of gaining that  
none, however impotent or worth-  
will be content to want.

ttle enquiry will discover that there  
arer ways to profit than through  
ricacies of art, or up the steep of  
; what wisdom and virtue scarcely  
at the close of life, as the recom-  
of long toil and repeated efforts,  
ight within the reach of subtilty  
shonesty by more expeditious and  
ndious measures: the wealth of  
ity is an open prey to falsehood;  
e possessions of ignorance and im-  
y are easily stolen away by the con-  
ces of secret artifice, or seized by  
ipe of unresisted violence.

s likewise not hard to discover,  
ches always procure protection for  
ives, that they dazzle the eyes of  
y, divert the celerity of pursuit,  
pease the ferocity of vengeance.  
*any man is incontestably known to*

have large possessions, very few think it  
requisite to enquire by what practices  
they were obtained; the resentment of  
mankind rages only against the struggles  
of feeble and timorous corruption; but  
when it has surmounted the first oppo-  
sition, it is afterwards supported by fa-  
vour, and animated by applause.

The prospect of gaining speedily what  
is ardently desired, and the certainty of  
obtaining by every accession of advan-  
tage an addition of security, have so far  
prevailed upon the passions of mankind,  
that the peace of life is destroyed by a  
general and incessant struggle for riches.  
It is observed of gold, by an old epi-  
grammatist, that *to have it is to be in*  
*fear, and to want it is to be in sorrow.*

There is no condition which is not dis-  
quieted either with the care of gaining  
or of keeping money; and the race of  
man may be divided in a political esti-  
mate between those who are practising  
fraud, and those who are repelling it.

If we consider the present state of the  
world, it will be found, that all con-  
fidence is lost among mankind, that no  
man ventures to act, where money can  
be endangered, upon the faith of an-  
other. It is impossible to see the long  
scrolls in which every contract is includ-  
ed, with all their appendages of seals  
and attestation, without wondering at  
the depravity of those beings, who must  
be restrained from violation of promise  
by such formal and publick evidences,  
and precluded from equivocation and  
subterfuge by such punctilious minute-  
ness. Among all the satires to which  
folly and wickedness have given occasion,  
none is equally severe with a bond or a  
settlement.

Of the various arts by which riches  
may be obtained, the greater part are  
at the first view irreconcilable with the  
laws of virtue; some are openly flagiti-  
ous, and practised not only in neglect,  
but in defiance of faith and justice; and  
the rest are on every side so entangled  
with dubious tendencies, and so beset  
with perpetual temptations, that very  
few, even of those who are not yet aban-  
doned, are able to preserve their inno-  
cence, or can produce any other claim  
to pardon than that they have deviated  
from the right less than others, and have  
sooner and more diligently endeavoured  
to return.

One of the chief characteristicks of  
the golden age, of the age in which  
neither

neither care nor danger had intruded on mankind, is the community of possessions: strife and fraud were totally excluded, and every turbulent passion was stilled by plenty and equality. Such were indeed happy times, but such times can return no more. Community of possession must include spontaneity of production; for what is obtained by labour will be of right the property of him by whose labour it is gained. And while a rightful claim to pleasure or to affluence must be procured either by slow industry or uncertain hazard, there will always be multitudes whom cowardice or impatience incite to more safe and more speedy methods, who strive to pluck the fruit without cultivating the tree, and to share the advantages of victory without partaking the danger of the battle.

In later ages, the conviction of the danger to which virtue is exposed while the mind continues open to the influ-

ence of riches, has determined many to vows of perpetual poverty; they have suppressed desire by cutting off the possibility of gratification, and secured their peace by destroying the enemy whom they had no hope of reducing to quiet subjection. But by debarring themselves from evil, they have rescinded many opportunities of good; they have too often sunk into inactivity and uselessness; and though they have forborne to injure society, have not fully paid their contributions to its happiness.

While riches are so necessary to present convenience, and so much more easily obtained by crimes than virtues, the mind can only be secured from yielding to the continual impulse of covetousness by the preponderation of unchangeable and eternal motives. Gold will turn the intellectual balance, when weighed only against reputation; but will be light and ineffectual when the opposite scale is charged with justice, veracity, and piety.

## Nº CXXXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1751.

—DOCILES IMITANDIS  
TURPIBUS AC PRAVIS OMNES SUMUS.—

JUV.

THE MIND OF MORTALS, IN PERVERSENESS STRONG, —  
IMBIBES WITH DIKE DOCILITY THE WRONG.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

**I** Was bred a scholar, and after the usual course of education, found it necessary to employ for the support of life that learning which I had almost exhausted my little fortune in acquiring. The lucrative professions drew my regard with equal attraction; each presented ideas which excited my curiosity, and each imposed duties which terrified my apprehension.

There is no temper more unpropitious to interest than desultory application and unlimited enquiry, by which the desires are held in a perpetual equipoise, and the mind fluctuates between different purposes without determination. I had books of every kind round me, among which I divided my time as caprice or accident directed. I often spent the first hours of the day in considering to what study I should devote the rest; and at last snatched up an author *that lay upon the table*, or perhaps fled

to a coffee-house, for deliverance from the anxiety of irresolution, and the gloominess of solitude.

Thus my little patrimony grew imperceptibly less, till I was roused from my literary slumber by a creditor, whose importunity obliged me to pacify him with so large a sum, that what remained was not sufficient to support me more than eight months. I hope you will not reproach me with avarice or cowardice, if I acknowledge that I now thought myself in danger of distress, and obliged to endeavour after some certain competence.

There have been heroes of negligence, who have laid the price of their last acre in a drawer, and, without the least interruption of their tranquillity or abatement of their expences, taken out one piece after another, till there was no more remaining. But I was not born to such dignity of imprudence, or such exaltation above the cares and necessities of life: I therefore immediately engaged my friends to procure me a little employment.

nt, which might set me free  
ie dread of poverty, and afford  
e to plan out some final scheme  
ng advantage.

friends were struck with honest  
de, and immediately promised  
ndeavours for my extrication.  
lid not suffer their kindness to  
h by delay, but prosecuted their  
es with such success, that in less  
month I was perplexed with variety  
rs and contrariety of prospects.

I however no time for long pauses  
sideration; and therefore soon re-  
to accept the office of instructing  
g nobleman in the house of his

I went to the seat at which the  
then happened to reside, was re-  
with great politeness, and invit-  
nter immediately on my charge.  
rms offered were such as I should  
ly have accepted, though my  
had allowed me greater liberty  
ce: the respect with which I was  
flattered my vanity; and per-  
he splendor of the apartments,  
e luxury of the table, were not  
without their influence. I im-  
ply complied with the proposals,  
ceived the young lord into my

ng no desire to gain more than  
d truly deserve, I very diligently  
ted my undertaking, and had  
isfaction of discovering in my  
flexible temper, a quick appre-  
, and a retentive memory. I  
much doubt that my care would,  
, produce a wife and useful  
lor to the state, though my la-  
were somewhat obstructed by want  
ority, and the necessity of com-  
with the freaks of negligence,  
waiting patiently for the lucky  
t of voluntary attention. To a  
hose imagination was filled with  
ity of knowledge, and to whom  
us life had made all the com-  
amusements insipid and con-  
le, it was not very easy to sup-  
s indignation, when he saw him-  
saken in the midst of his lecture,  
opportunity to catch an insect,  
nd his instructions debarred from  
to the intellectual faculties, by  
mory of a childish frolick, or  
re of a new plaything.

te vexations would have recurred  
juently, had not his mamma, by

entreating at one time that he should be  
excused from a task as a reward for  
some petty compliance, and withhold-  
ing him from his book at another, to  
gratify herself or her visitants with his  
vivacity, shewn him that every thing  
was more pleasing and more important  
than knowledge, and that study was to  
be endured rather than chosen, and was  
only the business of those hours which  
pleasure left vacant, or discipline usurp-  
ed.

I thought it my duty to complain, in  
tender terms, of these frequent avoca-  
tions; but was answered, that rank and  
fortune might reasonably hope for some  
indulgence; that the retardation of my  
pupil's progress would not be imputed  
to any negligence or inability of mine;  
and that with the success which satisfied  
every body else, I might surely satisfy  
myself. I had now done my duty, and  
without more remonstrances continued  
to inculcate my precepts whenever they  
could be heard, gained every day new  
influence, and found that by degrees my  
scholar began to feel the quick impulses  
of curiosity, and the honest ardour, of  
studious ambition.

At length it was resolved to pass a  
winter in London. The lady had too  
much fondness for her son to live five  
months without him, and too high an  
opinion of his wit and learning to refuse  
her vanity the gratification of exhibiting  
him to the publick. I remonstrated  
against too early an acquaintance with  
cards and company; but with a soft  
contempt of my ignorance and pedantry,  
she said that he had been already confin-  
ed too long to solitary study, and it was  
now time to shew him the world; nothing  
was more a brand of meanness than  
bashful timidity; gay freedom and ele-  
gant assurance were only to be gained by  
mixed conversation, a frequent inter-  
course with strangers, and a timely in-  
troduction to splendid assemblies; and  
she had more than once observed, that  
his forwardness and complaisance began  
to desert him, that he was silent when  
he had not something of consequence  
to say, blushed whenever he happened  
to find himself mistaken, and hung  
down his head in the presence of the  
ladies, without the readiness of reply,  
and activity of officiousness remarkable  
in young gentlemen that are bred in  
London.

Again I found resistance hopeless, and again thought it proper to comply. We entered the coach, and in four days were placed in the gayest and most magnificent region of the town. My pupil, who had for several years lived at a remote seat, was immediately dazzled with a thousand beams of novelty and show. His imagination was filled with the perpetual tumult of pleasure that passed before him, and it was impossible to allure him from the window, or to overpower by any charm of eloquence the rattle of coaches, and the sounds which echoed from the doors in the neighbourhood. In three days his attention, which he began to regain, was disturbed by a rich suit, in which he was equipped for the reception of company, and which, having been long accustomed to a plain dress, he could not at first survey without ecstacy.

The arrival of the family was now formally notified; every hour of every day brought more intimate or more distant acquaintances to the door; and my pupil was indiscriminately introduced to all, that he might accustom himself to change of faces, and be rid with speed of his rustick diffidence.

He soon endeared himself to his by the speedy acquisition or recovery of her darling qualities; his eyes spent a numerous assembly, and his dances at the mention of a ball has at once caught the infection of life, and has no other test of pride or actions than the quality of to whom they are ascribed. He is already to look down on me with superiority, and submits to one short in a week, as an act of condescension rather than obedience; for he is of opinion, that no tutor is proper for one who cannot speak French, having formerly learned a few phrases from his sister's governess. Every day soliciting his man to procure him a foreign footman, may grow polite by his conversation, not yet insulted, but still likely to become soon a superfluous cumbrance, for my scholar has no time for science, or for virtue: a lady yesterday declared him so much favourite of every company, that I am afraid he would not have an hour day to dance and fence.

I am, &c.

EUMA

## Nº CXXXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1751.

MAGNA QUIDEM SACRIS QUÆ DAT PRÆCEPTA LIBELLIS  
VICTRIX FORTUNÆ SAPIENTIA. DICIMUS AUTEM  
MOS QUOQUE FELICES, QUI FERRE INCOMMODA VITÆ,  
NEC JACTARE JUGUM VITÆ DIDICERE MAGISTRA.

JUV.

LET STOICKS ETHICKS HAUGHTY RULES ADVANCE,  
TO COMBAT FORTUNE, AND TO CONQUER CHANCE;  
YET HAPPY THOSE, THOUGH NOT SO LEARN'D ARE THOUGHT,  
WHOM LIFE INSTRUCTS, WHO BY EXPERIENCE TAUGHT,  
FOR NEW TO COME FROM PAST MISFORTUNES LOOK,  
NOT SHAKE THE YOKE, WHICH CALLS THE MORE 'TIS SHOOK.

CR

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU have shewn, by the publication of my letter, that you think the life of Victoria not wholly unworthy of the notice of a philosopher: I shall therefore continue my narrative, without any apology for unimportance which you have dignified, or for inaccuracies which you are to correct.

When my life appeared to be no longer in danger, and as much of my strength was recovered as enabled me to

bear the agitation of a coach, I placed at a lodging in a neighbouring village, to which my mother dismissed me with a faint embrace, having repeated her command not to expose face too soon to the sun or wind, and told me, that with care I might become tolerable again. The prospect of being tolerable had very little to elevate the imagination of one who had so long been accustomed to indolence and ecstacy; but it was some satisfaction to be separated from my mother, who was incessantly ringing the knell

eauty, and never entered my  
hout the whine of condolance,  
owl of anger. She often wan-  
er my face, as travellers over  
of a celebrated city, to note  
ice which had once been re-  
for a happy feature. She  
aded to visit my retirement, but  
eft me more melancholy; for  
ousand trifling enquiries about  
and a minute examination of  
she generally concluded with  
hat I should never more be fit  
n.

st I was permitted to return  
ut found no great improvement  
ndition; for I was imprisoned  
amber as a criminal, whose ap-  
would disgrace my friends, and  
ed to be tortured into new beau-  
ry experiment which the offi-  
of folly could communicate, or  
ility of ignorance admit, was  
on me. Sometimes I was co-  
th emollients, by which it was  
that all the scars would be  
nd my cheeks plumped up to  
ner smoothness; and sometimes  
nished with artificial excoria-  
hopes of gaining new graces  
ew skin. The cosmetick sci-  
exhausted upon me; but who  
r the ruins of nature? My mo-  
forced to give me rest at last,  
don me to the fate of a fallen  
ose fortune she considered as a  
game, no longer worthy of soli-  
attention.

condition of a young woman  
never thought or heard of any  
ellence than beauty, and whom  
en blast of disease wrinkles in  
n, is indeed sufficiently calam-  
e is at once deprived of all that  
eminence or power; of all that  
r pride, or animated her activi-  
at filled her days with pleasure,  
nights with hope; all that gave  
to the present hour, or bright-  
prospects of futurity. It is  
not in the power of a man whose  
has been divided by diversity  
ts, and who has not been ac-  
l to derive from others much  
appiness, to image to himself  
ple's destitution, such dismal

Every object of pleasing con-  
m is at once snatched away, and  
finds every receptacle of ideas  
r filled only with the memory

of joys that can return no more. All  
is gloomy privation, or impotent desire;  
the faculties of anticipation slumber in  
despondency, or the powers of pleasure  
mutiny for employment.

I was so little able to find entertain-  
ment for myself, that I was forced in a  
short time to venture abroad, as the so-  
litary savage is driven by hunger from  
his cavern. I entered with all the hu-  
mility of disgrace into assemblies, where  
I had lately sparkled with gaiety, and  
towered with triumph. I was not whol-  
ly without hope, that dejection had mis-  
represented me to myself, and that the  
remains of my former face might yet  
have some attraction and influence: but  
the first circle of visits convinced me that  
my reign was at an end; that life and  
death were no longer in my hands; that  
I was no more to practise the glance of  
command, or the frown of prohibition;  
to receive the tribute of sighs and praises,  
or be soothed with the gentle mur-  
murs of amorous timidity. My opinion  
was now unheard, and my proposals  
were unregarded; the narrowness of my  
knowledge, and the meanness of my  
sentiments, were easily discovered, when  
the eyes were no longer engaged against  
the judgment; and it was observed, by  
those who had formerly been charmed  
with my vivacious loquacity, that my  
understanding was impaired as well as  
my face, and that I was no longer qual-  
ified to fill a place in any company but  
a party at cards.

It is scarcely to be imagined how soon  
the mind sinks to a level with the con-  
dition. I, who had long considered all  
who approached me as vassals condemn-  
ed to regulate their pleasures by my eyes,  
and harass their inventions for my enter-  
tainment, was in less than three weeks  
reduced to receive a ticket with profes-  
sions of obligation; to catch with eager-  
ness at a compliment; and to watch  
with all the anxiousness of dependance,  
lest any little civility that was paid me  
should pass unacknowledged.

Though the negligence of the men  
was not very pleasing when compared  
with vows and adoration, yet it was far  
more supportable than the insolence of  
my own sex. For the first ten months  
after my return into the world, I never  
entered a single house in which the me-  
mory of my downfall was not revived.  
At one place I was congratulated on my  
escape with life; at another I heard of  
the

the benefits of early inoculation; by some I have been told in express terms, that I am not yet without my charms; others have whispered at my entrance—'This is the celebrated beauty.' One told me of a wash that would smoothe the skin; and another offered me her chair that I might not front the light. Some soothed me with the observation that none can tell how soon my case may be her own; and some thought it proper to receive me with mournful tenderness, formal condolence, and consolatory blandishments.

Thus was I every day harassed with all the stratagems of well-bred malignity; yet insulence was more tolerable than solitude, and I therefore persisted to keep my time at the doors of my acquaintance, without gratifying them with any appearance of resentment or depression. I expected that their exultation would in time vapour away; that the joy of their superiority would end with its novelty; and that I should be suffered to glide along in my present form among the nameless multitude, whom nature never intended to excite envy or admiration, nor enabled to delight the eye or inflame the heart.

This was naturally to be expected, and this I began to experience. But when I was no longer agitated by the perpetual ardour of resistance and effort of perseverance, I found more sensibly the want of those entertainments which had formerly delighted me; the day rose upon me without an engagement, and the evening closed in its natural gloom, without summoning me to a concert or a ball. None had any care to find amusements for me, and I had no pow-

er of amusing myself. Idleness exposed me to melancholy, and life began to languish in motionless indifference.

Misery and shame are nearly allied. It was not without many struggles that I prevailed on myself to confess my uneasiness to Euphemia, the only friend who had never pained me with comfort or with pity. I at last laid my calamities before her, rather to ease my heart than receive assistance: 'We must distinguish,' said she, 'my Victoria, those evils which are imposed by Providence, from those to which we ourselves give the power of hurting us. Of your calamity, a small part is the infliction of Heaven, the rest is little more than the corrosion of idle discontent. You have lost that which may indeed sometimes contribute to happiness, but to which happiness is by no means inseparably annexed. You have lost what the greater number of the human race never have possessed; what those on whom it is bestowed for the most part possess in vain; and what you, while it was yours, knew not how to use: you have only lost early what the laws of nature forbid you to keep long, and have lost it while your mind is yet flexible, and while you have time to substitute more valuable and more durable excellencies. Consider yourself, my Victoria, as a being born to know, to reason, and to act; rise at once from your dream of melancholy to wisdom and to piety; you will find that there are other charms than those of beauty, and other joys than the praise of fools.'

I am, Sir, &c.

VICTORIA.

## Nº CXXXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1751.

QUIS SCIT, AN ADJICIANȚ MODERNÆ CRASTINA SUMMÆ  
TEMPORA DI SUPERII!

HOR.

WHO KNOWS IF HEAV'N, WITH EVER-MOUNTING POWER,  
SHALL ADD TO-MORROW TO THE PRESENT HOUR?

FRANCIS.

I Sat yesterday morning employed in deliberating on which, among the various subjects that occurred to my imagination, I should bestow the paper of to-day. After a short effort of meditation by which nothing was determined,

I grew every moment more irresolute, my ideas wandered from the first intention, and I rather wished to think, than thought, upon any settled subject; till at last I was awakened from this dream of study by a summons from the press.

me was come for which I had been negligently purposing to provide, however dubious or sluggish, I was necessitated to write.

ough to a writer whose design is so reprehensive and miscellaneous, that he may accommodate himself with a to-morrow every scene of life, or view of it, it is no great aggravation of his to be obliged to a sudden composition; yet I could not forbear to reproach myself for having so long neglected what unavoidably to be done, and of every moment's idleness increasing the difficulty. There was, however, pleasure in reflecting that I, who only trifled till diligence was necessary, might still congratulate myself on my superiority to multitudes, who trifled till diligence is vain; who have no degree of activity or resolution to recover the opportunities which slipped away; and who are condemned by their own carelessness to eternal calamity and barren sorrow.

It is the folly of allowing ourselves to decay, that we know cannot be finally remedied, is one of the general weaknesses of the human mind, in spite of the instruction of morality, and the remonstrances of reason, it is to a greater or less degree in evidence: even they who most steadily band it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks, and often vanquished, never defeated.

It is indeed natural to have particular fondness to the time present, and to be solicitous for that which is by its transience enabled to make the strongest impressions. When therefore any sharp pain is to be suffered, or any formidable evil to be incurred, we can scarcely divert ourselves wholly from the sentiments of imagination; we readily believe that another day will bring some sort or advantage which we now reject; and are easily persuaded, that the present moment of necessity which we desire to arrive, is at a great distance from us.

Our life is languished away in the uncertainty of anxiety, and consumed in cold resolution which the next morning dissipates; in forming purposes which scarcely hope to keep, and reconciling ourselves to our own cowardice by excuses which, while we admit them, are now to be absurd. Our firmness

is by the continual contemplation of misery hourly impaired; every submission to our fear enlarges its dominion; we not only waste that time in which the evil we dread might have been suffered and surmounted, but even where procrastination produces no absolute increase of our difficulties, make them less superable to ourselves by habitual terrors. When evils cannot be avoided, it is wise to contract the interval of expectation; to meet the mischiefs which will overtake us if we fly; and suffer only their real malignity without the conflicts of doubt and anguish of anticipation.

To act is far easier than to suffer; yet we every day see the progress of life retarded by the *vis inertiae*, the mere repugnance to motion, and find multitudes repining at the want of that which nothing but idleness hinders them from enjoying. The case of Tantalus, in the region of poetick punishment, was somewhat to be pitied, because the fruits that hung about him retired from his hand; but what tenderness can be claimed by those who, though perhaps they suffer the pains of Tantalus, will never lift their hands for their own relief?

There is nothing more common among this torpid generation than murmurs and complaints; murmurs at uneasiness which only vacancy and suspicion expose them to feel, and complaints of distresses which it is in their own power to remove. Laziness is commonly associated with timidity. Either fear originally prohibits endeavours by infusing despair of success; or the frequent failure of irresolution struggles, and the constant desire of avoiding labour, impress by degrees false terrors on the mind. But fear, whether natural or acquired, when once it has full possession of the fancy, never fails to employ it upon visions of calamity, such as, if they are not dissipated by useful employment, will soon overcast it with horrors, and embitter life not only with those miseries by which all earthly beings are really more or less tormented, but with those which do not yet exist, and which can only be discerned by the perspicacity of cowardice.

Among all who sacrifice future advantage to present inclination, scarcely any gain so little as those that suffer themselves to freeze in idleness. Others are corrupted by some enjoyment of more or less power to gratify the passions;



but to neglect our duties, merely to avoid the labour of performing them, a labour which is always punctually rewarded, is surely to sink under weak temptations. Idleness never can secure tranquillity; the call of reason and of conscience will pierce the closest pavilion of the sluggard; and, though it may not have force to drive him from his down, will be loud enough to hinder him from sleep. Those moments which he cannot resolve to make useful by devoting them to the great business of his being, will still be usurped by powers that will not leave them to his disposal; remorse and vexation will seize upon them, and forbid him to enjoy what he is so desirous to appropriate.

There are other causes of inactivity incident to more active faculties and more acute discernment. He to whom many objects of pursuit arise at the same time, will frequently hesitate between different desires, till a rival has precluded him, or change his course as new attractions prevail, and harass himself without advancing. He who sees different ways to the same end, will, unless he watches carefully over his own conduct, lay out too much of his attention upon the comparison of probabilities, and the adjustment of expedients, and pause in the choice of his road, till some accident intercepts his journey. He whose penetration extends to remote consequences, and who, whenever he applies his attention to any design, discovers new prospects of advantage, and possi-

bilities of improvement, will not easily be persuaded that his project is ripe for execution; but will superadd one contrivance to another, endeavour to unite various purposes in one operation, multiply complications, and refine niceties, till he is entangled in his own scheme, and bewildered in the perplexity of various intentions. He that resolves to unite all the beauties of situation in a new purchase, must waste his life in roving to no purpose from province to province. He that hopes in the same house to obtain every convenience, may draw plans and study Palladio, but will never lay a stone. He will attempt a treatise on some important subject, and amass materials, consult authors, and study all the dependent and collateral parts of learning, but never conclude himself qualified to write. He that has abilities to conceive perfection, will not easily be content without it; and since perfection cannot be reached, will lose the opportunity of doing well in the vain hope of unattainable excellence.

The certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every man to the active prosecution of whatever he is desirous to perform. It is true, that no diligence can ascertain success; death may intercept the swiftest career; but he who is cut off in the execution of an honest undertaking, has at least the honour of falling in his rank, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory.

## Nº CXXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1751.

COELUM, NON ANIMUM MUTANT.

Hor.

PLACE MAY BE CHANG'D; BUT WHO CAN CHANGE HIS MIND?

**I**T is impossible to take a view on any side, or observe any of the various classes that form the great community of the world, without discovering the influence of example; and admitting with new conviction the observation of Aristotle, that 'Man is an imitative being.' The greater, far the greater number, follow the track which others have beaten, without any curiosity after new discoveries, or ambition of trusting themselves to their own conduct. And,

of those who break the ranks and disorder the uniformity of the march, most return in a short time from their deviation, and prefer the equal and steady satisfaction of security before the frolicks of caprice and the honours of adventure.

In questions difficult or dangerous it is indeed natural to repose upon authority; and, when fear happens to predominate, upon the authority of those whom we do not in general think wiser than ourselves,

Very

have abilities requisite for the of abstruse truth; and of those want leisure, and some repose. But it is not so easy to find the the universal submission to prehere every man might safely himself; where no irreparable e hazarded, nor any mischief ontinuanee incurred. Vanity expected to operate where the ertful passions are not awakenere pleasure of acknowledging or might produce slight singu- the hope of gaining some new happiness awakes the mind to or experiment.

ry case the shackles of prescrip- l be wholly shaken off, and the on left to act without controul, occasion should it be expected, e selection of lawful pleasure? of which the essence is choice; apulsion dissociates from every hich nature has united it; and s not only it's vigour but it's he smiles of liberty. Yet we e senses, as well as the reason, ted by credulity; and that most or say that they feel, the gra- which others have taught them

time of universal migration, lost every one, considerable attract regard, has retired, or ng with all the earnestness of retire, into the country; when s to be heard but the hopes of parture, or the complaints of ry delay; I have often been o enquire what happiness is to , or what inconvenience to be y this stunted recession? Of the passage, some follow the sum- some the winter, because they suitenance which only summer can supply; but of the annual uman rovers it is much harder he reason, because they do not ber to find or seek any thing otequally afforded by the town ry.

e that many of these fugitives heard of men whose continual for the quiet of retirement, hed every opportunity to steal n observation, to forsake the ad delight themselves with *the solitude*. There is indeed ny writer who has not cele- *happiness of rural privacy,*

and delighted himself and his reader with the melody of birds, the whisper of groves, and the murmur of rivulets; nor any man eminent for extent of capacity, or greatness of exploits, that has not left behind him some memorials of loneliness, wisdom, and silent dignity.

But almost all absurdity of conduct arises from the imitation of those whom we cannot resemble. Those who thus testified their weariness of tumult and hurry, and hastened with so much eagerness to the leisure of retreat, were either men overwhelmed with the pressure of difficult employments, harassed with importunities, and distracted with multiplicity; or men wholly engrossed by speculative sciences, who having no other end of life but to learn and teach, found their searches interrupted by the common commerce of civility, and their reasonings disjointed by frequent interruptions. Such men might reasonably fly to that ease and convenience which their condition allowed them to find only in the country. The statesman who devoted the greater part of his time to the publick, was desirous of keeping the remainder in his own power. The general, ruffled with dangers, wearied with labours, and stunned with acclamations, gladly snatched an interval of silence and relaxation. The naturalist was unhappy where the works of Providence were not always before him. The reasoner could adjust his systems only where his mind was free from the intrusion of outward objects.

Such examples of solitude very few of those who are now hastening from the town, have any pretensions to plead in their own justification, since they cannot pretend either weariness of labour, or desire of knowledge. They purpose nothing more than to quit one scene of idleness for another, and after having trifled in public, to sleep in secrecy. The utmost that they can hope to gain is the change of ridiculousness to obscurity, and the privilege of having fewer witnesses to a life of folly. He who is not sufficiently important to be disturbed in his pursuits, but spends all his hours according to his own inclination, and has more hours than his mental faculties enable him to fill either with enjoyment or desires, can have nothing to demand of shades and valleys. As bravery is said to be a panoply, insignificance is always a shelter.

There are, however, pleasures and advantages in a rural situation, which are not confined to philosophers and heroes. The freshness of the air, the verdure of the woods, the paint of the meadows, and the unexhausted variety which summer scatters upon the earth, may easily give delight to an unlearned spectator. It is not necessary that he who looks with pleasure on the colours of a flower should study the principles of vegetation, or that the Ptolemaick and Copernican system should be compared before the light of the sun can gladden, or it's warmth invigorate. Novelty is itself a source of gratification; and Milton justly observes, that to him who has been long pent up in cities, no rural object can be presented which will not delight or refresh some of his senses.

Yet even these easy pleasures are missed by the greater part of those who waste their summer in the country. Should any man pursue his acquaintances to their retreats, he would find few of them listening to Philomel, loitering in woods, or plucking daisies, catching the healthy gale of the morning, or watching the gentle coruscations of declining day. Some will be discovered at a window by the road side, rejoicing when a new cloud of dust gathers towards them, as at the approach of a momentary supply of conversation, and a short relief from the tediousness of unideal vacancy. Others are placed in the adjacent villages, where they look only upon houses as in the rest of the year, with no change of objects but what a remove to any new street in London might have given them. The same set of acquaintances still settle together, and the form of life is not otherwise diversified than by doing the same

things in a different place. They pay and receive visits in the usual form, they frequent the walks in the morning, they deal cards at night, they attend to the sameattle, and dance with the same partners; nor can they at their return to their former habitation congratulate themselves on any other advantage, than that they have passed their time like others of the same rank; and have the same right to talk of the happiness and beauty of the country, of happiness which they never felt, and beauty which they never regarded.

To be able to procure it's own entertainments, and to subsist upon it's own stock, is not the prerogative of every mind. There are indeed understandings so fertile and comprehensive, that they can always feed reflection with new supplies, and suffer nothing from the preclusion of adventitious amusements; as some cities have within their own walls enclosed ground enough to feed their inhabitants in a siege. But others live only from day to day, and must be constantly enabled, by foreign supplies, to keep out the encroachments of languor and stupidity. Such could not indeed be blamed for hovering within reach of their usual pleasure, more than any other animal for not quitting it's native element, were not their faculties contracted by their own fault. But let not those who go into the country, merely because they dare not be left alone at home, boast their love of nature, or their qualifications for solitude; nor pretend that they receive instantaneous infusions of wisdom from the Dryads, and are able, when they leave smoke and noise behind, to act, or think, or reason for themselves.

## Nº CXXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1751.

Ἐχθρὸς γὰρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς ἀνδρὸς πύλινον,  
Ὅς ἔτιτος μὲν κεύθει ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἀλλὰ δὲ βιάζεται.

HOM.

WHO DARES THINK ONE THING, AND ANOTHER TELL,  
MY HEART DETESTS HIM AS THE GATES OF HELL.

POPE.

**T**HE regard which they whose abilities are employed in the works of imagination claim from the rest of mankind, arises in a great measure from

their influence on futurity. Rank may be conferred by princes, and wealth bequeathed by misers or by robbers; but the honours of a lasting name, and the

VENUSIAN

on of distant ages, only the sons ing have the power of bestowing. therefore it continues one of the ristics of rational nature to de- olivion, authors never can be overlooked in the search after s, nor become contemptible but own fault.

man who considers himself as ted the ultimate judge of disput- aracters, and entrusted with the tion of the last terrestrial rewards, ough to summon all his for- to the support of his integrity, olve to discharge an office of such with the most vigilant caution apulous justice. To deliver ex- to posterity, and to regulate the of future times, is no slight or undertaking; nor is it easy to t more atrocious treason against at republick of humanity, than fying it's records and misguiding rees.

catter praise or blame without re- justice, is to destroy the distinc- good and evil. Many have no st of actions than general opi- and all are so far influenced by a f reputation, that they are often ed by fear of reproach, and ex- y hope of honour, when other les have lost their power; nor 7 species of prostitution promote depravity more than that which s the force of praise, by shewing may be acquired without deserv- and which, by setting free the und ambitious from the dread of , lets loose the rapacity of pow- l weakens the only authority by greatness is controuled.

se, like gold and diamonds, owes ue only to it's scarcity. It be- cheap as it becomes vulgar, and longer raise expectation, or an- terprize. It is therefore not only ry, that wickedness, even when t safe to censure it, be denied ap- but that goodness be commend- in proportion to it's degree; and e garlands, due to the great be- rs of mankind, be not suffered upon the brow of him who can ny petty services and easy vir-

these maxims been universally d, how much would have been to the task of dedication, the work ich all the power of modern wit

has been exhausted? How few of these initial panegyricks had appeared, if the author had been obliged first to find a man of virtue, then to distinguish the distinct species and degree of his desert, and at last to pay him only the honours which he might justly claim. It is much easier to learn the name of the last man whom chance has exalted to wealth and power, to obtain by the intervention of some of his domesticks the privilege of addressing him, or in confidence of the general acceptance of flattery, to venture on an address without any previous solicitation; and after having heaped upon him all the virtues to which philo- sophy has assigned a name, inform him how much more might he truly sail, did not the fear of giving pain to his modesty repress the raptures of wonder and the zeal of veneration.

Nothing has so much degraded litera- ture from it's natural rank, as the prac- tice of indecent and promiscuous dedica- tion; for what credit can he expect who professes himself the hireling of vanity, however profligate, and without shame or scruple celebrates the worthless, dig- nifies the mean, and gives to the cor- rupt, licentious, and oppressive, the or- naments which ought only to add grace to truth, and loveliness to innocence? Every other kind of adulteration, how- ever shameful, however mischievous, is less detestable than the crime of counte- feiting characters, and fixing the stamp of literary sanction upon the dross and refuse of the world.

Yet I would not overwhelm the au- thors with the whole load of infamy, of which part, perhaps the greater part, ought to fall upon their patrons. If he that hires a bravo, partakes the guilt of murder, why should he who bribes a flatterer hope to be exempted from the shame of falsehood? The unhappy de- dicator is seldom without some motives which obstruct, though not destroy, the liberty of choice; he is oppressed by miseries which he hopes to relieve, or inflamed by ambition which he expects to gratify. But the patron has no in- citements equally violent; he can re- ceive only a short gratification, with which nothing but stupidity could dis- pose him to be pleased. The real satis- faction which praise can afford is by re- peating aloud the whispers of conscience, and by shewing us that we have not en- deavoured to deserve well in vain. Every

Every other encomium is, to an intelligent mind, satire and reproach; the celebration of those virtues which we feel ourselves to want, can only impress a quicker sense of our own defects, and shew that we have not yet satisfied the expectations of the world, by forcing us to observe how much fiction must contribute to the completion of our character.

Yet sometimes the patron may claim indulgence; for it does not always happen, that the encomiast has been much encouraged to his attempt. Many a hapless author, when his book, and perhaps his dedication, was ready for the press, has waited long before any one would pay the price of prostitution, or consent to hear the praises destined to insure his name against the casualties of time; and many a complaint has been vented against the decline of learning, and neglect of genius, when either parsimonious prudence has declined expence, or honest indignation rejected falsehood. But if at last, after long enquiry and innumerable disappointments, he finds a lord willing to hear of his own eloquence and taste, a statesman desirous of knowing how a friendly historian will represent his conduct, or a lady delighted to leave to the world some memorial of her wit and beauty, such weakness cannot be censured as an instance of enormous depravity. The wisest man may by a diligent solicitor be surprised in the hour of weakness, and persuaded to solace vexation, or invigorate hope, with the music of flattery.

To censure all dedications as adulatory and servile, would discover rather envy than justice. Praise is the tribute of merit; and he that has incontestably distinguished himself by any publick performance, has a right to all the honours which the publick can bestow. To men thus raised above the rest of the community, there is no need that the book or it's author should have any particular relation: that the patron is known to deserve respect, is sufficient to vindicate him that pays it. To the same regard from particular persons, private virtue and less conspicuous excellence may be sometimes entitled. An author may with great propriety inscribe his work to him by whose encouragement it was undertaken, or by

whose liberality he has been enabled to prosecute it, and he may justly rejoice in his own fortitude that dares to refuse merit from obscurity.

*Acrius exemplis videtur te cludere: misce  
Ergo aliquid nostris de meritis.*—

Thus much I will indulge thee for thy ease,  
And mingle something of our times to please.

DRYDEN, JUN.

I know not whether greater relaxation may not be indulged, and whether hope as well as gratitude may not unblameably produce a dedication; but let the writer who pours out his praises only to propitiate power, or attract the attention of greatness, be cautious lest his desire betray him to exuberant eulogies. We are naturally more apt to please ourselves with the future than the past; and while we luxuriate in expectation, may be easily persuaded to purchase what we yet rate only by imagination, at a higher price than experience will warrant.

But no private views or personal regard can discharge any man from his general obligations to virtue and to truth. It may happen in the various combinations of life, that a good man may receive favours from one, who, notwithstanding his accidental beneficence, cannot be justly proposed to the imitation of others, and whom, therefore, he must find some other way of rewarding than by publick celebrations. Self-love has indeed many powers of seducement, but it surely ought not to exalt any individual to equality with the collective body of mankind, or persuade him that a benefit conferred on him is equivalent to every other virtue. Yet many upon false principles of gratitude have ventured to extol wretches, whom all but their dependents numbered among the reproaches of the species, and whom they would likewise have beheld with the same scorn had they not been hired to dishonest approbation.

To encourage merit with praise is the great business of literature; but praise must lose it's influence by unjust or negligent distribution; and he that impairs it's value may be charged with misapplication of the power that genius puts into his hands, and with squandering on guilt the recompence of virtue.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1751.

DOM VITANT STULTI VITIA, IN CONTRARIA CURRUNT.

HOR.

—WHILST FOOLS ONE VICE CONDEMN,  
THEY RUN INTO THE OPPOSITE EXTREME.

CREECH.

AT wonder is the effect of ignorance, has been often observed. A useful skillness of attention, with the mind is overspread at the view of an unexpected effect, ceases we have leisure to disentangle causes and investigate causes. There is a pause of reason, a sudden stop of the mental progress, which only while the understanding is fix'd on some single idea, and is at an end it recovers force enough to divide effect into it's parts, or mark the infinite gradations from the first to the last consequence.

It may be remarked with equal truth, ignorance is often the effect of reason. It is common for those who never accustomed themselves to the use of enquiry, nor invigorated their mind by conquests over difficulty, to sink in the gloomy quiescence of astonishment, without any effort to animate by or dispel obscurity. What they immediately conceive, they consider too high to be reached, or too vast to be comprehended; they are content themselves with the false folly, forbear to attempt what have no hopes of performing, and the pleasure of rational contemplation to more pertinacious study or active faculties.

Among the productions of mechanick many are of a form so different from their first materials, and many of parts so numerous and so nicely adjust'd to each other, that it is not possible to view them without amazement.

But when we enter the shops of artificers, observe the various tools by which every operation is facilitated, and the progress of a manufacture in the different hands, that, in succession to each other, contribute to it's perfection, we soon discover that every man has an easy task, and that remedies, however remote, of naturalness and artificial elegance, are

joined by a regular concatenation of effects, of which every one is introduced by that which precedes it, and equally introduces that which is to follow.

The same is the state of intellectual and manual performances. Long calculations or complex diagrams affright the timorous and unexperienced from a second view; but if we have skill sufficient to analyse them into simple principles, it will be discovered that our fear was groundless. *Divide and conquer*, is a principle equally just in science as in policy. Complication is a species of confederacy, which, while it continues united, bids defiance to the most active and vigorous intellect; but of which every member is separately weak, and which may therefore be quickly subdued if it can once be broken.

The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time. The wildest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabricks of science are formed by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

It often happens, whatever be the cause, that impatience of labour, or dread of miscarriage, seizes those who are most distinguished for quickness of apprehension; and that they who might with greatest reason promise themselves victory, are least willing to hazard the encounter. This diffidence, where the attention is not laid asleep by laziness, or dissipated by pleasures, can arise only from confused and general views, such as negligence snatches in haste, or from the disappointment of the first hopes formed by arrogance without reflection. To expect that the intricacies of science will be pierced by a careless glance, or the eminences of fame ascended without labour, is to expect a particular privilege, a power denied to the rest of mankind; but to suppose that the maze is inscrutable to diligence,

gence, or the heights inaccessible to perseverance, is to submit tamely to the tyranny of fancy, and enchain the mind in voluntary shackles.

It is the proper ambition of the heroes in literature to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge by discovering and conquering new regions of the intellectual world. To the success of such undertakings perhaps some degree of fortuitous happiness is necessary, which no man can promise or procure to himself; and therefore doubt and irresolution may be forgiven in him that ventures into the unexplored abysses of truth, and attempts to find his way through the fluctuations of uncertainty, and the conflicts of contradiction. But when nothing more is required, than to pursue a path already beaten, to trample obstacles which others have demolished, why should any man so much distrust his own intellect as to imagine himself unequal to the attempt?

It were to be wished that they who devote their lives to study would at once believe nothing too great for their attainment, and consider nothing as too little for their regard; that they would extend their notice alike to science and to life, and unite some knowledge of the present world to their acquaintance with past ages and remote events.

Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools, as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprized to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction; and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

'Books,' says Bacon, 'can never teach the use of books.' The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall

find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider that though admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He that can only converse upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be useful on great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness; and therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable to receive, and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination, he remits his splendor but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

N<sup>o</sup> CXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1751.

—TECUM LIBEAT MINI SORDIDA RURA  
ATQUE HUMILES HABITARE CASAS, ET FIGERE CERVO.

VIRG.

WITH ME RETIRE, AND LEAVE THE POMF OF COURTS  
FOR HUMBLE COTTAGES AND RURAL SPORTS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**[**HOUGH the contempt with which you have treated the annual gratings of the gay and busy part of unkind, is justified by daily observation, since most of those who leave the town, neither vary their entertainments nor enlarge their notions; yet I suppose you do not intend to represent the practice itself as ridiculous, or to declare that whose condition puts the distribution of his time into his own power may not properly divide it between the town and country.

That the country, and only the country, displays the inexhaustible varieties of nature, and supplies the philosophical mind with matter for admiration and inquiry, never was denied; but my curiosity is very little attracted by the colour of a flower, the anatomy of an insect, or the structure of a nest; I am generally employed upon human manners, and therefore fill up the months of rural solitude with remarks on those who live within the circle of my notice. If writers would more frequently visit those regions of negligence and liberty, they might diversify their representations, and multiply their images, for in the country original characters chiefly to be found. Cities, and yet more in courts, the minute discriminations which distinguish one from another are for the most part obscured, the peculiarities of temper and opinion are gradually worn away by miscellaneous converse, as angular bodies and uneven surfaces lose their points and varieties by frequent attrition against one another, and approach by degrees to uniform rotundity. The prevalence of fashion, the influence of example, the force of applause, and the dread of censure, obstruct the natural tendencies of the mind, and check the fancy in its efforts to break forth into experiments of caprice.

*Few inclinations are so strong as to*

grow up into habits, when they must struggle with the constant opposition of settled forms and established customs. But in the country every man is a separate and independent being: solitude flatters irregularity with hopes of secrecy; and wealth, removed from the mortification of comparison, and the awe of equality, swells into contemptuous confidence, and sets blame and laughter at defiance; the impulses of nature act unrestrained, and the disposition dares to shew itself in its true form, without any disguise of hypocrisy, or decorations of elegance. Every one indulges the full enjoyment of his own choice, and talks and lives with no other view than to please himself, without enquiring how far he deviates from the general practice, or considering others as entitled to any account of his sentiments or actions. If he builds or demolishes, opens or encloses, deluges or drains, it is not his care what may be the opinion of those who are skilled in perspective or architecture, it is sufficient that he has no landlord to control him, and that none has any right to examine in what projects the lord of the manor spends his own money on his own grounds.

For this reason it is not very common to want subjects for rural conversation. Almost every man is daily doing something which produces merriment, wonder, or resentment, among his neighbours. This utter exemption from restraint leaves every anomalous quality to operate in its full extent, and suffers the natural character to diffuse itself to every part of life. The pride which, under the check of public observation, would have been only vented among servants and domesticks, becomes in a country baronet the torment of a province, and instead of terminating in the destruction of China-ware and glasses, ruins tenants, dispossesses cottagers, and harasses villages with actions of trespass and bills of indictment.

*It frequently happens that even with-*

R R out



out violent passions, or enormous corruption, the freedom and laxity of a rustick life produces remarkable particularities of conduct or manner. In the province where I now reside, we have one lady eminent for wearing a gown always of the same cut and colour; another for shaking hands with those that visit her; and a third for unshaken resolution never to let tea or coffee enter her house.

But of all the female characters which this place affords, I have found none so worthy of attention as that of Mrs. Busy, a widow, who lost her husband in her thirtieth year, and has since passed her time in the manor-house, in the government of her children, and the management of the estate.

Mrs. Busy was married at eighteen, from a boarding-school, where she had passed her time like other young ladies in needle-work, with a few intervals of dancing and reading. When she became a bride, she spent one winter with her husband in town, where having no idea of any conversation beyond the formalities of a visit, she found nothing to engage her passions; and when she had been one night at court, and two at an opera, and seen the Monument, the Tombs, and the Tower, she concluded that London had nothing more to shew, and wondered that when women had once seen the world they could not be content to stay at home. She therefore went willingly to the ancient seat, and for some years studied housewifery under Mr. Busy's mother, with so much assiduity, that the old lady, when she died, bequeathed her a candle-cup, a soup-dish, two beakers, and a chest of table-linen spun by herself.

Mr. Busy finding the economical qualities of his lady, resigned his affairs wholly into her hands, and devoted his life to his pointers and his hounds. He never visited his estates, but to destroy the partridges or foxes; and often committed such devastations in the rage of pleasure, that some of his tenants refused to hold their lands at the usual rent. Their landlady persuaded them to be satisfied, and entreated her husband to dismiss his dogs, with many exact calculations of the ale drank by his companions, and corn consumed by the horses, and remembrances against the insolence of the huntsman, and the frauds of the poorn. The huntsman was too neces-

sary to his happiness to be discarded; and he had still continued to ravage his own estate, had he not caught a cold and a fever by shooting mallards in the fens. His fever was followed by a consumption, which in a few months brought him to the grave.

Mrs. Busy was too much an economist to feel either joy or sorrow at his death. She received the compliments and consolations of her neighbours in a dark room, out of which she stole privately every night and morning to see the cows milked; and after a few days declared that she thought a widow might employ herself better than in nursing grief; and that, for her part, she was resolved that the fortunes of her children should not be impaired by her neglect.

She therefore immediately applied herself to the reformation of abuses. She gave away the dogs, discharged the servants of the kennel and stable, and sent the horses to the next fair, but rated at so high a price that they returned unsold. She was resolved to have nothing idle about her, and ordered them to be employed in common drudgery. They lost their sleekness and grace, and were soon purchased at half the value.

She soon disencumbered herself from her weeds, and put on a riding-hood, a coarse apron, and short petticoats, and has turned a large manor into a farm, of which she takes the management wholly upon herself. She rises before the sun to order the horses to their gears, and sees them well rubbed down at their return from work; she attends the dairy morning and evening, and watches when a calf falls, that it may be carefully nursed; she walks out among the sheep at noon, counts the lambs, and observes the fences, and, where she finds a gap, stops it with a bush till it can be better mended. In harvest she rides afield in the waggon, and is very liberal of her ale from a wooden bottle. At her leisure hours she looks goose eggs, airs the wool-room, and turns the cheese.

When respect or curiosity brings visitors to her house, she entertains them with prognosticks of a scarcity of wheat, or a rot among the sheep, and always thinks herself privileged to dismiss them, when she is to see the hogs fed, or to count her poultry on the roost.

The only things neglected about her are her children, whom she has taught nothing but the lowest household duties.

My last visit I met Miss Busy carrying a sick cow, and was entertained with the accomplishments of her son, a youth of such early maturity that though he is only sixteen, she left him to sell corn in the market. Younger daughter, who is eminent for beauty, though somewhat tainted making hay, was busy in pouring ale to the ploughmen, that every night have an equal share.

I could not but look with pity on this young family, doomed by the absurd prudence of their mother to ignorance and meanneſs; but when I recommended a more elegant education, was answered, that she never ſaw bookiſh or finical people grow rich, and that ſhe was good for nothing herſelf till ſhe had forgotten the nicety of the boarding-school. I am, yours, &c.

BUCOLUS.

## Nº CXXXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1751.

—SIT QUOD VIS SIMPLEX DUNTAXAT ET UNUM.

HOR.

LET EV'RY PIECE BE SIMPLE AND BE ONE.

As required by Aristotle to the perfection of a tragedy, and is equally ſtrict to every other ſpecies of regular compoſition, that it ſhould have a beginning, a middle, and an end. 'The beginning,' ſays he, 'is that which nothing neceſſarily previous, but which that which follows is naturally conſequent; the end, on the contrary, is that which by neceſſity, or at leaſt according to the common courſe of things, ſucceeds ſomething elſe, but which implies nothing conſequent to it; the middle is connected on one ſide to ſomething that naturally goes before, and on the other to ſomething which naturally follows it.

This is the rule laid down by this critic for the diſpoſition of the ſeveral parts of a well conſtituted fa-  
It muſt begin, where it may be intelligible without introduction; and, where the mind is left in reſpect without expectation of any farther  
The intermediate paſſages muſt have laſt effect to the firſt cauſe, by a direct and unbroken concatenation; and muſt be therefore inſerted which not apparently ariſe from ſome foregoing, and properly make way for ſomething that ſucceeds it.

This precept is to be underſtood in general only with reſpect to great and important events, and cannot be extended with ſame force to minuter circumſtances and arbitrary decorations, which are more happy as they contribute to the main deſign; for it is alſo a proof of extenſive thought and circumſpection, to promote va-

rious purpoſes by the ſame act; and the idea of an ornament admits uſe, though it ſeems to exclude neceſſity.

Whoever purpoſes, as it is expreſſed by Milton, 'to build the lofty rhyme,' muſt acquaint himſelf with this law of poetical architecture, and take care that his edifice be ſolid as well as beautiful; that nothing ſtand ſingle or independent, ſo as that it may be taken away without injuring the reſt; but that from the foundation to the pinnacles one part reſt firm upon another.

This regular and conſequential diſtribution is among common authors frequently neglected; but the failures of thoſe whoſe example can have no influence, may be ſafely overlooked, nor is it of much uſe to recall obſcure and unregarded names to memory for the ſake of ſporting with their infamy. But if there is any writer whoſe genius can embellish impropriety, and whoſe authority can make error venerable, his works are the proper objects of critical inquiſition. To expunge faults where there are no excellencies, is a taſk equally uſeleſs with that of the chemiſt, who employs the arts of ſeparation and refinement upon ore in which no precious metal is contained to reward his operations.

The tragedy of Samſon Agoniſtes has been celebrated as the ſecond work of the great author of *Paradiſe Loſt*, and oppoſed with all the confidence of triumph to the dramatick performances of other nations. It contains indeed juſt ſentiments, maxims of wiſdom, and oracles of piety, and many paſſages written with the ancient ſpirit of choral poetry.

R 1 a

poetry, in which there is a just and pleasing mixture of Seneca's moral declamation, with the wild enthusiasm of the Greek writers. It is therefore worthy of examination, whether a performance thus illuminated with genius, and enriched with learning, is composed according to the indispensable laws of Aristotelian criticism: and, omitting at present all other considerations, whether it exhibits a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is undoubtedly beautiful and proper, opening with a graceful abruptness, and proceeding naturally to a mournful recital of facts necessary to be known.

*Samson.* A little onward lend thy guiding hand

To these dark steps, a little farther on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun and shade;  
There I am wont to sit when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me.  
—O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n  
foretold

Twice by an angel?—

—Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed,

As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die  
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out?  
—Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
Who this high gift of strength, committed  
to me,

In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seat of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it.

His soliloquy is interrupted by a chorus or company of men of his own tribe, who condole his miseries, extenuate his fault, and conclude with a solemn vindication of Divine justice. So that at the conclusion of the first act there is no design laid, no discovery made, nor any disposition formed towards the subsequent event.

In the second act, Manoah, the father of Samson, comes to seek his son, and being shewn him by the chorus, breaks out into lamentations of his misery, and comparisons of his present with his former state, representing to him the ignominy which his religion suffers, by the festival this day celebrated in honour of Dagon, to whom the idolaters ascribed his overthrow.

—Thou bear'st

*Enough, and more, the burthen of that fault;*

Bitterly hast thou paid and still art paid  
That rigid score. A worse thing yet than  
This day the Philistines a popular feast  
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim  
Great pomp and sacrifice, and praises  
To Dagon, as their god, who hath  
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into  
hands,

Them out of thine, who slew'st them  
slain.

Samson, touched with this reply makes a reply equally penitently pious, which his father considers effusion of prophetick confidence

*Samson.* —God, be sure

Will not connive or linger thus proven  
But will arise and his great name asse  
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long  
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil  
Of all these boasted trophies won on

*Manoah.* With cause this hope  
thee, and these words

I as a prophecy receive; for God,  
Nothing more certain, will not long  
To vindicate the glory of his name.

This part of the dialogue, might tend to animate or exalt Samson, cannot, I think, be considered as wholly superfluous; but the ensuing dispute, in which Samson tends to die, and which his father off, that he may go to solicit his is only valuable for it's own beauty and no tendency to introduce anything that follows it.

The next event of the drama arrival of Dalilah, with all her artifices, and allurements. This produces a dialogue, in a very high elegant and instructive, from which she retires, after she has exhausted her persuasions, and is no more seen nor of; nor has her visit any effect but of raising the character of Samson.

In the fourth act enters Harapp, giant of Gath, whose name has been mentioned before, and who now no other motive of coming see the man whose strength and are so loudly celebrated.

*Harapp.*—Much I have heard

Of thy prodigious might, and feats  
Incredible to me; in this displeas'd,  
That I was never present in the place  
Of those encounters, where we might  
tried

Each others force in camp or list'd  
And now am come to see of whom I

d about, and each limb to survey,  
 In answer loud report.

challenges him to the combat;  
 an interchange of reproach-  
 ed by repeated defiance on one  
 imbibed by contemptuous  
 the other, Harapha retires;  
 as it determined, by Samson  
 chorus, that no consequence  
 ad will proceed from their in-

He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
 Salacious counsel stir them up  
 or other farther to afflict thee.  
 He must allege some cause, and  
 I'd fight  
 He mention, lest a question rise,  
 He durst accept the offer or not;  
 He durst not, plain enough appear'd.

, in the fifth act, appears a  
 from the lords assembled at  
 of Dagon, with a summons  
 Samson is required to come  
 ain them with some proof of  
 h. Samson, after a short ex-  
 , dismisses him with a firm  
 refusal; but during the ab-  
 he messenger, having a while  
 the propriety of his conduct,  
 declares himself moved by a  
 use to comply, and utters some  
 ges of a great event to be  
 o pass by his agency, under  
 on of Providence.

of good courage; I begin to feel  
 motions in me, which dispose  
 ng extraordinary my thoughts.  
 messenger will go along,  
 do, be sure, that may dishonour

Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
 If there be ought of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

While Samson is conducted off by  
 the messenger, his father returns with  
 hopes of success in his solicitation, up-  
 on which he confers with the chorus till  
 their dialogue is interrupted, first by a  
 shout of triumph, and afterwards by  
 screams of horror and agony. As they  
 stand deliberating where they shall be  
 secure, a man who had been present at  
 the shew enters, and relates how Samson,  
 having prevailed on his guide to suffer  
 him to lean against the main pillars  
 of the theatrical edifice, tore down the  
 roof upon the spectators and himself.

—Those two massy pillars,  
 With horrible confusion, to and fro,  
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came,  
 and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of  
 thunder,  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath—  
 —Samson with these immixt, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself.

This is undoubtedly a just and regular  
 catastrophe, and the poem, therefore,  
 has a beginning and an end which Ari-  
 stotle himself could not have disapproved;  
 but it must be allowed to want a  
 middle, since nothing passes between  
 the first act and the last, that either ha-  
 stens or delays the death of Samson.  
 The whole drama, if it's superfluities  
 were cut off, would scarcely fill a single  
 act; yet this is the tragedy which ig-  
 norance has admired, and bigotry ap-  
 plauded.

## NO CXL. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1751.

—QUIS TAM LUCILI FAUTOR INEPTÆ EST,  
 UT NON HOC PATEATUR.

HOR.

WHAT DOATING BIGOT, TO HIS FAULTS SO BLIND,  
 AS NOT TO GRANT ME THIS, CAN MILTON FIND?

common,' says Bacon, 'to  
 ire the end without enduring  
 is.' Every member of socie-  
 ty acknowledges the necessity  
 of crimes, yet scarce any de-

gree of virtue or reputation is able to se-  
 cure an informer from publick ha-  
 tred. The learned world has always  
 admitted the usefulness of critical dis-  
 quisitions, yet he that attempts to shew,  
 however

however modestly, the failures of a celebrated writer, shall surely irritate his admirers, and incur the imputation of envy, captiousness, and malignity.

With this danger full in my view, I shall proceed to examine the sentiments of Milton's tragedy, which, though much less liable to censure than the disposition of his plan, are, like those of other writers, sometimes exposed to just exception for want of care, or want of discernment.

Sentiments are proper and improper as they consist more or less with the character and circumstances of the person to whom they are attributed, with the rules of the composition in which they are found, or with the settled and unalterable nature of things.

It is common among the tragick poets to introduce their persons alluding to events or opinions, of which they could not possibly have any knowledge. The barbarians of remote or newly discovered regions often display their skill in European learning. The god of love is mentioned in Tamerlane with all the familiarity of a Roman epigrammatist; and a late writer has put Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood into the mouth of a Turkish statesman, who lived near two centuries before it was known even to philosophers or anatomists.

Milton's learning, which acquainted him with the manners of the ancient eastern nations, and his invention, which required no assistance from the common cant of poetry, have preserved him from frequent outrages of local or chronological propriety. Yet he has mentioned Chalybeate Steel, of which it is not very likely that his chorus should have heard, and has made Alp the general name of a mountain, in a region where the Alps could scarcely be known.

No medicinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of cooling air from snowy Alp.

He has taught Samson the tales of Circe,  
and the Sirens, at which he apparently hints in his colloquy with Dalilah.

I know thy trains,  
Tho' dearly to my cost, thy gins and toils;  
Thy fair enchanted cap, and warbling charms,  
No more on me have power.

But the grossest error of this kind is

the solemn introduction of the Phoenix in the last scene, which is faulty, not only as it is incongruous to the personage to whom it is ascribed, but as it is so evidently contrary to reason and nature, that it ought never to be mentioned but as a fable in any serious poem.

—Virtue giv'n for lost,  
Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
Like that self-begotten bird  
In the Arabian woods embost  
That no second knows, nor third,  
And lay ere while a holocaust;  
From out our ashy womb now teem'd  
Revives, re flourishing, then vigorous most  
When most unactive deem'd;  
And tho' her body die, her fame survives,  
A secular bird ages of lives.

Another species of impropriety, is the unsuitableness of thoughts to the general character of the poem. The seriousness and solemnity of tragedy necessarily rejects all pointed or epigrammatical expressions, all remote conceits and opposition of ideas. Samson's complaint is therefore too elaborate to be natural.

As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave!  
Bury'd, yet not exempt,  
By privilege of death and burial,  
From worst of other evils, pains and wrong.

All allusions to low and trivial objects, with which contempt is usually associated, are doubtless unsuitable to a species of composition which ought to be always awful, though not always magnificent. The remark therefore of the chorus on good and bad news, seems to want elevation.

*Mancoë.* A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;  
For evil news rides post, while good news treads.

But, of all meanness, that has least to plead which is produced by mere verbal conceits, which depending only upon sounds, lose their existence by the change of a syllable. Of this kind is the following dialogue.

But had we best retire? I see a storm.  
Fair days have oft contracted wind  
and rain.

But this another kind of tempest  
ings.

Be lefs abstruse, my ridling days are  
ift.

Look now for no inchanting voice,  
or fear

of honied words; a rougher tongue  
therward, I know him by his stride,  
: Harapha.-----

ret more despicable are the lines  
1 Manoah's paternal kindness  
ended by the chorus.

re went to *lay up* for their sons,  
thy son are bent to *lay out* all.—

a's complaint of the inconve-  
of imprisonment is not wholly  
verbal quaintness.

ouer chain'd, scarce freely draw  
imprison'd also, close and damp.

the sentiments we may properly  
to the consideration of the lan-  
which, in imitation of the an-  
s through the whole dialogue  
bly simple and unadorned, fel-  
ghtened by epithets, or varied  
es; yet sometimes metaphors  
nition, even where their con-  
is not accurately preserved.  
mson confounds loquacity with  
eck.

d I once look up, or heave the head,  
a foolish pilot, have *shipwreck'd*  
I trusted to me from above,  
y *rigg'd*; and for a word, a tear,  
e *disulc'd* the *secret gift* of God  
siftful woman!-----

chorus talks of adding fuel to  
a report.

,and who knows how he may *report*  
it, by *adding fuel to the flames*?

erfification is in the dialogue  
re smooth and harmonious than  
arts allotted to the chorus,  
e often so harsh and dissonant,  
to preserve, whether the lines  
or without rhymes, any ap-  
of metrical regularity.

eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
sick, that *renown'd*,

Irresistible Samson; whom unarm'd  
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast,  
could withstand;

Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid.

Since I have thus pointed out the  
faults of Milton, critical integrity re-  
quires that I should endeavour to dis-  
play his excellencies, though they will  
not easily be discovered in short quo-  
tations, because they consist in the just-  
ness of diffuse reasonings, or in the  
contexture and method of continued dia-  
logues; this play having none of these  
descriptions, similes, or splendid sen-  
tences, with which other tragedies are  
so lavishly adorned.

Yet some passages may be selected  
which seem to deserve particular notice,  
either as containing sentiments of pas-  
sion, representations of life, precepts  
of conduct, or sallies of imagination.  
It is not easy to give a stronger represen-  
tation of the weariness of despondency,  
than in the words of Samson to his  
father.

— I feel my genial spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat; nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of herself;  
My race of glory run, and race of shame;  
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

The reply of Samson to the flattering  
Dalilah affords a just and striking de-  
scription of the stratagems and allure-  
ments of feminine hypocrisy.

— These are thy wonted arts,  
And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,  
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
And reconciliation move with feign'd re-  
morse,

Confess and promise wonders in her change;  
Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
His virtue or weakness which way to assail;  
Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
Again transgresses, and again subornite.

When Samson has refused to make  
himself a spectacle at the feast of Dagon,  
he first justifies his behaviour to the cho-  
rus, who charge him with having serv-  
ed the Philistines, by a very just distinc-  
tion; and then destroys the common ex-  
cuse of cowardice and servility, which  
always confound temptation with com-  
pulsion.

*Chor.* Yet with thy strength thou serv'st  
the Philistines.

*Samf.* Not in their idol worship, but by labour

Honest and lawful to deserve my food

Of those who have me in their civil power.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward  
acts defile not.

*Samf.* Where outward force constrains, the  
sentence holds,

But who constrains me to the temple of Da-  
gon,

Not dragging? The Philistine lords com-  
mand.

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease

God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
Set God behind.

The complaint of blindness which  
Samson pours out at the beginning of  
the tragedy is equally addressed to the  
passions and the fancy. The enume-  
ration of his miseries is succeeded by a  
very pleasing train of poetical images,  
and concluded by such expostulations  
and wishes, as reason too often submits  
to learn from despair.

O first created beam, and thou great word  
Let there be light, and light was over all;  
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?  
The sun to me is dark,  
And silent as the moon,  
When the deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself; if it be true,  
That light is in the soul,  
She all in ev'ry part; why was the light  
To such a tender ball as th' eye contain'd,  
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd,  
And not, as feeling, thro' all parts diffus'd  
That she may look at will thro' ev'ry pore.

Such are the faults and such the beau-  
ties of Samson Agonistes, which I have  
shewn with no other purpose than to  
promote the knowledge of true criticism.  
The everlasting verdure of Milton's  
laurels has nothing to fear from the  
blasts of malignity; nor can my attempt  
produce any other effect, than to streng-  
then their shoots by lopping their luxu-  
riance.

## Nº CXLI. TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1751.

HILARISQUE, TAMEN CUM PONDERE, VIRTUS.

STAT.

GREATNESS WITH EASE, AND GAY SEVERITY.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**P**OLITICIANS have long ob-  
served, that the greatest events may be  
often traced back to slender causes. Pet-  
ty competition or casual friendship, the  
prudence of a slave, or the garrulity of a  
woman, have hindered or promoted the  
most important schemes, and hastened or  
retarded the revolutions of empire.

Whoever shall review his life will gene-  
rally find, that the whole tenor of his con-  
duct has been determined by some acci-  
dent of no apparent moment, or by a  
combination of inconsiderable circum-  
stances, acting when his imagination  
was unoccupied, and his judgment un-  
settled; and that his principles and ac-  
tions have taken their colour from some  
secret infusion, mingled without design  
in the current of his ideas. The de-  
sires that predominate in our hearts,  
are instilled by imperceptible commu-  
nications at the time when we look upon  
the various scenes of the world, and the

different employments of men, with  
the neutrality of inexperience; and we  
come forth from the nursery or the  
school, invariably destined to the pur-  
suit of great acquisitions, or petty ac-  
complishments.

Such was the impulse by which I have  
been kept in motion from my earliest  
years. I was born to an inheritance  
which gave my childhood a claim to  
distinction and caresses, and was ac-  
customed to hear applauses, before they  
had much influence on my thoughts.  
The first praise of which I remember  
myself sensible, was that of good-hu-  
mour, which, whether I deserved it or not  
when it was bestowed, I have since  
made it my whole business to propagate  
and maintain.

When I was sent to school, the gai-  
ety of my look, and the liveliness of my  
loquacity, soon gained me admission to  
hearts not yet fortified against affection  
by artifice or interest. I was entrusted  
with every stratagem, and associated in  
every

rt; my company gave alacrity  
k, and gladness to a holiday.  
leed so much employed in ad-  
executing schemes of diver-  
I had no leisure for my tasks,  
urnished with exercises, and in-  
n my lessons, by some kind  
the higher classes. My ma-  
suspecting my deficiency, or  
to detect what his kindness  
t punish, nor his impartiality  
llowed me to escape with a  
mination, laughed at the pert-  
y ignorance, and the spright-  
my absurdities, and could not  
shew that he regarded me with  
lerness, as genius and learn-  
eldom excite.

school I was dismissed to the  
; where I soon drew upon me  
of the younger students, and  
onstant partner of their morn-  
i, and evening computations.  
t indeed much celebrated for  
; but was looked on with in-  
as a man of parts, who want-  
g but the dulness of a scholar,  
ht become eminent whenever  
condescend to labour and at-

My tutor a while reproached  
negligence; and repressed my  
ith supercilious gravity; yet  
itural good-humour lurking in  
; he could not long hold out  
e power of hilarity, but af-  
months began to relax the  
of disciplinarian moroseness,  
ne with smiles after an elope-  
id, that he might not betray  
o his fondness, was content  
ny diligence by increasing his

I continued to dissipate the  
collegiate austerities, to waste  
life in idleness, and lure others  
r studies, till the happy hour  
hen I was sent to London. I  
wered the town to be the pro-  
nt of youth and gaiety, and  
ely distinguished as a wit by  
; a species of beings only heard  
: university, whom I had no  
: happiness of approaching than  
all my faculties to the ambition  
ig them.

Mr. Rambler, in the dialect  
; is not always a man who, by  
a of a vigorous fancy upon  
nitive knowledge, brings dis-

tant ideas unexpectedly together, who  
by some peculiar acuteness discovers re-  
semblance in objects dissimilar to com-  
mon eyes, or by mixing heterogeneous  
notions, dazzles the attention with sud-  
den scintillations of conceit. A lady's  
wit is a man who can make ladies laugh,  
to which, however easy it may seem,  
many gifts of nature, and attainments  
of art, must commonly concur. He  
that hopes to be conceived as a wit in  
female assemblies, should have a form  
neither so amiable as to strike with ad-  
miration, nor so coarse as to raise disgust,  
with an understanding too feeble to be  
dreaded, and too forcible to be despised.  
The other parts of the character are  
more subject to variation; it was for-  
merly essential to a wit, that half his back  
should be covered with a snowy fleece,  
and at a time yet more remote no man  
was a wit without his boots. In the  
days of the Spectator a snuff-box seems  
to have been indispensable; but in my  
time an embroidered coat was sufficient,  
without any precise regulation of the  
rest of his dress.

But wigs and boots and snuff-boxes  
are vain without a perpetual resolution  
to be merry; and who can always find  
supplies of mirth! Juvenal indeed, in  
his comparison of the two opposite phi-  
losophers, wonders only whence an un-  
exhausted fountain of tears could be dis-  
charged: but had Juvenal, with all his  
spirit, undertaken my province, he  
would have found constant gaiety equal-  
ly difficult to be supported. Consider,  
Mr. Rambler, and compassionate the  
condition of a man, who has taught every  
company to expect from him a conti-  
nual feast of laughter, an unintermitted  
stream of jocularity. The task of every  
other slave has an end. The rower in  
time reaches the port; the lexicographer  
at last finds the conclusion of his alpha-  
bet; only the hapless wit has his labour  
always to begin, the call for novelty is  
never satisfied, and one jest only raises  
expectation of another.

I know that, among men of learning  
and asperity, the retainers to the female  
world are not much regarded; yet I can-  
not but hope that if you knew at how  
dear a rate our honours are purchased,  
you would look with some gratulation  
on our success, and with some pity on  
our miscarriages. Think on the mi-  
sery of him who is condemned to culti-  
S f v a s



vate barrenness and ransack vacuity; who is obliged to continue his talk when his meaning is spent, to raise merriment without images, to harass his imagination in quest of thoughts which he cannot start, and his memory in pursuit of narratives which he cannot overtake; observe the effort with which he strains to conceal despondency by a smile, and the distress in which he sits while the eyes of the company are fixed upon him as their last refuge from silence and dejection.

It were endless to recount the shifts to which I have been reduced, or to enumerate the different species of artificial wit. I regularly frequented coffee-houses, and have often lived a week upon an expression, of which he who dropped it did not know the value. When fortune did not favour my erratick industry, I gleaned jests at home from obsolete farces. To collect wit was indeed safe, for I comforted with none that looked much into books; but to disperse it was the difficulty. A seeming negligence was often useful, and I have very successfully made a reply not to what the lady had said, but to what it was convenient for me to hear; for very few were so perverse as to rectify a mistake which had

given occasion to a burst of merriment. Sometimes I drew the conversation up by degrees to a proper point, and produced a conceit which I had treasured up, like sportsmen who boast of killing the foxes which they lodge in the covert. Eminent is however in some happy moments gained at less expence; I have delighted a whole circle at one time with a series of quibbles, and made myself good company at another, by scalding my fingers, or mistaking a lady's lap for my own chair.

These are artful deceits and useful expedients; but expedients are at length exhausted, and deceits detected. Time itself, among other injuries, diminishes the power of pleasing, and I now find in my forty-fifth year many pranks and pleasantries very coldly received, which had formerly filled a whole room with jollity and acclamation. I am under the melancholy necessity of supporting that character by study, which I gained by levity, having learned too late that gaiety must be recommended by higher qualities, and that mirth can never please long but as the effluence of a mind loved for its luxuriance, but esteemed for its usefulness. I am, &c.

PAPILIUS.

## Nº CXLII. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1751.

Εἶσα δ' αὖτ' ἐνίαυτε πελώριος—ὤδ', αἶψ' α' ἁλλῶ;  
Παλειτ'· ὡλλ' α' πᾶνευθεν ἐὼν α' θερμίσια ὅδῃ  
Καὶ γὰρ θαῦμα' ἐτίτυκτο πωλώριον, ὅδ' ἰώκει  
Αἰεὶ: Ἰστοράζω.

HOMER.

A GIANT SHEPHERD HERE HIS FLOCK MAINTAINS  
FAR FROM THE REST, AND SOLITARY REIGNS,  
IN SHELTER THICK OF HORRID SHADE RECLIN'D;  
AND GLOOMY MISCHIEFS LABOUR IN HIS MIND.  
A FORM ENORMOUS! FAR UNLIKE THE RACE  
OF HUMAN BIRTH, IN STATURE OR IN FACE.

POPE.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,  
HAVING been accustomed to retire annually from the town, I lately accepted the invitation of Eugenio, who has an estate and seat in a distant county. As we were unwilling to travel without improvement, we turned often from the direct road to please ourselves with the view of nature or of art;

we examined every wild mountain and medicinal spring, criticised every edifice, contemplated every ruin, and compared every scene of action with the narratives of historians. By this succession of amusements we enjoyed the exercise of a journey without suffering the fatigue, and had nothing to regret but that, by a progress so leisurely and gentle, we missed the adventures of a post-chaise, and the pleasure of alarming villages with the

rumor

our passage, and of disguising  
 ifnificance by the dignity of

ft week after our arrival at  
 house was passed in receiving  
 his neighbours, who crowded  
 with all the eagerness of be-  
 some impatient to learn the  
 the court and town, that they  
 qualified by authentick infor-  
 dicate to the rural politicians  
 at bowling day; others desirous  
 rest to accommodate disputes,  
 advice in the settlement of their  
 and the marriage of their chil-

ilities which he had received  
 to be returned; and I passed  
 with great satisfaction in ro-  
 vish the country, and viewing  
 gardens, and plantations, which  
 ed over it. My pleasure would  
 ve been greater had I been  
 allowed to wander in a park  
 ness alone, but to appear as  
 of Eugenio was an honour  
 enjoyed without some inconve-  
 so much was every one solici-  
 ny regard, that I could seldom  
 solitude, or steal a moment  
 smulation of complaisance, and  
 nce of officiousness.

rambles of good neighbour-  
 frequently passed by a house of  
 magnificence. While I had my  
 yet distracted among many no-  
 did not much attract my ob-  
 but in a short time I could  
 ar surveying it with particular  
 or the length of the wall which  
 he gardens, the disposition of  
 that waved over it, and the  
 of which I could obtain some  
 through the trees from our own  
 , gave me reason to expect more  
 and beauty than I had yet seen  
 ovince. I therefore enquired,  
 e by it, why we never, amongst  
 fions, spent an hour where there  
 an appearance of splendor and  
 Eugenio told me that the  
 I so much admired, was com-  
 lled in the country the *haunted*  
 d that no visits were paid there  
 of the gentlemen whom I had  
 As the haunts of incorporeal  
 e generally ruinous, neglected,  
 late, I easily conceived that  
 something to be explained,  
 him that I supposed it only

fairy ground, on which we might ven-  
 ture by day-light without danger.  
 'The danger,' says he, 'is indeed only  
 that of appearing to solicit the acquaint-  
 ance of a man, with whom it is not  
 possible to converse without infamy,  
 and who has driven from him, by his  
 insolence or malignity, every human  
 being who can live without him.'

Our conversation was then acciden-  
 tally interrupted; but my inquisitive hu-  
 mour being now in motion, could not  
 rest without a full account of this newly  
 discovered prodigy. I was soon inform-  
 ed that the fine house and spacious gar-  
 dens were haunted by Squire Bluster, of  
 whom it was very easy to learn the cha-  
 racter, since nobody had regard for  
 him sufficient to hinder them from tell-  
 ing whatever they could discover.

Squire Bluster is descended of an an-  
 cient family. The estate which his  
 ancestors had immemorially possessed was  
 much augmented by Captain Bluster,  
 who served under Drake in the reign of  
 Elizabeth; and the Blusters, who were  
 before only petty gentlemen, have from  
 that time frequently represented the shire  
 in parliament, been chosen to present  
 addresses, and given laws at hunting-  
 matches and races. They were emi-  
 nently hospitable and popular, till the  
 father of this gentleman died of an elec-  
 tion. His lady went to the grave soon  
 after him, and left the heir, then only  
 ten years old, to the care of his grand-  
 mother, who would not suffer him to  
 be controlled, because she could not  
 bear to hear him cry; and never sent  
 him to school, because she was not able  
 to live without his company. She taught  
 him however very early to inspect the  
 steward's accounts, to dog the butler  
 from the cellar, and to catch the servants  
 at a junket; so that he was at the age of  
 eighteen a complete master of all the  
 lower arts of domestick policy, had often  
 on the road detected combinations be-  
 tween the coachman and the ostler, and  
 procured the discharge of nineteen maids  
 for illicit correspondence with cottagers  
 and chair-women.

By the opportunities of parsimony  
 which minority affords, and which the  
 probity of his guardians had diligently  
 improved, a very large sum of money  
 was accumulated, and he found him-  
 self, when he took his affairs into his  
 own hands, the richest man in the coun-  
 ty. It has been long the custom of this  
 family

family to celebrate the heir's completion of his twenty-first year, by an entertainment, at which the house is thrown open to all that are inclined to enter it, and the whole province flocks together as to a general festivity. On this occasion young Bluster exhibited the first tokens of his future eminence, by shaking his purse at an old gentleman, who had been the intimate friend of his father, and offering to wager a greater sum than he could afford to venture; a practice with which he has, at one time or other, insulted every freeholder within ten miles round him.

His next acts of offence were committed in a contentious and spiteful vindication of the privileges of his manors, and a rigorous and relentless prosecution of every man that presumed to violate his game. As he happens to have no estate adjoining equal to his own, his oppressions are often borne without resistance, for fear of a long suit, of which he delights to count the expences without the least solicitude about the event; for he knows, that where nothing but an honorary right is contested, the poorer antagonist must always suffer, whatever shall be the last decision of the law.

By the success of some of these disputes, he has so elated his insolence, and by reflection upon the general hatred which they have brought upon him, so irritated his virulence, that his whole life is spent in meditating or executing mischief. It is his common practice to procure his hedges to be broken in the night, and then to demand satisfaction for damages which his grounds have suffered from his neighbour's cattle. An old widow was yesterday soliciting Eugenio to enable her to replevin her only cow then in the pound by Squire Bluster's order, who had sent one of his agents to take advantage of her calamity, and persuade her to sell the cow at an under rate. He has driven a day-labourer from his cottage, for gathering blackberries in a hedge for his children; and has now an old woman in the county-jail for a trespass which she committed, by coming into his ground to pick up acorns for her hog.

Money, in whatever hands, will confer power. Distress will fly to immediate refuge, without much consideration of remote consequences. Bluster has therefore a despotick authority in many families, whom he has assisted, on pressing occasions, with larger sums than they can easily repay. The only vices that he makes are to these houses of misfortune, where he enters with the insolence of absolute command, enjoys the terrors of the family, exacts their obedience, riots at their charge, and in the height of his joy insults the father with menaces, and the daughters with obscenity.

He is of late somewhat less offensive; for one of his debtors, after gentle expostulations, by which he was only irritated to grosser outrage, seized him by the sleeve, led him trembling into the court-yard, and closed the door upon him in a stormy night. He took his usual revenge next morning by a writ; but the debt was discharged by the assistance of Eugenio.

It is his rule to suffer his tenants to owe him rent, because by this indulgence he secures to himself the power of seizure; whenever he has an inclination to amuse himself with calamity, and feast his ears with entreaties and lamentations. Yet as he is sometimes capriciously liberal to those whom he happens to adopt as favourites, and lets his lands at a cheap rate, his farms are never long unoccupied; and when one is ruined by oppression, the possibility of better fortune quickly lures another to supply his place.

Such is the life of Squire Bluster; a man in whose power fortune has liberally placed the means of happiness, but who has defeated all her gifts of their end by the depravity of his mind. He is wealthy without followers; he is magnificent without witnesses; he has birth without alliance, and influence without dignity. His neighbours scorn him as a brute; his dependents dread him as an oppressor; and he has only the gloomy comfort of reflecting, that if he is hated, he is likewise feared. I am, Sir, &c.

VAGULUS.

NO CXLIII. TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1751.

—MOVEAT CORNICULA RISUM  
FURTIVIS NUDATA COLORIBUS.—

HOR.

LEST WHEN THE BIRDS THEIR VARIOUS COLOURS CLAIM  
STRIPP'D OF HIS STOLEN PRIDE, THE CROW FORLORN  
SHOULD STAND THE LAUGHTER OF THE PUBLICK SCORN.

FRANCIS.

**AMONG** the innumerable practices by which interest or envy have at those who live upon literary fame turb each other at their airy ban, one of the most common is the use of plagiarism. When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is constrained to give way to the unanimity of use, there is yet this one expedient tried, by which the author may be deduced, though his work be revered; an excellence which we cannot obtain, may be set at such a distance as to overpower our fainter lustre. This accusation is dangerous, because, when it is false, it may be sometimes supported with probability. Breviere de la Fontaine says, that we are come into the world late to produce any thing new, that our senses and life are preoccupied, and that description and sentiment have been exhausted. It is indeed certain, that never attempts any common topic, and is surrounded by unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with those of other writers; and the nicest judgment always distinguishes accidental similitude from imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of diction, and a beaten track of thought, which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which increase the resemblance generally observable among contemporaries. So that the works which best deserve the name of originals, there is little new beyond the disposition of materials already proposed; the same ideas and combinations as have been long in the possession of other hands; and by restoring to even an his own, as the Romans must have returned to their cots from the confusion of the world, so the most inventive and fertile genius would reduce his ideas to a few pages. Yet the author who imitates his predecessors only *nothing himself with thoughts and*

elegancies out of the same general magazine of literature, can with little more propriety be reproached as a plagiarist, than the architect can be censured as a mean copier of Angelo or Wren, because he digs his marble from the same quarry, squares his stones by the same art, and unites them in columns of the same orders.

Many subjects fall under the consideration of an author, which being limited by nature can admit only of slight and accidental diversities. All definitions of the same thing must be nearly the same; and descriptions, which are definitions of a more lax and fanciful kind, must always have in some degree that resemblance to each other which they all have to their object. Different poets describing the spring or the sea would mention the zephyrs and the flowers, the billows and the rocks; reflecting on human life, they would, without any communication of opinions, lament the deceitfulness of hope, the fugacity of pleasure, the fragility of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and for palliatives of their incurable miseries; they would concur in recommending kindness, temperance, caution, and fortitude.

When therefore there are found in Virgil and Horace two similar passages—

*Hæ tibi erunt artes:—*  
*Parcere subjectis, et delatæ superbo.*—  
VIRG.

To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;  
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.  
DRYDEN.

*Imperet bellante prior, jacentem*  
*Lenis in hostem.* HOR.

Let Cæsar spread his conquests far,  
Less pleas'd to triumph than to spare.

it is surely not necessary to suppose with a late critick that one is copied from the other,

other, since neither Virgil nor Horace can be supposed ignorant of the common duties of humanity, and the virtue of moderation in success.

Cicero and Ovid have on very different occasions remarked how little of the honour of a victory belongs to the general, when his soldiers and his fortune have made their deductions; yet why should Ovid be suspected to have owed to Tully an observation which perhaps occurs to every man that sees or hears of military glories?

Tully observes of Achilles, that had not Homer written, his valour had been without praise.

*Nisi Ilias illa extitisset, idem tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen ejus obruisset.*

Unless the Iliad had been published, his name had been lost in the tomb that covered his body.

Horace tells us with more energy, that there were brave men before the wars of Troy, but they were lost in oblivion for want of a poet.

*Fixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles  
Urgentur, igneque longâ  
Necesse, carent quia vate sacro.*

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,  
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,  
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd

In the small compass of a grave:  
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown:  
No bard had they to make all time their own.

FRANCIS.

Tully enquires, in the same oration, why, but for fame, we disturb a short life with so many fatigues?

*Quid est quod in hoc tam exiguo vitæ curriculo et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exercemus?*

Why in so small a circuit of life should we employ ourselves in so many fatigues?

Horace enquires in the same manner—

*Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo  
Multæ?*

Why do we aim, with eager strife,  
At things beyond the mark of life?

FRANCIS.

when our life is of so short duration,  
why we form such numerous designs?

But Horace, as well as Tully, might discover that records are needful to preserve the memory of actions, and that no records were so durable as poems; either of them might find out that life is short, and that we consume it in unnecessary labour.

There are other flowers of fiction so widely scattered and so easily cropped, that it is scarcely just to tax the use of them as an act by which any particular writer is despoiled of his garland; for they may be said to have been planted by the ancients in the open road of poetry for the accommodation of their successors, and to be the right of every one that has art to pluck them without injuring their colours or their fragrance. The passage of Orpheus to hell, with the recovery and second loss of Eurydice, have been described after Boetius by Pope, in such a manner as might justly leave him suspected of imitation, were not the images such as they might both have derived from more ancient writers.

*Quæ fontes agitant metus  
Ultrices scelerum deæ  
Jam mæstæ lacrymis ædant,  
Non Ixionium caput  
Velox præcipitat rota.*

The powers of vengeance, while they hear,  
Touch'd with compassion, drop a tear;  
Ixion's rapid wheel is bound,  
Fix'd in attention to the sound.

F. LEWIS.

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
And the pale spectres dance!  
The furies sink upon their iron beds.

*Tandem, vincimur, arbiter  
Umbrarum, miserans, ait—  
Ducimus, comitem viro,  
Emam carmine, conjugem.*

Subdu'd at length, Hell's pitying monarch  
cry'd,

The song rewarding, let us yield the bride.

F. LEWIS.

He sung, and Hell consented  
To hear the poet's prayer;  
Stern Proserpine relented,  
And gave him back the fair.

*Hæu, nostris prope terminos  
Orpheus Eurydicen suam  
Vidit, perdidit, occidit.*

Nor yet the the golden verge of day begun,  
When Orpheus, her unhappy lord,  
Eurydice to life restor'd,  
At once beheld, and lost, and was undone.

F. LEWIS.

so soon, the lover turns his eyes:  
all, again she dies, she dies!

er can be fully convicted of  
except there is a concurrence  
resemblance than can be  
to have happened by chance;  
he same ideas are conjoined  
by natural series or necessary  
or where not only the thought  
ords are copied. Thus it can  
be doubted, that in the first of  
ng passages Pope remembered  
that in the second he copied

*dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?  
nullas ipse reliquit opes—  
armen numeros veniebat ad aptos,  
onabar scribere, versus erat.*

OVID.

his barren trade, my father cry'd,  
r left no riches when he dy'd—  
ntaneous flow'd my native strain,  
sweat or labour of the brain.

F. LEWIS.

lling for this idle trade;  
oke, no father disobey'd;  
child, ere yet a fool to fame,  
umbers, for the numbers came.

POPE.

'his plain floor,  
reader, can say more  
a braver marble can,  
ruly honest man.

CRASHAW.

It stone, what few vain marbles

ay, Here lies an honest man.

POPE.

, or thoughts not immedi-  
fied by sensible objects, or ne-  
rising from the coalition or  
of common sentiments, may  
eat justice suspected whenever  
ound a second time. Thus  
obably owed to Grotius an  
apliment.

Here lies the learned Savil's heir,  
So early wise, and lasting fair,  
That none, except her years they told,  
Thought her a child, or thought her old.

WALLER.

*Unica lux seculi, genitoris gloria, nemo  
Quem puerum, nemo credidit esse senem.*

GROT.

The age's miracle, his father's joy!  
Nor old you wou'd pronounce him, nor a boy.

F. LEWIS.

And Prior was indebted for a pretty  
illustration to Alleyne's poetical history  
of Henry the seventh.

For nought but flight itself, itself can show,  
And only kings can write, what kings can do.

ALLEYNE.

Your musick's power, your musick must  
disclose,

For what light is, 'tis only light that shews.

PRIOR.

And with yet more certainty may the  
same writer be censured, for endeavour-  
ing the clandestine appropriation of a  
thought which he borrowed, surely  
without thinking himself disgraced, from  
an epigram of Plato.

*Τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοικτον· ἴσως τοῖς μὲν ἱερᾶς θύ-  
ραις ἰδέσθαι, οἱ δ' ἄν' ἄνδρος, ἢ δ' αὖτις*

Venus, take my votive glass,  
Since I am not what I was;  
What from this day I shall be,  
Venus let me never see.

As not every instance of similitude  
can be considered as a proof of imitation,  
so not every imitation ought to be stig-  
matized as a plagiarism. The adoption  
of a noble sentiment, or the insertion of  
a borrowed ornament, may sometimes  
display so much judgment as will almost  
compensate for invention; and an infe-  
rior genius may, without any imputa-  
tion of servility, pursue the path of the  
ancients, provided he declines to tread  
in their footsteps,

N<sup>o</sup> CXLIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1751.

DAPHNIDIS ARCUM

FREGISTI ET CALAMUS: QUÆ TU, PERVERSE MENALCA,  
ET CUM VIDISTI PUERUM DONATA, DOLEBAS;  
ET SI NON ALIQUA NOCUISSES, MORTUUS ESSES

VIRG.

THE BOW OF DAPHNIS AND THE SHAFTS YOU BROKE;  
WHEN THE FAUL BOY RECEIV'D THE GIFT OF RIGHT;  
AND BUT FOR MISCHIEF, YOU HAD DY'D FOR SPITE.

DRYDEN.

**I**T is impossible to mingle in conversation without observing the difficulty with which a new name makes its way into the world. The first appearance of excellence unites multitudes against it, unexpected opposition rises up on every side; the celebrated and the obscure join in the confederacy; subtlety furnishes arms to impudence, and invention leads on credulity.

The strength and unanimity of this alliance is not easily conceived. It might be expected that no man should suffer his heart to be inflamed with malice, but by injuries; that none should busy himself in contesting the pretensions of another, but when some right of his own was involved in the question; that at least hostilities commenced without cause, should quickly cease; that the armies of malignity should soon disperse, when no common interest could be found to hold them together; and that the attack upon a rising character should be left to those who had something to hope or fear from the event.

The hazards of those that aspire to eminence would be much diminished if they had none but acknowledged rivals to encounter. Their enemies would then be few, and what is of yet greater importance, would be known. But what caution is sufficient to ward off the blows of invisible assailants, or what force can stand against unintermitted attacks, and a continued succession of enemies? Yet such is the state of the world, that no sooner can any man emerge from the crowd, and fix the eyes of the public upon him, than he stands as a mark to the arrows of lurking calumny, and receives in the tumult of hostility, from distant and from nameless hands, wounds not always easy to be cured.

It is probable that the onset against the candidates for renown is originally

incited by those who imagine themselves in danger of suffering by their success; but when war is once declared, volunteers flock to the standard, multitudes follow the camp only for want of employment, and flying squadrons are dispersed to every part, so pleased with an opportunity of mischief, that they toil without prospect of praise, and pillage without hope of profit.

When any man has endeavoured to deserve distinction, he will be surprised to hear himself censured where he could not expect to have been named; he will find the utmost acrimony of malice among those whom he never could have offended.

As there are to be found in the service of envy men of every diversity of temper and degree of understanding, calumny is diffused by all arts and methods of propagation. Nothing is too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling, to be practised; very little regard is had to the rules of honourable hostility, but every weapon is accounted lawful, and those that cannot make a thrust at life are content to keep themselves in play with petty malevolence, to teize with feeble blows and impotent disturbance.

But as the industry of observation has divided the most miscellaneous and confused assemblages into proper classes, and ranged the insects of the summer, that torment us with their drones or stings, by their several tribes; the persecutors of merit, notwithstanding their numbers, may be likewise commodiously distinguished into Roarers, Whisperers, and Moderators.

The Roarer is an enemy rather terrible than dangerous. He has no other qualification for a champion of controversy than a hardened front and strong voice. Having seldom so much desire to confute as to silence, he depends rather upon vociferation

on than argument, and has care to adjust one part of his to another, to preserve *deus language*, or probability in *tives*. He has always a store of epithets and contemptuous allusions, ready to be produced on may require, which by he pours out with resistless vo-

If the wealth of a trader is d, he without hesitation devotes unkrupcy; if the beauty and of a lady be commended, he how the town can fall in love sick deformity; if a new per- of genius happens to be cele- pronounces the writer a hope- without knowledge of books and without the understanding it must be acquired. His ex- ns are generally without effect se whom he compels to hear nd though it will sometimes hat the timorous are awed by ice, and the credulous mistake dence for knowledge, yet the which he endeavours to sup- a recover their former strength, es that bend to the tempest erect es again when it's force is past. Whispermonger is more dangerous. y gains attention by a soft ad- excites curiosity by an air of ice. As secrets are not to be ap by promiscuous publication, a select audience about him, tifies their vanity with an ap- of trust by communicating his ace in a low voice. Of the : can tell, that though he seems ge an extensive commerce, and high terms of the funds, yet th is not equal to his reputation; ately suffered much by an ex- roject, and had a greater share acknowledged in the rich ship ished by the storm. Of the e has little to say, but that they her in a morning do not discover graces which are admired in the Of the writer he affirms with rtainty, that, though the excel- the work be incontestable, he n but a small part of the reputa- at he owed most of the images tments to a secret friend; and : accuracy and equality of the s produced by the successive cor- of the chief crickets of the age.

As every one is pleased with imagin- ing that he knows something not yet commonly divulged, secret history easily gains credit; but it is for the most part believed only while it circulates in whispers; and when once it is openly told, is openly confuted.

The most pernicious enemy is the man of Moderation. Without interest in the question, or any motive but honest curiosity, this impartial and zealous enquirer after truth is ready to hear either side, and always disposed to kind interpretations and favourable opinions. He hath heard the trader's affairs reported with great variation, and after a diligent comparison of the evidence, concludes it probable that the splendid superstructure of business being originally built upon a narrow basis, has lately been found to totter; but between dilatory payment and bankruptcy there is a great distance; many merchants have supported themselves by expedients for a time, without any final injury to their creditors; and what is lost by one adventure may be recovered by another. He believes that a young lady pleased with admiration, and desirous to make perfect what is already excellent, may heighten her charms by artificial improvements, but surely most of her beauties must be genuine, and who can say that he is wholly what he endeavours to appear? The author he knows to be a man of diligence, who perhaps does not sparkle with the fire of Homer, but has the judgment to discover his own deficiencies, and to supply them by the help of others; and in his opinion modesty is a quality so amiable and rare, that it ought to find a patron wherever it appears, and may justly be preferred by the publick suffrage to petulant wit and ostentatious literature.

He who thus discovers failings with unwillingness, and extenuates the faults which cannot be denied, puts an end at once to doubt or vindication; his hearers repose upon his candour and veracity, and admit the charge without allowing the excuse.

Such are the arts by which the envious, the idle, the peevish, and the thoughtless, obtrude that worth which they cannot equal; and by artifices thus easy, sordid, and detestable, is industry defeated, beauty blasted, and genius depressed.



N<sup>o</sup> CXLV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1751.

NON SI PRIORES MÆONIUS TENET  
SEDES HOMERUS, PINDARICÆ LATENT,  
CÆQUE ET ALCÆI MINACES  
STESICHORICÆ GRAVES CAMOENÆ.

HOR.

WHAT THOUGH THE MUSE HER HOMER THRONES  
HIGH ABOVE ALL THE IMMORTAL QUIRE;  
NOR PINDAR'S RAPTURE SHE DISOWN,  
NOR HIDES THE PLAINATIVE CÆAN LYRE:  
ALCÆUS STRIKES THE TYRANT'S SOUL WITH DREAD,  
NOR YET IS GRAVE STESICHORUS UNREAD.

FRANCIS.

**I**T is allowed that vocations and employments of leud dignity are of the most apparent use; that the meanest artisan or manufacturer contributes more to the accommodation of life, than the profound scholar and argumentative theorist; and that the publick would suffer less present inconvenience from the banishment of philosophers than from the extinction of any common trade.

Some have been so forcibly struck with this observation, that they have, in the first warmth of their discovery, thought it reasonable to alter the common distribution of dignity, and ventured to condemn mankind of universal ingratitude. For justice exacts, that those by whom we are most benefited should be most honoured. And what labour can be more useful than that which procures to families and communities those necessities which supply the wants of nature, or those conveniences by which ease, security, and elegance, are conferred?

This is one of the innumerable theories which the first attempt to reduce them into practice certainly destroys. If we estimate dignity by immediate usefulness, agriculture is undoubtedly the first and noblest science; yet we see the plough driven, the clod broken, the manure spread, the seeds scattered, and the harvest reaped, by men whom those that feed upon their industry will never be persuaded to admit into the same rank with heroes, or with sages; and who, after all the confessions which truth may extort in favour of their occupation, must be content to fill up the lowest class of the commonwealth, to form the base of the pyramid of subordination, and lie buried in obscurity themselves, while

they support all that is splendid, spicuous, or exalted,

It will be found upon a closer inspection, that this part of the condition of mankind is by no means contrary to reason or equity. Remunerations are proportioned at once to the fulness and difficulty of performance, and are properly adjusted by comparison of the mental and corporeal abilities which they appear to employ. Work, however necessary, which is carried on only by muscular strength and manual dexterity, is not of equal value in the consideration of rational beings with the tasks that exercise the intellectual powers, and require the activity of imagination, or the gradual and laborious investigations of reason.

The merit of all manual occupations seems to terminate in the invention. Surely the first ages cannot be charged with ingratitude; since those civilized barbarians, and taught that to secure themselves from cold and hunger, were numbered amongst their benefactors. But these arts once discovered by philosophy, and facilitated by experience afterwards practised with very little assistance from the faculties of the mind, nor is any thing necessary to the discharge of these inferior duties, but that rude observation which the sluggish intellect may practise, and industry which the stimulations of necessity naturally enforce.

Yet though the refusal of statues and panegyrics to those who employ their hands and feet in the service of mankind may be easily justified, I am far from intending to incite the petulant pride, to justify the supercilious grandeur, or to intercept any

ness and benevolence which village of their common nature may claim from another.

It would be neither wise nor to discourage the husbandman, or the miner, or the smith, is granted; but there is another who, because their usefulness is equally obscure and equal, who, because their usefulness is equally obvious to vulgar apprehension, unrewarded and die unpitied, who have been long exposed to want a defender, and to censure without an apologist.

Authors of London were formerly by Swift at several thousand there is not any reason for that their number has decreased; these only a very few can be produce, or endeavour to produce, to extend any principle of or gratify the imagination with common train of images or conventional events; the rest, however laudable, however arrogant, can only be as the drudges of the pen, manufacturers of literature, who are up for authors, either with or a regular initiation, and, like officers, have no other care than their tale of wares at the stated

been formerly imagined, that intends the entertainment or of others, must feel in himself peculiar impulse of genius; must watch the happy minute in which natural fire is excited, in which mind is elevated with nobler ideas, enlightened with clearer and invigorated with stronger passion; that he must carefully thoughts and polish his expressions; animate his efforts with the raising a monument of learning, either time nor envy shall be destroy.

For authors whom I am now endeavouring to recommend have been too *knave* in the ways of men to be chimerical ambition of immortality; they have seldom any claim made of writing, but that they desire some other without success; receive no particular summons to action, except the sound of the drum; they have no other rule than the fashion for admitting their works or rejecting them; and about

the opinion of posterity they have little solicitude, for their productions are seldom intended to remain in the world longer than a week.

That such authors are not to be rewarded with praise is evident, since nothing can be admired when it ceases to exist; but surely, though they cannot aspire to honour, they may be exempted from ignominy, and adopted in that order of men which deserves our kindness, though not our reverence. These papers of the day, the Ephemera of learning, have uses more adequate to the purposes of common life than more pompous and durable volumes. If it is necessary for every man to be more acquainted with his contemporaries than with past generations, and to rather know the events which may immediately affect his fortune or quiet, than the revolutions of ancient kingdoms, in which he has neither possessions nor expectations; if it be pleasing to hear of the preferment and diminution of statesmen, the birth of heirs, and the marriage of beauties, the humble author of journals and gazettes must be considered as a liberal dispenser of beneficial knowledge.

Even the abridger, compiler, and translator, though their labours cannot be ranked with those of the diurnal historiographer, yet must not be rashly doomed to annihilation. Every size of readers requires a genius of correspondent capacity; some delight in abstracts and epitomes, because they want room in their memory for long details, and content themselves with effects, without enquiry after causes; some minds are overpowered by splendor of sentiment, as some eyes are offended by a glaring light; such will gladly contemplate an author in an humble imitation, as we look without pain upon the sun in the water.

As every writer has his use, every writer ought to have his patrons; and since no man, however high he may now stand, can be certain that he shall not be soon thrown down from his elevation by criticism or caprice, the common interest of learning requires that her sons should cease from intestine hostilities, and instead of sacrificing each other to malice and contempt, endeavour to avert persecution from the meanest of their fraternity.

N<sup>o</sup> CXLVI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1751

SUNT ILLIC DUO, TRESVE, QUI REVOLVANT  
 NOSTRARUM TINEAS INEPTIARUM:  
 SED CUM SPONSIO, PARULÆQUE LASSÆ  
 DE SCORPO FUERINT INCITATO.

MART.

'TIS POSSIBLE THAT ONE OR TWO  
 THESE FOOLERIES OF MINE MAY VIEW;  
 BUT THEN THE BETTINGS MUST BE O'ER,  
 NOR CRAB OR CHILDRENS TALK'D OF MORE.

F. LEWIS.

NONE of the projects or designs which exercise the mind of man are equally subject to obstructions and disappointments with the pursuit of fame. Riches cannot easily be denied to them who have something of greater value to offer in exchange; he whose fortune is endangered by litigation, will not refuse to augment the wealth of the lawyer; he whose days are darkened by languor, or whose nerves are excruciated by pain, is compelled to pay tribute to the science of healing. But praise may be always omitted without inconvenience. When once a man has made celebrity necessary to his happiness, he has put it in the power of the weakest and most timorous malignity, if not to take away his satisfaction, at least to withhold it. His enemies may indulge their pride by airy negligence, and gratify their malice by quiet neutrality. They that could never have injured a character by investives, may combine to annihilate it by silence; as the women of Rome threatened to put an end to conquest and dominion, by supplying no children to the commonwealth.

When a writer has with long toil produced a work intended to burst upon mankind with unexpected lustre, and withdraw the attention of the learned world from every other controversy or enquiry, he is seldom contented to wait long without the enjoyment of his new praises. With an imagination full of his own importance, he walks out like a monarch in disguise, to learn the various opinions of his readers. Prepared to feast upon admiration; composed to encounter censures without emotion; and determined not to suffer his quiet to be injured by a sensibility too exquisite of praise or blame, but to laugh with equal contempt at vain ob-

jections and injudicious commend he enters the places of mingled satisfaction, sits down to his tea in a corner, and while he appears to be a file of antiquated journals, cate conversation of the whole room listens, but hears no mention of a book, and therefore supposes that disappointed his curiosity by delay that as men of learning would not begin their conversation with a wonderful novelty, they had directed to other subjects before his arrival company disperses, and their plans supplied by others equally ignorant and equally careless. The same expectation hurries him to another place, from the same disappointment drives him away. His impatience then grows violent and tumultuous; he ranges the town with restless curiosity, and in one quarter of a cricket-match another of a pick-pocket; is told of an unexpected bankruptcy, of a turtle feast; is sometimes provoked by importunate enquiries after the bear, and sometimes with praise dancing dog; he is afterwards eager to give his judgment upon a wage the height of the Monument; in see a foot-race in the adjacent valley desired to read a ludicrous advertisement; or consulted about the most effectual method of making enquiry a favourite cat. The whole is busied in affairs, which he thus low the notice of reasonable creatures and which are nevertheless sufficient to withdraw all regard from his labours and his merits.

He resolves at last to violate his modesty, and to recal the talkers their folly by an enquiry after him. He finds every one provided with an answer; one has seen the work.

never met with any that had another has been so often imon by specious titles, that he ys a book till it's character is d; a third wonders what any hope to produce after so many f greater eminence; the next ired after the author, but can ccount of him, and therefore he name to be fictitious; and cnows him to be a man cony indigence to write too frewhat he does not understand.

are the consolations with which py author endeavours to allay ion, and fortify his patience. ritten with too little indulgence nderstanding of common readas fallen upon an age in which wledge, and delicate refineve given way to low merriment buffoonery, and therefore no hope for distinction, who has r purpose than to raise laugh-finds that his enemies, such ority will always raise, have istrious, while his performance e press, to vilify and blast it; the bookseller, whom he had to enrich, has rivals that ob-circulation of his copies. He poses upon the consideration, noblest works of learning and ave always made their way ainst ignorance and prejudice; reputation, which is never to must be gradually obtained, as f longest life are observed not attain their full stature and

h arts of voluntary delusion y man endeavour to conceal unimportance from himself. before we are convinced of the ortion which every individual he collective body of mankind; how few can be interested in ne of any single man; how ncy is left in the world for object of attention; to how nt the brightest blaze of merit ead amidst the mists of business ly; and how soon it is clouded ervention of other novelties. the writer of books, but the er of armies, and the deliverer , will easily outlive all noisy ar reputation: he may be cele- a time by the publick voice, tions and his name will soon

be considered as remote and unaffecting, and be rarely mentioned but by those whose alliance gives them some vanity to gratify by frequent commemoration.

It seems not to be sufficiently considered how little renown can be admitted in the world. Mankind are kept perpetually busy by their fears or desires, and have not more leisure from their own affairs, than to acquaint themselves with the accidents of the current day. Engaged in contriving some refuge from calamity, or in shortening the way to some new possession, they seldom suffer their thoughts to wander to the past or future; none but a few solitary students have leisure to enquire into the claims of ancient heroes or sages; and names which hoped to range over kingdoms and continents shrink at last into cloisters or colleges.

Nor is it certain, that even of these dark and narrow habitations, these last retreats of fame, the possession will be long kept. Of men devoted to literature very few extend their views beyond some particular science, and the greater part seldom enquire, even in their own profession, for any authors but those whom the present mode of study happens to force upon their notice; they desire not to fill their minds with unfashionable knowledge, but contentedly resign to oblivion those books which they now find censured or neglected.

The hope of fame is necessarily connected with such considerations as must abate the ardor of confidence, and repress the vigour of pursuit. Whoever claims renown from any kind of excellence, expects to fill the place which is now possessed by another; for there are already names of every class sufficient to employ all that will desire to remember them; and surely he that is pushing his predecessors into the gulph of obscurity, cannot but sometimes suspect, that he must himself sink in like manner, and as he stands upon the same precipice, be swept away with the same violence.

It sometimes happens, that fame begins when life is at an end; but far the greater number of candidates for applause have owed their reception in the world to some favourable casualties, and have therefore immediately sunk into neglect, when death stripped them of their casual influence, and neither fortune nor patronage operated in their favour. Among those who have better claims to regard,

regard, the honour paid to their memory is commonly proportionate to the reputation which they enjoyed in their lives, though still growing fainter, as it is at a greater distance from the first emission; and since it is so difficult to obtain the

notice of contemporaries, how little is it to be hoped from future times? What can merit effect by it's own force, when the help of art or friendship can scarcely support it?

## Nº CXLVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1751.

TU NIHIL INVITA DICES FACIESVE MINERVA.

HOR.

—YOU ARE OF TOO QUICK A SIGHT,

NOT TO DISCERN WHICH WAY YOUR TALENT LIES.

ROSCOMMON.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

A little things grow great by continual accumulation, I hope you will not think the dignity of your character impaired by an account of a ludicrous persecution, which, though it produces no scenes of horror or of ruin, yet, by incessant importunity of vexation, wears away my happiness, and consumes those years which nature seems particularly to have assigned to cheerfulness, in silent anxiety and helpless resentment.

I am the eldest son of a gentleman, who having inherited a large estate from his ancestors, and feeling no desire either to increase or lessen it, has from the time of his marriage generally resided at his own seat; where, by dividing his time among the duties of a father, a master, and a magistrate, the study of literature, and the offices of civility, he finds means to rid himself of the day, without any of those amusements, which all those with whom my residence in this place has made me acquainted, think necessary to lighten the burthen of existence.

When my age made me capable of instruction, my father prevailed upon a gentleman, long known at Oxford for the extent of his learning and purity of his manners, to undertake my education. The regard with which I saw him treated, disposed me to consider his instructions as important, and I therefore soon formed a habit of attention, by which I made very quick advances in different kinds of learning, and heard, perhaps too often, very flattering comparisons of my own proficiency with that of others, either less docile by na-

ture, or less happily forwarded by instruction. I was caressed by all that exchanged visits with my father; and as young men are with little difficulty taught to judge favourably of themselves, began to think that close application was no longer necessary, and that the time was now come when I was at liberty to read only for amusement, and was to receive the reward of my fatigues in praise and admiration.

While I was thus banqueting upon my own perfections, and longing in secret to escape from tutorage, my father's brother came from London to pass a summer at his native place. A lucrative employment which he possessed, and a fondness for the conversation and diversions of the gay part of mankind, had so long kept him from rural excursions, that I had never seen him since my infancy. My curiosity was therefore strongly excited by the hope of observing a character more nearly, which I had hitherto revered only at a distance.

From all private and intimate conversation I was long withheld by the perpetual confluence of visitants, with whom the first news of my uncle's arrival crowded the house; but was amply recompensed by seeing an exact and punctilious practice of the arts of a courtier, in all the stratagems of endearment, the gradations of respect, and variations of courtesy. I remarked with what justice of distribution he divided his talk to a wide circle; with what address he offered to every man an occasion of indulging some favourite topic, or displaying some particular attainment; the judgment with which he regulated his enquiries after the absent; and the care with which he showed

companions of his early years only they were infixed in his, by the mention of past incidents and the recital of puerile kind-fangers, and frolics. I soon ed that he possessed some science iousness and attraction which ad not taught, and of which I nor my father had any know-hat he had the power of oblig-when he did not benefit; that ed, upon his curious behaviour t trifling actions, a gloss of soft- delicacy by which every one was ; and that by some occult me- captivation, he animated the ti- softened the supercilious, and the reserved. I could not but at the inelegance of my own which left me no hopes but not l, and at the inefficacy of rus- violence which gained no friends eal service.

uncle saw the veneration with I caught every accent of his nd watched every motion of his nd the awkward diligence with endeavoured to imitate his em- fondness, and his bow of re- He was, like others, easily flat- an imitator by whom he could ever to be rivalled, and repaid tuities with compliments and ns. Our fondness was so in- y a mutual endeavour to please er, that when he returned to , he declared himself unable to ephew so amiable and so accom- behind him; and obtained my permission to enjoy my com- a few months, by a promise e me in the arts of politeness, dduce me into publick life.

courtier had little inclination to and, therefore, by travelling vly, afforded me time for more l familiar conversation; but I and, that by a few enquiries e was not well prepared to sa- had made him weary of his ompanion. His element was a assembly, where ceremony and compliments and common to- ept the tongue employed with e assistance from memory or re- but in the chariot, where he esitated to support a regular te- conversation, without any re- a new comer, or any power of *into gay digressions, or delirio-*

ing argument by a jest, he soon disco- vered that poverty of ideas which had been hitherto concealed under the tinsel of politeness. The first day he entertained me with the novelties and wonders with which I should be astonished at my entrance into London, and cautioned me with apparent admiration of his own wisdom, against the arts by which rusticity is frequently deluded. The same detail and the same advice he would have repeated on the second day; but as I every moment diverted the dis- course to the history of the towns by which we passed, or some other subject of learning or of reason, he soon lost his vivacity, grew peevish and silent, wrapped his cloak about him, composed himself to slumber, and reserved his gaiety for fitter auditors.

At length I entered London, and my uncle was reinstated in his superiority. He awaked at once to loquacity as soon as our wheels rattled on the pavement, and told me the name of every street as we crossed it, and owner of every house as we passed by. He presented me to my aunt, a lady of great em'ence for the number of her acquaintances, and splendor of her assemblies, and either in kindness or revenge consulted with her, in my presence, how I might be most advantageously dressed for my first appearance, and most expeditiously dis- encumbered from my villatick bashful- ness. My indignation at familiarity thus contemptuous flushed in my face; they mistook anger for shame, and al- ternately exerted their eloquence upon the benefits of publick education, and the happiness of an assurance early ac- quired.

Assurance is indeed the only quali- fication to which they seem to have an- nexed merit, and assurance therefore is perpetually recommended to me as the supply of every defect and the orna- ment of every excellence. I never sit silent in company when secret history is circulating, but I am reproached for want of assurance. If I fail to return the stated answer to a compliment; if I am disconcerted by unexpected raillery; if I blush when I am discovered gazing on a beauty, or hesitate when I find my- self embarrassed in an argument; if I am unwilling to talk of what I do not understand, or timorous in undertaking offices which I cannot gracefully per- form; if I suffer a more lively taste to recount

recount the casualties of a game, or a nimbler sop to pick up a fan, I am censured between pity and contempt, as a wretch doomed to grovel in obscurity for want of assurance.

I have found many young persons harried in the same manner, by those to whom age has given nothing but the assurance which they recommend; and

therefore cannot but think it useful to inform them, that cowardice and delicacy are not to be confounded; and that he whose stupidity has armed him against the shafts of ridicule, will always act and speak with greater audacity, than they whose sensibility represses their ardor, and who dare never let their confidence outgrow their abilities.

## Nº CLXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1751.

ME PATER SÆVIS ONERET CATENIS  
QUOD VIRO CLEMENS MISERO PEPERCI,  
ME VEL EXTREMIS NUMIDARUM IN ORIS  
CLASSE RELEGET. Hor.

ME LET MY FATHER LOAD WITH CHAINS,  
OR BANISH TO NUMIDIA'S FARTHEST PLAINS!  
MY CRIME, THAT I A LOYAL WIFE,  
IN KIND COMPASSION SPAR'D MY HUSBAND'S LIFE.

FRANCIS.

**P**OLITICIANS remark, that no oppression is so heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by the perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. The robber may be seized, and the invader repelled, whenever they are found; they who pretend no right but that of force, may by force be punished or suppressed. But when plunder bears the name of impost, and murder is perpetuated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wisdom confounded; resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate.

Equally dangerous and equally detestable are the cruelties often exercised in private families, under the venerable sanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught to honour from the first moments of reason; which is guarded from insult and violation by all that can impress awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without controul, and trample the bounds of right with innumerable transgressions, before duty and piety will dare to seek redress, or think themselves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than supplications by which insolence is elated, and tears by which cruelty is gratified.

It was for a long time imagined by the Romans, that no son could be the murderer of his father; and they had therefore no punishment appropriated to *parricide*. They seem likewise to have

believed with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and therefore they allowed every man the supreme judicature in his own house, and put the lives of his offspring into his hands. But experience informed them by degrees, that they had determined too hastily in favour of human nature; they found that instinct and habit were not able to contend with avarice or malice; that the nearest relation might be violated; and that power, to whomsoever intrusted, might be ill employed. They were therefore obliged to supply and to change their institutions; to deter the parricide by a new law, and to transfer capital punishments from the parent to the magistrate.

There are indeed many houses which it is impossible to enter familiarly, without discovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonstrances but from his own conscience, will seldom be long without the art of controlling his convictions, and modifying justice by his own will.

If in any situation the heart were inaccessible to malignity, it might be supposed to be sufficiently secured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occasion of its existence, produces an obligation to make that existence happy. To see helpless infancy stretching out her hands and pouring out her cries in testimony of dependence,

any powers to alarm jealousy, guilt to alienate affection, must awaken tenderness in every human; and tenderness once excited hourly increased by the augmentation of felicity, by the repetition of communicated pleasure, by consciousness of the dignity of being. I believe no generous or brave man can see the vilest animal in his regard, and shrinking at it, playing his gambols of defiance, calling on him in disdain, flying to him in danger, without kindness than he can persuade himself to feel for the wild and unsocial inhabitants of the air and water. Naturally endear to ourselves those to whom we impart any kind of pleasure, we imagine their affection is secured to us by the benefits they receive.

It is indeed another method by which pride of superiority may be gratified. He that has extirpated all the sensations of humanity, no longer any satisfaction in the thought that he is loved as the distressed happiness, may please himself with exciting terror as the inflictor. He may delight his solitude in contemplating the extent of his dominion, the force of his commands, in giving the desires that flutter on his tongue which is forbidden to utter, in the discontent which preys on him in which fear confines it: he may use himself with new contrivances of detection, multiplications of pain, and varieties of punishment; and with exultation when he commands a little of the homage that he owes to choice.

Princes of this character have known, the history of all absolute monarchs will inform us; and since, as observes, 'οὐκ ἔστιν οὐρανὸς ἀνάγκη' the government of a family is monarchial, it is like other governments too often arbitrarily administered.

The regal and parental tyrannies only in the extent of their dominion and the number of their slaves. These passions cause the same misdeeds that seldom any prince, leopold, has so far shaken off from the public eye, as to venture on the freaks of injustice, which are indulged under the secrecy of dwelling. Capricious in-

junctions, partial decisions, unequal allotments, distributions of reward not by merit but by fancy, and punishments regulated not by the degree of the offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the misery of others no man will confess; and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The king may be instigated by one man to the destruction of another; he may sometimes think himself endangered by the virtues of a subject; he may dread the successful general or the popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confiscations; and his guilt may whisper that he can only be secure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppression of those who were born to his protection, of those who can disturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no spoils? Why towards are cruel may be easily discovered; but for what reason, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppression who has nothing to fear?

The unjustifiable severity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that those whom he injures are always in his sight. The injustice of a prince is often exercised upon those of whom he never had any personal or particular knowledge; and the sentence which he pronounces, whether of banishment, imprisonment, or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns. But the domestic oppressor dooms himself to gaze upon those faces which he clouds with terror and with sorrow; and beholds every moment the effects of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to those who surround him, and can walk with satisfaction in the gloom of his own presence; he that can see submissive misery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy, or demands justice, will scarcely be amended by remonstrance or admonition; he has found means of stopping the avenues of tenderness, and arming his heart against the force of reason.

Even though no consideration should be paid to the great law of social beings, by which every individual is commanded to consult the happiness of others, yet the harsh parent is less to be vindicated than any other criminal, because



he less provides for the happiness of himself. Every man, however little he loves others, would willingly be loved; every man hopes to live long, and therefore hopes for that time at which he shall sink back to imbecility, and must depend for ease and cheerfulness upon the officiousness of others. But how has he obviated the inconveniences of old age, who alienates from him the assistance of his children, and whose bed must be surrounded in his last hours, in the hours of languor and dejection, of impatience and of pain, by strangers to whom his life is indifferent, or by enemies to whom his death is desirable?

Piety will, indeed, in good minds overcome provocation, and those who have been harassed by brutality will forget the injuries which they have suffered, so far as to perform the last duties with alacrity and zeal. But surely no resentment can be equally painful with kindness thus undeserved, nor can severer punishment be imprecated upon a man not wholly lost in meanness and stupidity, than, through the tediousness of decrepitude, to be reproached by the kindness of his own children, to receive not the tribute but the alms of attendance, and to owe every relief of his miseries, not to gratitude but to mercy.

## Nº CXLIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1751.

QUOD NON SIT PYLADES HOC TEMPORE, NON SIT ORESTES  
MIRARIS? PYLADES, MARCE, BIBEAT IDEM.  
NEC MELIOR PANIS, TURDUSVE DABATUR ORESTI:  
SED PAR, ATQUE EADEM COENA DUGRUS ERAT.——  
TE CADMÆA TYROS, ME PINGUIS GALLIA VESTIT:  
VIS TE PURPUREUM, MARCE, SAGATUS AMEM?  
UT PRÆSTEM PYLADEN, ALIQUIS MIN PRÆSTET ORESTEM:  
HOC NON SIT VERBIS: MARCE, UT AMERIS, AMA.

YOU WONDER NOW THAT NO MAN SEES  
SUCH FRIENDS AS THOSE OF ANCIENT GREECE.  
WERE I AY THE POINT—ORESTES' MEAT  
WAS JUST THE SAME HIS FRIEND DID EAT;  
NOR CAN IT YET BE FOUND, HIS WINE  
WAS BETTER, PYLADES, THAN THINE.  
IN HOME-SPUN RUSSET I AM DREST,  
YOUR CLOTH IS ALWAYS OF THE BEST;  
BUT, HONEST MARCUS, IF YOU PLEASE  
TO CHUSE ME FOR YOUR PYLADES,  
REMEMBER, WORDS ALONE ARE VAIN;  
LOVE——IF YOU WOU'D BE LOV'D AGAIN.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,  
NO depravity of the mind has been more frequently or justly censured than Ingratitude. There is indeed sufficient reason for looking on those that can return evil for good, and repay kindness and assistance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedness; nor will he who has once been clearly detected in acts of injury to his benefactor, deserve to be numbered among social beings; he has endeavoured to destroy confidence, to intercept sympathy, and to turn every man's attention wholly on himself.

There is always danger lest the honest abhorrence of a crime should raise

the passions with too much violence against the man to whom it is imputed. In proportion as guilt is more enormous, it ought to be ascertained by stronger evidence. The charge against ingratitude is very general; almost every man can tell what favours he has conferred upon insensibility, and how much happiness he has bestowed without return; but perhaps, if these patrons and protectors were confronted with any whom they boast of having befriended, it would often appear that they consulted only their pleasure or vanity, and repaid themselves their petty donatives by gratifications of insolence and indulgence of contempt.

It has happened that much of my time has been passed in a dependent state, and consequently

have received many favour of those at whose been maintained; yet I heart any burning gratuitous affection; and, as willingly suppose myself of virtuous passions than kind, I shall lay the blame before you, that your judgment of my conduct, or confirm my present

as the second son of a wealthy family. He of equal birth, whose to his own, might have ostentation in honour; but ambitious, he prevailed to procure him a post, an opportunity of distance and politeness. My ally pleased with splendidly careless of expence; diffused their profusion to endeavouring to believe the extension of their accidental improvement of their whenever any place beyond expected to be repaid. If these hopes my father way by an apoplexy; and so had no pleasure but in assemblies, and coming that she could live no accustomed rank, sunk and in two years wore the envy and discontent. With a sister, one year myself, to the elder brother. We were not yet arriving how much fortune, but flattered our road with the tenderness which we should be uncle. Our reception mild than malignant; we due to our young cousins, a month more frequently rebuked; but in a short our prattle repressed, our, our endearments unrestrained referred to the

of decency were now vividly produced new interest soon brought to the ending from our imagined our cousins, to whom we able companions without respect, expected only to

echo their opinions, facilitate their desires, and accompany their rambles. It was unfortunate that our early introduction into polite company, and habitual knowledge of the arts of civility, had given us such an appearance of superiority to the awkward bashfulness of our relations, as naturally drew respect and preference from every stranger; and my aunt was forced to assert the dignity of her own children while they were sculking in corners for fear of notice, and hanging down their heads in silent confusion, by relating the indifference of our father, displaying her own kindness, lamenting the misery of birth without estate, and declaring her anxiety for our future provision, and the expedients which she had formed to secure us from those follies or crimes, to which the conjunction of pride and want often gives occasion. In a short time care was taken to prevent such vexatious mistakes; we were told, that fine clothes would only fill our heads with false expectations, and our dress was therefore accommodated to our fortune.

Childhood is not easily dejected or mortified. We felt no lasting pain from insolence or neglect; but finding that we were favoured and commended by all whose interest did not prompt them to discountenance us, preserved our vivacity and spirit to years of greater sensibility. It then became irksome and disgusting to live without any principle of action but the will of another, and we often met privately in the garden to lament our condition, and to ease our hearts with mutual narratives of caprice, peevishness, and affront.

There are innumerable modes of insult and tokens of contempt, for which it is not easy to find a name, which vanish to nothing in an attempt to describe them, and yet may, by continual repetition, make day pass after day in sorrow and in terror. Phrases of cursory compliment and established salutation may, by a different modulation of the voice, or cast of the countenance, convey contrary meanings, and be changed from indications of respect to expressions of scorn. The dependent who cultivates delicacy in himself very little consults his own tranquillity. My unhappy vigilance is every moment discovering some petulance of accent, or arrogance of mien, some vehemence of interrogation, or quickness of reply, that recalls my

my poverty to my mind, and which I feel more acutely as I know not how to resent it.

You are not however to imagine, that I think myself discharged from the duties of gratitude, only because my relations do not adjust their looks, or tune their voices, to my expectation. The insolence of benefaction terminates not in negative rudeness or obliquities of insult. I am often told in express terms of the miseries from which charity has snatched me, while multitudes are suffered by relations equally near to devolve upon the parish; and have more than once heard it numbered among other favours, that I am admitted to the same table with my cousins.

That I sit at the first table I must acknowledge, but I sit there only that I may feel the stings of inferiority. My enquiries are neglected, my opinion is overborne, my assertions are controverted; and as insolence always propagates itself, the servants overlook me, in imitation of their master; if I call modestly, I am not heard; if loudly, my usurpation of authority is checked by a general frown. I am often obliged to look uninvited upon delicacies, and sometimes desired to rise upon very slight pretences.

The incivilities to which I am exposed would give me less pain, were they not aggravated by the tears of my sister, whom the young ladies are hourly tormenting with every art of feminine

persecution. As it is said of the supreme magistrate of Venice, that he is a prince in one place and a slave in another; my sister is a servant to her cousins in their apartments, and a companion only at the table. Her wit and beauty draw so much regard away from them, that they never suffer her to appear with them in any place where they solicit notice, or expect admiration; and when they are visited by neighbouring ladies, and pass their hours in domestic amusements, she is sometimes called to fill a vacancy, insulted with contemptuous freedoms, and dismissed to her needle when her place is supplied. The heir has of late, by the instigation of his sisters, begun to harass her with clownish jocularities; he seems inclined to make his first rude essays of waggonery upon her; and by the connivance, if not encouragement of his father, treats her with such licentious brutality, as I cannot bear, though I cannot punish it.

I beg to be informed, Mr. Rambler, how much we can be supposed to owe to beneficence, exerted on terms like these? to beneficence which pollutes its gifts with contumely, and may be truly said to pander to pride? I would willingly be told, whether insolence does not reward its own liberalities, and whether he that exacts servility can with justice at the same time expect affection?

I am, Sir, &c.

HYPERDULUS.

Nº CL. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1751.

OMNIA NUNC  
INTELLECTA DEUM!

LUCAN.

THOU CHIEFEST GOOD!  
BESTOW'D BY HEAV'N, BUT SELDOM UNDERSTOOD.

ROWE.

As daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor escaped by flight; neither awed by greatness, nor eluded by obscurity; philosophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by persuading us that most of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every vicissitude or external circumstances some advan-

tage sufficient to overbalance all its inconveniences.

This attempt may perhaps be justly suspected of resemblance to the practice of physicians, who, when they cannot mitigate pain, destroy sensibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyrist of calamity have more frequently gained applause to their wit, than acquiescence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the most musical oratory or subtle ratiocination has

long to overpower the anguish, the tediousness of languor, gings of want.

may be generally remarked, much has been attempted, much has been performed; though various or acquisitions of man are not adequate to the expectations of life, they are at least sufficient to his industry. The antidotes which philosophy has medicated for life, though they cannot give us the sweetness, have at least the bitterness, and tempered malignity; the balm which she drops on wounds of the mind abates the pain, though it cannot heal them. Offering willingly what we cannot have, we secure ourselves from immoderate disquiet; we prefer better purposes that strength could be unprofitably wasted in pursuits of desperation, and main-circumsppection which may enslave us to every support, and imaginary alleviation. This calmness is more easily obtained, as the atmosphere more powerfully withdrawn encourages contemplation of unmingled evil, and diverted to those accessories which prudence may not every state.

As he has attempted not only to rise in misfortune, but almost to sink to it, by representing it as necessary to the pleasures of the mind, it never was acquainted with adversity, says he, 'has seen the world on one side, and is ignorant of the scenes of nature.' He invites us to calamity, as the Syrens allure the passenger to their coasts, by saying that he shall return with an increase of knowledge, with new views, and multiplied ideas. His philosophy is, in great and generous he first passion and the last; and always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative mind. He who easily comprehends is before him, and soon exchanges every single subject, is always ready for new enquiries; and in proportion the intellectual eye takes in a greater object, it must be gratified with more rapid flights, and bolder views; nor perhaps can there be a limit to those who have been accustomed to the pleasures of thought, a powerful incitement to any under-

taking, than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

When Jason, in Valerius Flaccus, would incline the young Prince Acastus to accompany him in the first essay of navigation, he disperses his apprehensions of danger by representations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would spread before their eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they shall have seen, and the toils which they have surmounted.

*O quantum terræ, quantum cognoscere cæli,  
Permissum est! pelagus quantus aperimus in  
usus!*

*Nunc forsitan grave reris opus: sed læta recurres  
Cum ratis, et cæram cum jam mihi reddet Iolom;  
Quis pudor breu nostris tibi tunc audire labores?  
Quam refram vias tua per suspiria gentes!*

Led by our stars, what tracts immense we trace!

From seas remote, what funds of science raise!  
A pain to thought! but when th' heroic band  
Returns applauded to their native land,  
A life domestick you will then deplore,  
And sigh, while I describe the various shore.

EDW. CAYL.

Acastus was soon prevailed upon by his curiosity to set rocks and hardships at defiance, and commit his life to the winds; and the same motives have in all ages had the same effect upon those whom the desire of fame or wisdom has distinguished from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that distress is necessary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides from us so large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the sight of affluence and splendor will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority, that none on whom nature or study have conferred it, would purchase the gifts of fortune by it's loss.

It is certain, that however the rhetoric of Seneca may have dressed adversity with extrinsec ornaments, he has justly represented it as affording some opportunities of observation, which cannot be found in continual success; he has truly asserted, that to escape misfortune is to want instruction, and that to live at ease is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happiness with-

out

out thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune; for the good of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harass him, if he does not know how much he escapes. The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the shades. The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception, is that of rest after fatigue; yet that state which labour heightens into delight is of itself only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the superaddition of diversified amusements.

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned. 'He that traverses the lites without an adversary, may receive,' says the philosopher, 'the reward of victory, but he has no pretensions to the honour.' If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own

conscience, he whose courage has made way amidst the turbulence of opposition, and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over those that have slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time can entertain them with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, find it necessary to steal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm, nothing is shown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reasonings determined by his opinions; whatever can alarm suspicion, or excite resentment, is carefully suppressed, and nothing appears but uniformity of sentiments and ardour of affection. It may be observed that the unvaried complaisance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unskilled in human nature; prosperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore must be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is scarcely to be heard, but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it.

## Nº CLI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1751.

Ἄμφι δ' ἀνέρι-  
πτον φρεσὶν ἀρεπλᾶλαι  
ἀναρίθμητοι κρίματ' αἰ  
τοῦτο δ' ἀμήχανον εὐρεῖν  
Ὅτι νῦν, καὶ ἐν τέλει  
τῆ φρεσὶν ἀνδρὶ τυχαῖα.

PIND.

BUT WRAPT IN ERROR IS THE HUMAN MIND,  
AND HUMAN BLISS IS EVER INSECURE:  
KNOW WE WHAT FORTUNE YET REMAINS BEHIND?  
KNOW WE HOW LONG THE PRESENT SHALL ENDURE?

WEST.

**T**HE writers of medicine and physiology have traced, with great appearance of accuracy, the effects of time upon the human body, by marking the various periods of the constitution, and the several stages by which animal life

makes its progress from infancy to decrepitude. Though their observations have not enabled them to discover how manhood may be accelerated, or old age retarded, yet surely, if they be considered only as the amusements of curiosity, they

of equal importance with con-  
on things more remote, with  
as of the fixed stars, and calcu-  
f the bulk of planets.

It had been a task worthy of the  
philosophers to have considered  
all care the climactericks of the  
have pointed out the time at  
every passion begins and ceases to  
rate, and noted the regular vari-  
defire, and the succession of one  
to another.

Periods of mental change are not  
ted with equal certainty: our  
row up under the care of na-  
d depend so little on our own  
nent, that something more than  
ce is necessary to discompose  
ecture, or impede their vigour.  
minds are committed in a great  
first to the direction of others,  
wards of ourselves. It would  
ilt to protract the weakness of  
eyond the usual time, but the  
y be very easily hindered from  
of improvement, and the bulk  
gh of manhood must, without  
ance of education and instruc-  
informed only with the under-  
of a child.

In the midst all the disorder and in-  
which variety of discipline, ex-  
onversation, and employment,  
in the intellectual advances of  
men, there is still discovered by  
t spectator, such a general and  
imititude, as may be expected  
ne common nature affected by  
circumstances indefinitely va-  
Ve all enter the world in equal  
e, gaze round about us on the  
ects, and have our first pains  
ures, our first hopes and fears,  
aversions, and desires, from the  
ites; and though, as we pro-  
her, life opens wider prospects  
view, and accidental impulses  
e us to different paths; yet as  
nd, however vigorous or ab-  
is necessitated, in it's present  
union, to receive it's informa-  
id execute it's purposes, by the  
ion of the body, the uniformity  
orporeal nature communicates  
ur intellectual operations; and  
lose abilities or knowledge in-  
m most to deviate from the  
ound of life, are recalled from  
ity by the laws of their exist-

If we consider the exercises of the  
mind, it will be found that in each part  
of life some particular faculty is more  
eminently employed. When the trea-  
sures of knowledge are first opened be-  
fore us; while novelty blooms alike on  
either hand, and every thing equally  
unknown and unexamined seems of  
equal value, the power of the soul is  
principally exerted in a vivacious and  
desultory curiosity. She applies by  
turns to every object, enjoys it for a  
short time, and flies with equal ardour  
to another. She delights to catch up  
loose and unconnected ideas, but starts  
away from systems and complications  
which would obstruct the rapidity of  
her transitions, and detain her long in  
the same pursuit.

When a number of distinct images  
are collected by these erratic and hasty  
surveys, the fancy is busied in arrang-  
ing them; and combines them into pleas-  
ing pictures with more resemblance to  
the realities of life as experience ad-  
vances, and new observations rectify  
the former. While the judgment is  
yet uninformed, and unable to compare  
the draughts of fiction with their ori-  
ginals, we are delighted with impro-  
bable adventures, impracticable virtues,  
and inimitable characters: but in pro-  
portion as we have more opportunities  
of acquainting ourselves with living na-  
ture, we are sooner disgusted with co-  
pies in which there appears no resem-  
blance. We first discard absurdity and  
impossibility, than exact greater and  
greater degrees of probability, but at last  
become cold and insensible to the charms  
of falsehood, however specious, and from  
the imitations of truth, which are never  
perfect, transfer our affection to truth  
itself.

Now commences the reign of judg-  
ment or reason; we begin to find little  
pleasure but in comparing arguments,  
stating propositions, disentangling per-  
plexities, clearing ambiguities, and de-  
ducing consequences. The painted  
vales of imagination are deserted, and  
our intellectual activity is exercised in  
winding through the labyrinths of fal-  
lacy, and toiling with firm and cautious  
steps up the narrow tracks of demon-  
stration. Whatever may lull vigilance,  
or mislead attention, is contemptuously  
rejected, and every disguise in which  
error may be concealed is carefully ob-  
served, till by degrees a certain number  
of

of incontestable or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments, or compacted into systems.

At length weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative; the opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertion of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward to odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

In like manner the passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our first years nothing more seems necessary than freedom from restraint; every man may remember that if he was left to himself, and indulged in the disposal of his own time, he was once content without the superaddition of any actual pleasure. The new world is itself a banquet; and till we have exhausted the freshness of life, we have always about us sufficient gratifications: the sunshine quickens us to play, and the shade invites us to sleep.

But we soon become unsatisfied with negative felicity, and are solicited by our senses and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taste of him who has satisfied his hunger must be excited by artificial stimulations. The simplicity of natural amusement is now past, and art and contrivance must improve our pleasures; but in time, art, like nature, is exhausted, and the senses can no longer supply the cravings of the intellect.

The attention is then transferred from pleasure to interest, in which pleasure is perhaps included, though diffused to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power,

nor rings in the ear but the fame; wealth, to which, however denominated, every man time or other aspires; power, which he wishes to obtain within their circle; and fame, which no man ever high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was yet able to despise. Prudence and foresight exert their influence: no hour is devoted wholly to present enjoyment, no act terminates in itself, but every man is referred to some distant end; the accomplishment of one design begins another, and the ultimate wish is always off to its former distance.

At length fame is observed to be certain, and power to be dangerous; the man whose vigour and alacrity he has forsaken, by degrees ceases to pursue his designs, remits his former industry, and extends no farther his city of pursuits, and extends no farther his regard to any other honour than reputation of wealth, or any other excellence than his power. Avarice is the last passion of those lives of the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the load of getting wealth, lulls his ambition by the milder business of saving it.

I have in this view of life considered man as actuated only by natural inclinations, and yielding to their own influence without regard to superior principles, which the force of external agents can counteract, and the temporary valence of passions restrain. Nature will indeed always operate, human fires will be always ranging; but passions, though very powerful, are not irresistible; nature may be regulated, desires governed; and to contain the predominance of successive passions to be endangered first by one passion and then by another, is the condition on which we are to pass our time of our preparation for the end to which we shall put an end to experiment, disappointment, and to change.

CLII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1751.

TRISTIA MÆSTUM

ULTUM VERBA DECENT, IRATUM PLENA MINARUM.

HOR.

DISASTROUS WORDS CAN BEST DISASTER SHOW;

AN ANGRY PHRASE THE ANGRY PASSIONS GLOW.

ELPHINSTON.

the wisdom,' says Seneca, ancient times, to consider what useful as most illustrious.' If applied to works of genius, every species of composition deserves to be cultivated than the style, since none is of more frequent use, through the ordination of human life.

It happened that, among the writers which our nation has equal perhaps always in force, and of late in elegance and to those of any other country, we have endeavoured to distinguish by the publication of letters, which as were written in the dispublic trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs; which, they afford precedents to the ministerial memorials to the historian, as well as examples of the familiar models of private correspondence.

enquired by foreigners, how decency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge with so little danger in speaking, writing, may we not without vanity or arrogance inform them, if it be imputed to our contempt and our due sense of the dignity of the publick? We do not think able to fill the world with vanity which nothing can be learned except that the employments of the amusements of the gay, the way to narratives of our affairs, complaints of absence, expressions of fondness, or declarations

in perusal of the innumerable which the wits of France have their names, will prove that imitations need not be discouraged like attempts by the consciousness; for surely it is not very to aggravate trifling misfortune magnify familiar incidents,

repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

Yet as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure which our condition allows must be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is necessary to learn how to become little without becoming mean, to maintain the necessary intercourse of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if such of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating insignificance, had supplied us with a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of honest tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

Precept has generally been posterior to performance. The art of composing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of those who performed it by natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. The observation with which Walsh has introduced his pages of inanity, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by Dryden among the critics. 'Letters,' says he, 'are intended as resemblances of conversation, and the chief excellencies of conversation are good-humour and good-breeding.' This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is how gaiety or civility



may be properly expressed; as among the criticks in history it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned.

As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristick; and we may safely disentangle our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but it's form, and that nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required are ease and simplicity, and even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. But these directions are no sooner applied to use, than their scantiness and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion. Nothing can be more improper than ease and laxity of expression, when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence.

That letters should be written with strict conformity to nature is true, because nothing but conformity to nature can make any composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments will consequently raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope or terror, will produce some perturbation of images, and some figurative distortions of phrase. Wherever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by studied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of style.

If the personages of the comick scene be allowed by Horace to raise their language in the transports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may likewise without censure comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his rea-

sonings with all the nicety of syllogistick method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters that have no other end than the entertainment of the correspondents are more properly regulated by critical precepts, because the matter and style are equally arbitrary, and rules are more necessary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, some conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; some model them by the sonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the soft lapse of calm melliflence; others adjust them by the epigram, and expect pointed sentences and forcible periods. The one party considers exemption from faults as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the most disgusting fault; one avoids censure, the other aspires to praise; one is always in danger of insipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the subject has no intrinsic dignity, it must necessarily owe it's attractions to artificial embellishments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can supply. He that, like Pliny, sends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or address, find means of exciting gratitude, and securing acceptance; but he that has no present to make but a garland, a ribbon, or some petty curiosity, must endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The purpose for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent either love or esteem; to excite love we must impart pleasure, and to raise esteem we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as abilities are displayed by scenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected fallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no strength can be valued only for the grace of it's decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.

° CLIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1751.

TURBA REMI SEQUITUR FORTUNAM, UT SEMPER, ET OBIT  
DAMNATOS.

JUV.

THE FICKLE CROWD WITH FORTUNE COMES AND GOES;  
WEALTH STILL FINDS FOLLOWERS, AND MISFORTUNE FOES.

## TO THE RAMBLER.

HERE are occasions on which all apology is rudeness. He that has a welcome message to deliver, may find some proof of tenderness and delicacy in a ceremonial introduction and gradual discovery, because the mind which the weight of sorrow is to gain time for the collection of thoughts; but nothing is more absurd to delay the communication of pleasure to torment curiosity by impatience, to delude hope by anticipation. I shall therefore forbear the arts by which correspondents generally secure attention, for I have too long remarked the power of vanity, to doubt that I shall be obeyed by you with a disposition to believe, when I declare that my narrative has no other tendency than to illustrate and corroborate your own observa-

was the second son of a gentleman, whose patrimony had been wasted by a succession of squanderers, till he was unable to support any of his children except his heir, in the hereditary idleness. Being therefore obliged to employ that part of life in which my progenitors had devoted themselves to hawk and hound, I was in my twentieth year dispatched to the university, without any rural honours. I never killed a single woodcock, nor known one triumph over a conquered

the university I continued to employ my acquisitions with little envy of the easy happiness which my elder brother had the fortune to enjoy, and having obtained my degree, retired to leisure at leisure to what profession I should confine that application which hitherto been dissipated in general sloth. To deliberate upon a choice of a custom and honour forbid to be studied, is certainly reasonable, yet to look the attention equally to the stages and inconveniences of every profession is not without danger; new

motives are every moment operating on every side; and mechanicks have long ago discovered, that contrariety of equal attractions is equivalent to rest.

While I was thus trifling in uncertainty, an old adventurer, who had been once the intimate friend of my father, arrived from the Indies with a large fortune; which he had so much harassed himself in obtaining, that sickness and infirmity left him no other desire than to die in his native country. His wealth easily procured him an invitation to pass his life with us; and being incapable of any amusement but conversation, he necessarily became familiarized to me, whom he found studious and domestick. Pleased with an opportunity of imparting my knowledge, and eager of any intelligence that might increase it, I delighted his curiosity with historical narratives and explications of nature, and gratified his vanity by enquiries after the products of distant countries, and the customs of their inhabitants.

My brother saw how much I advanced in the favour of our guest, who being without heirs, was naturally expected to enrich the family of his friend, but neither attempted to alienate me, nor to ingratiate himself. He was indeed little qualified to solicit the affection of a traveller, for the remissness of his education had left him without any rule of action but his present humour. He often forsook the old gentleman in the midst of an adventure, because the horn sounded in the court-yard, and would have lost an opportunity, not only of knowing the history, but sharing the wealth of the Mogul, for the trial of a new pointer, or the sight of a horse-race.

It was therefore not long before our new friend declared his intention of bequeathing to me the profits of his commerce, as the only man in the family by whom he could expect them to be rationally enjoyed. This distinction drew upon me the envy not only of my brother but my father.

As no man is willing to believe that  
X x 2

he suffers by his own fault, they imputed the preference which I had obtained to adulatory compliances, or malignant calumnies. To no purpose did I call upon my patron to attest my innocence, for who will believe what he wishes to be false? In the heat of disappointment they forced their inmate by repeated insults to depart from the house, and I was soon, by the same treatment, obliged to follow him.

He chose his residence in the confines of London, where rest, tranquillity, and medicine, restored him to part of the health which he had lost. I pleased myself with perceiving that I was not likely to obtain an immediate possession of wealth which no labour of mine had contributed to acquire; and that he, who had thus distinguished me, might hope to end his life without a total frustration of those blessings which, whatever be their real value, he had sought with so much diligence, and purchased with so many vicissitudes of danger and fatigue.

He indeed left me no reason to repine at his recovery, for he was willing to accustom me early to the use of money, and set apart for my expences such a revenue as I had scarcely dared to imagine. I can yet congratulate myself that fortune has seen her golden cup once tasted without inebriation. Neither my modesty nor prudence were overwhelmed by affluence; my elevation was without insolence, and my expence without profusion. Employing the influence which money always confers to the improvement of my understanding, I mingled in parties of gaiety, and in conferences of learning, appeared in every place where instruction was to be found, and imagined that by ranging through all the diversities of life, I had acquainted myself fully with human nature, and learned all that was to be known of the ways of men.

It happened, however, that I soon discovered how much was wanted to the completion of my knowledge, and found that, according to Seneca's remark, I had hitherto seen the world but on one side. My patron's confidence in his increase of strength tempted him to carelessness and irregularity; he caught a fever by riding in the rain, of which he died delirious on the third day. I hurried him without any of the heir's affected grief or secret exultation; then preparing to take a legal possession of his

fortune, opened his closet, where a will, made at his first arrival, by my father was appointed the heir, and nothing was left me but a legacy sufficient to support me in the prosecution of my studies.

I had not yet found such chance of prosperity as to continue it by a course of forgery or injustice, and made to inform my father of the riches had been given him, not by the display of kindness, but by the declaration of kindred, but by the declaration of indolence, and cowardice of age. A hungry family flew like vultures upon my prey, and soon made my disappointment public by the tumult of their clamour and the splendor of their sorrow.

It was now my part to consider how I should repair the disappointment; I could not but triumph in my loss, my friends, which comprised almost all that name that power or knowledge could give to eminence, and in the prospect of innumerable roads to honour and advancement, which I had laid open to myself by the wise use of temporary success. I believed nothing necessary but to continue that acquaintance which I had been so readily admitted to, and which had hitherto been equal on both sides with equal ardour.

Full of these expectations, I one day ordered a chair, with an intention to make my usual circle of morning calls. Where I first stopped I saw two fellows loitering at the door, who told me that my master had changed his countenance, that their master had died; and suffered me to open the door without assistance. I found my friend standing, and as I was about to enter with my former freedom, was so intreated to sit down; but did not think to be favoured with any further demonstrations.

My next experiment was made with a levee of a statesman, who received me with an embrace of tenderness, and might with more decency public change of fortune to the success about him. After he had enjoyed his triumph of condolence, he turned me to the scorn of those who had courted my notice, and solicited my interest.

I was then set down at the door of another, who upon my entrance met me with great solemnity to think of a settled provision for life. I left his

hurried away to an old friend, who professed himself unsusceptible of any impressions from prosperity or misfortune, and begged that he might see me when he was more at leisure.

At sixty-seven doors at which I knocked in the first week after my appearance in a mourning dress, I was denied admission at forty-six; was suffered at fourteen to wait in the outer room till business was dispatched; at four was entertained with a few questions about the weather; at one heard the footman rated for bringing my name; and at two was informed in the flow of casual conversation, how much a man of rank degrades himself by mean company.

My curiosity now led me to try what reception I should find among the ladies; but I found that my patron had carried all my powers of pleasing to the grave. I had formerly been celebrated as a wit, and not perceiving any languor in my imagination, I essayed to revive that gaiety which had hitherto broken out involuntarily before my sentences were finished. My remarks were now heard with a steady countenance, and if a girl happened to give way to habitual merriment, her forwardness was repressed with a frown by her mother or her aunt.

Wherever I come I scatter infirmity and disease; every lady whom I meet in the Mall is too weary to walk; all whom I intreat to sing are troubled with colds: if I propose cards, they are afflicted with the head-ach; if I invite them to the gardens, they cannot bear a crowd.

All this might be endured; but there is a class of mortals who think my understanding impaired with my fortune, exalt themselves to the dignity of advice, and whenever we happen to meet, presume to prescribe my conduct, regulate my economy, and direct my pursuits. Another race, equally impertinent and equally despicable, are every moment recommending to me an attention to my interest, and think themselves entitled, by their superior prudence, to reproach me if I speak or move without regard to profit.

Such, Mr. Rambler, is the power of wealth, that it commands the ear of greatness and the eye of beauty; gives spirit to the dull, and authority to the timorous; and leaves him from whom it departs, without virtue and without understanding, the sport of caprice, the scoff of insolence, the slave of meanness, and the pupil of ignorance.

I am, &c.

## Nº CLIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1751.

—TIBI RES ANTIQUÆ LAUDIS ET ARTIS  
AGGREDIOR, SANCTOS AUSUS RECLUDERE FONTES.

VIRG.

FOR THEE MY TUNEFUL ACCENTS WILL I RAISE,  
AND TREAT OF ARTS DISCLOS'D IN ANCIENT DAYS;  
ONCE MORE UNLOCK FOR THEE THE SACRED SPRING.

DRYDEN.

THE direction of Aristotle to those that study politicks, is, first to examine and understand what has been written by the ancients upon government; then to cast their eyes round upon the world, and consider by what causes the prosperity of communities is visibly influenced, and why some are worse, and others better administered.

The same method must be pursued by him who hopes to become eminent in any other part of knowledge. The first task is to search books, the next to contemplate nature. He must first possess himself of the intellectual treasures which

the diligence of former ages has accumulated, and then endeavour to increase them by his own collections.

The mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely wholly upon unassisted genius and natural sagacity. The wits of these happy days have discovered a way to fame, which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors durst never attempt; they cut the knots of sophistry which it was formerly the business of years to untie, solve difficulties by sudden irradiations of intelligence.

gence, and comprehend long processes of argument by immediate intuition.

Men who have flattered themselves into this opinion of their own abilities, look down on all who waste their lives over books, as a race of inferior beings condemned by nature to perpetual pupillage, and fruitlessly endeavouring to remedy their barrenness by incessant cultivation, or succour their feebleness by subsidiary strength. They presume that none would be more industrious than they, if they were not more sensible of deficiencies; and readily conclude, that he who places no confidence in his own powers, owes his modesty only to his weakness.

It is however certain, that no estimate is more in danger of erroneous calculations than those by which a man computes the force of his own genius. It generally happens at our entrance into the world, that by the natural attraction of similitude, we associate with men like ourselves, young, sprightly, and ignorant, and rate our accomplishments by comparison with theirs; when we have once obtained an acknowledged superiority over our acquaintances, imagination and desire easily extend it over the rest of mankind; and if no accident forces us into new emulations, we grow old, and die in admiration of ourselves.

Vanity, thus confirmed in her dominion, readily listens to the voice of idleness, and soothes the slumber of life with continual dreams of excellence and greatness. A man elated by confidence in his natural vigour of fancy and sagacity of conjecture, soon concludes that he already possesses whatever toil and enquiry can confer. He then listens with eagerness to the wild objections which folly has raised against the common means of improvement; talks of the dark chaos of indigested knowledge; describes the mischievous effects of heterogeneous sciences fermenting in the mind; relates the blunders of lettered ignorance; expatiates on the heroic merit of those who deviate from prescription, or shake off authority; and gives vent to the inflations of his heart by declaring that he owes nothing to pedants and universities.

All these pretensions, however confident, are very often vain. The laurels which superficial acuteness gains in triumphs over ignorance unsupported by

vivacity, are observed by Le lost whenever real learning and diligence appear against her; of gaiety are soon repressed by fidelity; and the artifices of it readily detected by those who carefully studied the question easily confounded or surprised.

But though the contemner had neither been deceived by himself, and was really born more surpassing the ordinary mankind; yet surely such gilded incitements to labour, than incitements to negligence. He that the culture of ground, nature is more shamefully culpable whose field would scarcely his husbandry.

Cicero remarks, that not what has been transacted times, is to continue always. If no use is made of the labours of the past, the world must remain the infancy of knowledge. The varieties of every man must to his own advantage, and in every age be employed or which the past generation has and determined. We may reproach borrow science as from our ancestors; and it is to live in caves till our own erected a palace, as to reject the knowledge of architecture which standings will not supply.

To the strongest and quickest is far easier to learn than to principles of arithmetick and may be comprehended by a man in a few days; yet who himself that the study of would have enabled him to do so many nations, whose suppose less liberally endowed with natural reason, than the Grecians?

Every science was thus first towards perfection, by the diligence of contemporary men the gradual discoveries of one proving on another. Some expected flashes of instruction out by the fortuitous collision of incidents, or an involuntary coincidence of ideas, in which the to whom they happened had merit than that of knowing

ing, unclouded to posterity, which had been kindled by his power. The happiness of human illuminations no man can procure to himself, because no one can procure them; and therefore be our abilities or apply ourselves to learn from perhaps would have lain hid in human penetration, had not enquiry brought it to light. Ifures are thrown up by the and the digger in the rude of their common occupations.

whose genius qualifies him for undertakings, must at least be able to learn from books the present state of knowledge; that he may know himself the invention of any new knowledge; weary his attention with experiments of which the event is not registered; and waste, in which have already succeeded, that time which might be employed with usefulness and to new undertakings.

though the study of books is necessary, it is not sufficient to constitute wisdom. He that wishes to be able to instruct the benefactors of posterity, must add by his own toil to the knowledge of his ancestors, and secure it from neglect by some valuable monument. This can only be done by looking out upon the wastes of the eternal world, and extending his learning over regions yet

undisciplined and barbarous; or by surveying more exactly her ancient dominions; and driving ignorance from the fortresses and retreats where she skulks undetected and undisturbed. Every science has its difficulties which yet call for a solution before we attempt new systems of knowledge; as every country has its forests and marshes, which it would be wise to cultivate and drain, before distant colonies are projected as a necessary discharge of the exuberance of inhabitants.

No man ever yet became great by imitation. Whatever hopes for the veneration of mankind must have invention in the design or the execution; either the effect must itself be new, or the means by which it is produced. Either truths hitherto unknown must be discovered, or those which are already known enforced by stronger evidence, facilitated by clearer method, or elucidated by brighter illustrations.

Fame cannot spread wide or endure long that is not rooted in nature, and manured by art. That which hopes to resist the blast of malignity, and stand firm against the attacks of time, must contain in itself some original principle of growth. The reputation which arises from the detail or transposition of borrowed sentiments, may spread for a while, like ivy, on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn away by accident or contempt, and suffered to rot unheeded on the ground.

## LV. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1751.

—STERILES TRANSMISIMUS ANNOS,  
HÆC AVI MIHI PRIMA DIES, HÆC LIMINA VITÆ.

STAT.

—OUR BARREN YEARS ARE PAST;  
THIS OF LIFE THE FIRST, OF SLOTH THE LAST.

ELPHINSTON,

knefs of the human mind are frequently incurred, rather than the negligence with which we overlook their own faults, grant, and the easiness with which we pardon them, however frequent.

generally believed, that, as we do not see itself, the mind has a faculty by which it can contemplate its state, and that therefore

we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which, like innumerable other postulates, an enquirer finds himself inclined to admit upon very little evidence, because it affords a ready solution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greatest abilities frequently fail to promote the happiness of those who possess them; why those who can distinguish with the utmost nicety the boundaries of vice and virtue

virtue suffer them to be confounded in their own conduct; why the active and vigilant resign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one sigh of solicitude or struggle for escape.

When a position teems thus with commodious consequences, who can without regret confess it to be false? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a disposition to describe the dominion of the passions as extended beyond the limits that nature assigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourselves, but persuades us that they escape the notice of others, and disposes us to resent censures lest we should confess them to be just. We are secretly conscious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the publick eye, and please ourselves with innumerable impostures, by which, in reality, nobody is deceived.

In proof of the dimness of our internal sight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the success of the most absurd and incredible flattery, and the resentment always raised by advice, however soft, benevolent, and reasonable. But flattery, if it's operation be nearly examined, will be found to owe it's acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it consoles our wants than displays our possessions. He that shall solicit the favour of his patron by praising him for qualities which he can find in himself, will be defeated by the more daring panegyrist who enriches him with adscitious excellence. Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present. The acknowledgment of those virtues on which conscience congratulates us, is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of those which we only feign, or desire without any vigorous endeavours to attain them, is received as a confession of sovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable decision of disputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves; and the officious moni-

tor is persecuted with hatred, because his accusation is false, but he assumes that superiority which is not willing to grant him, and he to detect what we desired to conceal.

For this reason advice is considered ineffectual. If those who solicit call of their desires, without whither they are going, had deviated from the paths of wisdom were rushing upon dangers until they would readily listen to instruction that recalls them from their error catch the first alarm by which reputation or infamy is denounced. To wander in the wrong way mistaking the right, they only find it more and flowery, and indulge their choice rather than approve it: a few are persuaded to quit it by censure or reproof, since it impresses conviction, nor confers any punishment or resistance. He that is informed how soon profusion annihilates his fortune, hears with advantage what he knew best catches at the next occasion of because advice has no force to his vanity. He that is told how intemperance will hurry him to grave, runs with his usual speed on his new course of luxury, because reason is not invigorated, nor his weakened.

The mischief of flattery is, it persuades any man that he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition, by the opinion that honour may be obtained without the toil of merit; and the fit of advice arises commonly, any new light imparted to the mind from the discovery which it affords publick suffrages. He that consults conscience is frightened at and shame prevails when reason is defeated.

As we all know our own failings know them commonly with aggravations which human perception cannot discover, there is, perhaps, no man, however hardened by sin or dissipated by levity, sheltered from reproach or blasted by disgrace, who does not intend some time to review his conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life by the laws of virtue. Temptations indeed attack him, and invitations are offered by pleasures, and the hour of repose

is delayed; every delay gives vice an opportunity of fortifying itself; and the change of manners, a sincerely intended and rationally considered, is referred to the time when a raving passion shall be fully gratified, or some powerful allurements its opportunity.

As procrastination is accumulated procrastination, and one impediment adds another, till age shatters our vision, or death intercepts the project of amendment. Such is often the end of many purposes, after they have delighted the imagination, and aphant that disquiet which every mind is not known misconduct, when the mind is not diverted by business or pleasure.

Indolence surely can be more unworthy a reasonable nature, than to continue in a state so opposite to real happiness, as that all the peace of solitude, the solace of meditation, must arise from resolutions of forsaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men who pass months and years in a continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, betrayed by passion, into practices they closed and opened their eyes to avoid; purposes which, when settled on conviction, the first glimpse of momentary desire totally over-

comes. The influence of custom is indeed that to conquer it will require the best efforts of fortitude and virtue; and I think any men more worthy veneration and renown, than those who have burst the shackles of habitual

This victory however has differences of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroic as the objects of guilt and temptation are more familiar, and the consequence of solicitation more frequent. A man from experience of the folly of idleness resigns his offices, may set himself free at once from temptation to alter his life in courts, because he cannot regain his former station. He is enslaved by an amorous passion, quits his tyrant in disgust, and abhors himself, without the help of reason, and is by degrees the desire of reformation. But those appetites to which the world affords their proper objects, which require no preparatory mea-

sures or gradual advances, are more tenaciously adhesive; the wish is so near the enjoyment, that compliance often precedes consideration, and before the powers of reason can be summoned, the time for employing them is past.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse to indolence is soft and imperceptible, because it is only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from privation to reality.

*Facilis descensus avernæ:*

*Noctes atque dies patet atri janua diis;  
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad  
auras,*

*Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

VIRG.

The gates of Hell are open night and day;  
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way;  
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,  
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

DRYDEN.

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conscious; we all know our own state, if we could be induced to consider it; and it might perhaps be useful to the conquest of all these enslavers of the mind, if at certain stated days life was reviewed. Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly and frequently awakened by periodical remorse. He that thus breaks his life into parts, will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.



Nº CLVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1751.

NUNQUAM ALIUD NATURA, ALIUD SAPIENTIA DICIT.

JUV.

FOR WISDOM EVER ECHOES NATURE'S VOICE.

EVERY government, says the politicians, is perpetually degenerating towards corruption, from which it must be rescued at certain periods by the resuscitation of it's first principles, and the re-establishment of it's original constitution. Every animal body, according to the methodick physicians, is, by the predominance of some exuberant quality, continually declining towards disease and death, which must be obviated by a seasonable reduction of the peccant humour to the just equipoise which health requires.

In the same manner the studies of mankind, all at least which, not being subject to rigorous demonstration, admit the influence of fancy and caprice, are perpetually tending to error and confusion. Of the great principles of truth which the first speculatists discovered, the simplicity is embarrassed by ambitious additions, or the evidence obscured by inaccurate argumentation; and as they descend from one succession of writers to another, like light transmitted from room to room, they lose their strength and splendour, and fade at last in total evanescence.

The systems of learning therefore must be sometimes reviewed, complications analysed into principles, and knowledge disentangled from opinion. It is not always possible, without a close inspection, to separate the genuine shoots of consequential reasoning, which grow out of some radical postulate, from the branches which art has engrafted on it. The accidental prescriptions of authority, when time has procured them veneration, are often confounded with the laws of nature, and those rules are supposed coeval with reason, of which the first rise cannot be discovered.

Criticism has sometimes permitted fancy to dictate the laws by which fancy ought to be restrained, and fallacy to perplex the principles by which fallacy is to be detected; her superintendence of others has betrayed her to negligence of herself; and, like the ancient Scythians,

by extending her conquests over distant regions, she has left her throne vacant to her slaves.

Among the laws of which the desire of extending authority, or ardour of promoting knowledge, has prompted the prescription, all which writers have received, had not the same original right to our regard. Some are to be considered as fundamental and indispensable, others only as useful and convenient; some as dictated by reason and necessity, others as enacted by despotic antiquity; some as invincibly supported by their conformity to the order of nature and operations of the intellect; others as formed by accident, or instituted by example, and therefore always liable to dispute and alteration.

That many rules have been advanced without consulting nature or reason, we cannot but suspect, when we find it peremptorily decreed by the ancient masters, that *only three speaking personages should appear at once upon the stage*; a law which, as the variety and intricacy of modern plays has made it impossible to be observed, we now violate without scruple, and, as experience proves, without inconvenience.

The original of this precept was merely accidental. Tragedy was a monody or solitary song in honour of Bacchus, improved afterwards into a dialogue by the addition of another speaker; but the ancients, remembering that the tragedy was at first pronounced only by one, durst not for some time venture beyond two; at last, when custom and impunity had made them daring, they extended their liberty to the admission of three, but restrained themselves by a critical edict from further exorbitance.

By what accident the number of acts was limited to five, I know not that any author has informed us; but certainly it is not determined by any necessity arising either from the nature of action or propriety of exhibition. An act is only the representation of such a part

the business of the play as pro-an unbroken tenor, or without immediate pause. Nothing is ident than that of every real, and sequence of every dramatick action; intervals may be more or fewer; and indeed the rule is upon the stage every day broken in without any other mischief than which arises from an absurd endeavour to observe it in appearance. When the scene is shifted the action some time is necessarily suspended while the personages of the play change their place.

There is no greater right to our obedience than the critics confined the dramatick action to a certain number of

Probability requires that the action should approach somewhat to that of exhibition, and those who will always be thought most happy who conduct which crowd the greatest into the least space. But since it frequently happen that some defects be admitted, I know not the limits of imagination can be. It is rarely observed that minds, possessed by mechanical criticism, are offended from the extension of rivals between the acts; nor can we it absurd or impossible, that can multiply three hours into twenty-four, might image with a greater number.

Now not whether he that professes and no other laws than those of will not be inclined to receive comedy to his protection, whom, generally condemned, her own have hitherto shaded from the tions of criticism. For what is the mingled drama which imreason can condemn? The conflict important with trivial incidents, a not only common but perpetual world, may surely be allowed the stage, which pretends only to mirror of life. The improvement suppressing passions before we ifed them to the intended agitation of diverting the expectation event which we keep suspended raise it, may be speciously urged will not experience shew this to be rather subtle than just? it certain that the tragick and affections have been moved equally with equal force, and that no

plays have oftener filled the eye with tears, and the breast with palpitation, than those which are variegated with interludes of mirth?

I do not however think it safe to judge of works of genius merely by the event. The resistless vicissitudes of the heart, the alternate prevalence of merriment and solemnity, may sometimes be more properly ascribed to the vigour of the writer than the justness of the design: and instead of vindicating tragicomedy by the success of Shakespeare, we ought perhaps to pay new honours to that transcendent and unbounded genius that could preside over the passions in sport; who, to actuate the affections, needed not the slow gradation of common means, but could fill the heart with instantaneous jollity or sorrow, and vary our disposition as he changed his scenes. Perhaps the effects even of Shakespeare's poetry might have been yet greater, had he not counteracted himself; and we might have been more interested in the distresses of his heroes, had we not been so frequently diverted by the jokes of his buffoons.

There are other rules more fixed and obligatory. It is necessary that of every play the chief action should be single; for since a play represents some transaction, through it's regular maturation to it's final event, two actions equally important must evidently constitute two plays.

As the design of tragedy is to instruct by moving the passions, it must always have a hero, a personage apparently and incontestably superior to the rest, upon whom the attention may be fixed, and the anxiety suspended. For though of two persons opposing each other with equal abilities and equal virtue, the auditor will inevitably in time choose his favourite, yet as that choice must be without any cogency of conviction, the hopes or fears which it raises will be faint and languid. Of two heroes acting in confederacy against a common enemy, the virtues or dangers will give little emotion, because each claims our concern with the same right, and the heart lies at rest between equal motives.

It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because

because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of beauties within his

view, by a needless fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact.

## Nº CLVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1751.

ΟΙ δίδε  
 Πύρρον, ἢ ἀνδρὶς μέγα σθένος ἔδ' ἐνέμεν.

HOM.

SHAME GREATLY HURTS OR GREATLY HELPS MANKIND.

ELPHINSTON.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**T**HOUGH one of your correspondents has presumed to mention with some contempt that pretence of attention and easiness of address, which the polite have long agreed to celebrate and esteem, yet I cannot be persuaded to think them unworthy of regard or cultivation; but am inclined to believe that, as we seldom value rightly what we have never known the misery of wanting, his judgment has been vitiated by his happiness; and that a natural exuberance of assurance has hindered him from discovering it's excellence and use.

This felicity, whether bestowed by constitution, or obtained by early habits, I can scarcely contemplate without envy. I was bred under a man of learning in the country, who inculcated nothing but the dignity of knowledge, and the happiness of virtue. By frequency of admonition, and confidence of assertion, he prevailed upon me to believe, that the splendour of literature would always attract reverence, if not darkened by corruption. I therefore pursued my studies with incessant industry, and avoided every thing which I had been taught to consider either as vicious or tending to vice, because I regarded guilt and reproach as inseparably united, and thought a tainted reputation the greatest calamity.

At the university, I found no reason for changing my opinion; for though many among my fellow-students took the opportunity of a more remiss discipline to gratify their passions; yet virtue preserved her natural superiority, and those who ventured to neglect, were not suffered to insult her. The ambition of petty accomplishments found it's way into the receptacles of learning, but was

observed to seize commonly on those who either neglected the sciences, or could not attain them; and I was therefore confirmed in the doctrines of my old master, and thought nothing worthy of my care but the means of gaining or imparting knowledge.

This purity of manners, and intensity of application, soon extended my renown, and I was applauded by those whose opinion I then thought unlikely to deceive me, as a young man that gave uncommon hopes of future eminence. My performances in time reached my native province, and my relations congratulated themselves upon the new honours that were added to their family.

I returned home covered with academical laurels, and fraught with criticism and philosophy. The wit and the scholar excited curiosity, and my acquaintance was solicited by innumerable invitations. To please will always be the wish of benevolence, to be admired must be the constant aim of ambition; and I therefore considered myself as about to receive the reward of my honest labours, and to find the efficacy of learning and of virtue.

The third day after my arrival I dined at the house of a gentleman who had summoned a multitude of his friends to the annual celebration of his wedding-day. I set forward with great exultation, and thought myself happy that I had an opportunity of displaying my knowledge to so numerous an assembly. I felt no sense of my own insufficiency, till going up stairs to the dining-room, I heard the mingled roar of obtrusive merriment. I was however disgusted rather than terrified, and went forward without dejection. The whole company rose at my entrance; but when I saw so many eyes fixed at once upon me, I was blasted with a sudden imbecility, I was





by some nameless power which I found impossible to be resisted. My sight dazzled, my cheeks glowed, my senses were confounded; I was overcome by the multitude of eager salutations and returned the common civilities with hesitation and impropriety; some of my own blunders increased confusion, and before the exchange of civilities allowed me to sit down, I began to sink under the oppression of my senses; my voice grew weak, and my limbs trembled.

The assembly then resumed their seats, and I sat with my eyes fixed upon the ground. To the questions of curiosity or the appeals of complaisance, I seldom answer but with negative replies, or professions of ignorance for the subjects on which they asked were such as are seldom discussed in books, and were therefore out of my range of knowledge. At length a clergyman, who rightly conjectured the reason of my consciousness, renewed by some questions about the state of natural knowledge, and encouraged me, by an appearance of doubt and position, in the explication and defence of the Newtonian philosophy. My consciousness of my own abilities freed me from depression, and long study with my subject enabled me to speak with ease and volubility; but as I might please myself, I found little added by my demonstrations to the satisfaction of the company and the agonist, who knew the laws of conversation too well to detain their attention upon an unpleasing topic, and had commended my acuteness to my apprehension, dismissed the company, and resigned me to my former silence and perplexity. At my dinner, I received from the lady who had heard that I was a writer, an invitation to the tea-table. I contented myself upon an opportunity to retire from the company, whose gaiety was to be tumultuous, and among several hints had been dropped of the uselessness of universities, the folly of learning, and the awkwardness of scholars. To the ladies therefore I retired as to a refuge from clamour, instead of rusticity; but found my heart was again disconcerted by the ceremony of entrance, and confounded by

the necessity of encountering so many eyes at once.

When I sat down I considered that something pretty was always said to ladies, and resolved to recover my credit by some elegant observation or graceful compliment. I applied myself to the recollection of all that I had read or heard in praise of beauty, and endeavoured to accommodate some classical compliment to the present occasion. I sunk into profound meditation, revolved the characters of the heroines of old, considered whatever the poets have sung in their praise, and after having borrowed and invented, chosen and rejected a thousand sentiments, which, if I had uttered them, would not have been understood, I was awakened from my dream of learned gallantry by the servant who distributed the tea.

There are not many situations more incessantly uneasy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to speak, without courage to take it when it is offered, and who, though he resolves to give a specimen of his abilities, always finds some reason or other for delaying it to the next minute. I was ashamed of silence, yet could find nothing to say of elegance or importance equal to my wishes. The ladies, afraid of my learning, thought themselves not qualified to propose any subject of prattle to a man so famous for dispute, and there was nothing on either side but impotence and vexation.

In this conflict of shame, as I was reassembling my scattered sentiments, and resolving to force my imagination to some sprightly fairy, had just found a very happy compliment, by too much attention to my own meditations, I suffered the saucer to drop from my hand. The cup was broken, the lap-dog was scolded, a brocade'd petticoat was stained, and the whole assembly was thrown into disorder. I now considered all hopes of reputation as at an end, and while they were consoling and assisting one another, stole away in silence.

The misadventures of this unhappy day are not yet at an end; I am afraid of meeting the meanest of them that triumphed over me in this state of stupidity and contempt, and feel the same terrors encroaching upon my heart at the sight of those who once impressed them. Shame, above any other passion, pro-

pagates itself. Before those who have seen me confused, I can never appear without new confusion, and the remembrance of the weakness which I formerly discovered, hinders me from acting or speaking with my natural force.

But is this misery, Mr. Rambler, never to cease? Have I spent my life in study only to become the sport of the ignorant, and debarred myself from all the common enjoyments of youth to collect ideas which must sleep in silence,

and form opinions which I must not divulge? Inform me, dear Sir, by what means I may rescue my faculties from these shackles of cowardice, how I may rise to a level with my fellow-beings, recal myself from this languor of involuntary subjection to the free exertion of my intellects, and add to the power of reasoning the liberty of speech.

I am, Sir, &c.

VERECUNDULUS.

## Nº CLVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1751.

GRAMMATICI CERTANT, ET ADHUC SUB JUDICE LIS EST. HOR.

—CRITICKS YET CONTEND,

AND OF THEIR VAIN DISPUTINGS FIND NO END.

FRANCIS.

**C**RITICISM, though dignified from the earliest ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and sagacity, and, since the revival of polite literature, the favourite study of European scholars, has not yet attained the certainty and stability of science. The rules hitherto received are seldom drawn from any settled principle or self-evident postulate, or adapted to the natural and invariable constitution of things; but will be found upon examination the arbitrary edicts of legislators, authorised only by themselves, who, out of various means by which the same end may be attained, selected such as happened to occur to their own reflexion, and then, by a law which idleness and timidity were too willing to obey, prohibited new experiments of wit, restrained fancy from the indulgence of her innate inclination to hazard and adventure, and condemned all future flights of genius to pursue the path of the Meonian eagle.

This authority may be more justly opposed, as it is apparently derived from them whom they endeavour to controul; for we owe few of the rules of writing to the acuteness of criticks, who have generally no other merit than that, having read the works of great authors with attention, they have observed the arrangement of their matter, or the graces of their expression, and then expected honour and reverence for precepts which they never could have invented: so that practice has introduced rules, *22*—*than* rules have directed practice.

For this reason the laws of every spe-

cies of writing have been settled by the ideas of him who first raised it to reputation, without enquiry whether his performances were not yet susceptible of improvement. The excellencies and faults of celebrated writers have been equally recommended to posterity; and so far has blind reverence prevailed, that even the number of their books has been thought worthy of imitation.

The imagination of the first authors of lyrick poetry was vehement and rapid, and their knowledge various and extensive. Living in an age when science had been little cultivated, and when the minds of their auditors, not being accustomed to accurate inspection, were easily dazzled by glaring ideas, they applied themselves to instruct, rather by short sentences and striking thoughts, than by regular argumentation; and finding attention more successfully excited by sudden fallies and unexpected exclamations, than by the more artful and placid beauties of methodical deduction, they loosed their genius to its own course, passed from one sentiment to another without expressing the intermediate ideas, and roved at large over the ideal world with such lightness and agility, that their footsteps are scarcely to be traced.

From this accidental peculiarity of the ancient writers the criticks deduce the rules of lyrick poetry, which they have set free from all the laws by which other compositions are constrained, and allow to neglect the niceties of transition, to start into remote digressions,

as, and to wander without reason one scene of imagery to another.

ter of later times has, by the of his essays, reconciled man the same licentiousness in short ms; and he therefore who wants a plan, or diligence to pursue only entitle his performance to acquire the right of heaping the collections of half his life, order, coherence, or propriety. ing, as in life, faults are endured at disgust when they are altogether transcendent merit, and may times recommended to weak s by the lustre which they obtain their union with excellence; e business of those who presume tend the taste or morals of man-eparate delusive combinations, inguish that which may be om that which can only be ex-As vices never promote happiness when overpowered by more l more numerous virtues, they tally destroy it; so confusion gularity produce no beauty, ey cannot always obstruct the of genius and learning. To rom one truth to another, and istant propositions by regular ices, is the great prerogative

Independent and unconnecteds flashing upon the mind in cession, may, for a time, de- their novelty, but they differ ematical reasoning, as single y harmony, as glances of light- the radiance of the sun.

rules are thus drawn, rather cedents than reason, there is it only from the faults of an ut from the errors of those ise his works; since they may ead their pupils by false repre-, as the Ciceronians of the six- tury were betrayed into bary corrupt copies of their dar- er.

established at present, that the lines of a poem, in which the bject is proposed, must be void and embellishment. 'The

s of Paradise Lost,' says Ad- ure perhaps as plain, simple, adorned, as any of the whole in which particular the author formed himself to the example r, and the precept of Horace.'

This observation seems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion without consideration either of the precept or example. Had Horace been consulted, he would have been found to direct only what should be comprised in the proposition, not how it should be expressed, and to have commended Homer in opposition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the judicious expansion of his plan; for displaying unpromised events, not for producing unexpected elegancies.

— *Speciosa dibinc miracula promit.*

*Antiphaten Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim.*

But from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,  
And pours his specious miracles to sight;  
Antiphaten his hideous feast devours,  
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

FRANCIS.

If the exordial verses of Homer be compared with the rest of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainness or simplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Ἀνδρά μοι ἔνπειρα Μῦσα πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ

Πλαγχθῆναι, ἐπεὶ Τροίης ἱερὸν πειλομένοισιν ἔπειρα·

Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἰδὲν ἄετα, καὶ πόσιν ἔγνω

Πολλὰ δ' ἔγχε' ἐν σθένει παθεῖν ἄλγιστα δὲ καλὰ θεῶν,

Ἄστυ μέγαν· ἦν γὰρ Πύρρον καὶ πόρσις ἐπὶ δαίρῳ·

Ἄλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ἀτρεῖς ἐβρύτατο ἱεμένους παρ'

Αὐτῶν γὰρ σφέτερον ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ἔλαθε,

Νῆπιον αἰ κατὰ βοῦς ἰπερίοιο· ἠελίοιο

Ἦσθιον αὖτ' ἀρ' ὁ τοῖσιν ἀφειλέτοισιν ὅσμιον ἡμῶν,

Τὸν ἀμείβεαι γέ, θεῖα, θυγάτηρ Διὸς, εἰσὶ καὶ ἡμεῖν.

The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,  
Long exercis'd in woes, O muse! resound.

Who, when his arms had wrought the destruction'd fall

Of sacred Troy, and rais'd her heav'n-built wall,

Wand'ring from clime to clime observant stray'd,

Their manners noted, and their states survey'd,

On stormy seas, unnumber'd toils he bore,  
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shores

Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey  
On herds devoted to the god of day:

The god vindictive doom'd them never more  
(Ah, men unblest'd!) to touch that natal

shore.

O snatch some portion of these acts from fate,  
Celestial muse! and to our world relate.

POPE.

The



The first verses of the *Iliad* are in like manner particularly splendid, and the proposition of the *Eneid* closes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of Virgil.

The intent of the introduction is to raise expectation, and suspend it; something therefore must be discovered, and something concealed; and the poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet

unknown, may properly recommend himself by the grace of his language.

He that reveals too much, or promises too little; he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or that immediately satiates it, equally defeats his own purpose. It is necessary to the pleasure of the reader, that the events should not be anticipated; and how then can his attention be invited, but by grandeur of expression?

## Nº CLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1751.

SUNT VERBA ET VOCES, QUIBUS HUNC LENIRE DOLOREM  
POSSIS ET MAGNAM MORBI DEPONERE PARTEM.

HOR.

THE POW'R OF WORDS, AND SOOTHING SOUNDS, APPEASE  
THE RAGING PAIN, AND LESSEN THE DISEASE.

FRANCIS.

THE imbecility with which Ver-  
cundulus complains that the pre-  
sence of a numerous assembly freezes  
his faculties, is particularly incident to  
the studious part of mankind, whose  
education necessarily secludes them in  
their earlier years from mingled con-  
verse; till at their dismissal from schools  
and academies they plunge at once into  
the tumult of the world, and coming  
forth from the gloom of solitude are  
overpowered by the blaze of publick  
life.

It is perhaps kindly provided by na-  
ture, that, as the feathers and strength  
of a bird grow together, and her wings  
are not completed till she is able to fly, so  
some proportion should be preserved in  
the human kind between judgment and  
courage; the precipitation of inexperience  
is therefore restrained by shame, and  
we remain shackled by timidity, till  
we have learned to speak and act with  
propriety.

I believe few can review the days of  
their youth, without recollecting temp-  
tations, which shame, rather than vir-  
tue, enabled them to resist; and opi-  
nions which, however erroneous in their  
principles, and dangerous in their con-  
sequences, they have panted to advance  
at the hazard of contempt and hatred,  
when they found themselves irresistibly  
depressed by a languid anxiety, which  
seized them at the moment of utterance,  
and still gathered strength from their  
endeavours to resist it.

It generally happens that assurance

keeps an even pace with ability, and the  
fear of miscarriage, which hinders our  
first attempts, is gradually dissipated as  
our skill advances towards certainty of  
success. That bashfulness therefore  
which prevents disgrace, that short and  
temporary shame which secures us from  
the danger of lasting reproach, cannot  
be properly counted among our mis-  
fortunes.

Bashfulness, however it may incom-  
mode for a moment, scarcely ever pro-  
duces evils of long continuance; it may  
flush the cheek, flutter in the heart, de-  
ject the eyes, and enchain the tongue,  
but it's mischiefs soon pass off with-  
out remembrance. It may sometimes  
exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any  
avenue to sorrow or remorse.

It is observed somewhere, that *few  
have repented of having forborne to  
speak.*

To excite opposition, and inflame  
malevolence, is the unhappy privilege  
of courage made arrogant by consci-  
ousness of strength. No man finds in him-  
self any inclination to attack or oppose  
him who confesses his superiority by  
blushing in his presence. Qualities ex-  
erted with apparent fearfulness, receive  
applause from every voice, and support  
from every hand. Diffidence may check  
resolution, and obstruct performance,  
but compensates it's embarrassments by  
more important advantages; it con-  
ciliates the proud, and softens the severe,  
averts envy from excellence, and ces-  
sure from miscarriage.

may indeed happen that knowledge and virtue remain too long congealed by the frigid power, as the principles of vegetation are sometimes obstructed by lingering frosts. He that falls late into a public station, though all the abilities requisite to the discharge of his duty, will find his progress at first impeded by a timidity which he himself knows to be vicious, must struggle long against dejection and elucance, before he obtains the command of his own attention, and the gracefulness of ease to the dignity of merit.

In this disease of the mind I know whether any remedies of much efficacy can be found. To advise a man accustomed to the eyes of multitudes to stand a tribunal without perturbation to tell him whose life has passed in shades of contemplation, that he will not be disconcerted or perplexed in giving and returning the compliments of a splendid assembly, is to advise an inhabitant of Brasil or Sumatra to shiver at an English winter, or who has always lived upon a plain to look from a precipice without emotion.

It is to suppose custom instantaneous, controllable by reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precept that which only time and habit can bestow. He that hopes by philosophy and conversation alone to fortify himself against that awe which all, at their first entrance on the stage of life, must receive from the spectators, will, at the hour of need, be mocked by his resolution; and I doubt whether the precepts which Plato relates Alcibiades to have received from Socrates, when he was about to speak in public, proved sufficient to secure him from the power of fascination.

It is as the effects of time may by art and industry be accelerated or retarded, so it is not improper to consider how troublesome an instinct may be opposed when it exceeds its just proportion, and instead of repressing petulance

and temerity, silences eloquence, and debilitates force; since, though it cannot be hoped that anxiety should be immediately dissipated, it may be at least somewhat abated; and the passions will operate with less violence, when reason rises against them, than while she either slumbers in neutrality, or, mistaking her interest, lends them her assistance.

No cause more frequently produces bashfulness than too high an opinion of our own importance. He that imagines an assembly filled with his merit, panting with expectation, and hushed with attention, easily terrifies himself with the dread of disappointing them, and strains his imagination in pursuit of something that may vindicate the veracity of fame, and shew that his reputation was not gained by chance. He considers, that what he shall say or do will never be forgotten; that renown or infamy are suspended upon every syllable, and that nothing ought to fall from him which will not bear the test of time. Under such solicitude, who can wonder that the mind is overwhelmed, and by struggling with attempts above her strength, quickly sinks into languishment and despondency?

The most useful medicines are often unpleasing to the taste. Those who are oppressed by their own reputation, will perhaps not be comforted by hearing that their cares are unnecessary. But the truth is, that no man is much regarded by the rest of the world. He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. While we see multitudes passing before us, of whom perhaps not one appears to deserve our notice, or excite our sympathy, we should remember, that we likewise are lost in the same throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us, and that the utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.



# THE A M B L E R.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

X. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1751.

— INTER SE CONVENIT URSIS.

JUV.

BEASTS OF EACH KIND THEIR FELLOWS SPARE;  
BEAR LIVES IN AMITY WITH BEAR.

world,' says Locke, 'has people of all sorts.' As in hurry produced by the superabundance, and necessities of others, and to stand still for want of it, so in the innumerable gradability, and endless varieties of inclination, no employment is wanted for want of a man to discharge it.

Probably the natural state of man, but it is so much deformed by self and passion, that the best adaptation of men to things is only perceived. The folly of those who set their services on lines them to boast of qualities which they do not possess, and business which they do not understand; and they who have the signing to others the task of being honest or seldom happy in nations. Patrons are corrupt, cheated by credulity, or by irresistible solicitation. They are too strongly influenced by prejudices of friendship, or absence of virtuous compassion. Never cool reason may direct, only for a man of tender and goodness to overlook the impact of his own actions, by his eyes upon remoter consequences to do that which must not pain, for the sake of obviating himself, or securing advancement to come. What is distant obscure, and, when we have

no wish to see it, easily escapes our notice, or takes such a form as desire or imagination bestows upon it.

Every man might for the same reason, in the multitudes that swarm about him, find some kindred mind with which he could unite in confidence and friendship; yet we see many straggling single about the world, unhappy for want of an associate, and pining with the necessity of confining their sentiments to their own bosoms.

This inconvenience arises in like manner from struggles of the will against the understanding. It is not often difficult to find a suitable companion, if every man would be content with such as he is qualified to please. But if vanity tempts him to forsake his rank, and post himself among those with whom no common interest or mutual pleasure can ever unite him, he must always live in a state of unsocial separation, without tenderness and without trust.

There are many natures which can never approach within a certain distance, and which, when any irregular motive impels them towards contact, seem to start back from each other by some invincible repulsion. There are others which immediately cohere whenever they come into the reach of mutual attraction, and with very little formality of preparation mingle intimately as soon as they meet. Every man, whom either business or curiosity has thrown at large into the world, will recollect many instances of fondness and dislike, which

have forced themselves upon him without the intervention of his judgment; of dispositions to court some and avoid others, when he could assign no reason for the preference, or none adequate to the violence of his passions; of influence that acted instantaneously upon his mind, and which no arguments or persuasions could ever overcome.

Among those with whom time and intercourse have made us familiar, we feel our affections divided in different proportions without much regard to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows some whom he cannot induce himself to trust, though he has no reason to suspect that they would betray him; those to whom he cannot complain, though he never observed them to want compassion; those in whose presence he never can be gay, though excited by invitations to mirth and freedom; and those from whom he cannot be content to receive instruction, though they never insulted his ignorance by contempt or ostentation.

That much regard is to be had to those instincts of kindness and dislike, or that reason should blindly follow them, I am far from intending to inculcate: it is very certain that by indulgence we may give them strength which they have not from nature, and almost every example of ingratitude and treachery proves, that by obeying them we may commit our happiness to those who are very unworthy of so great a trust. But it may deserve to be remarked, that since few contend much with their inclinations, it is generally vain to solicit the good-will of those whom we perceive thus involuntarily alienated from us; neither knowledge nor virtue will reconcile antipathy, and though officiousness may for a time be admitted, and diligence applauded, they will at last be dismissed with coldness, or discouraged by neglect.

Some have indeed an occult power of stealing upon the affections, of exciting universal benevolence, and disposing every heart to fondness and friendship. But this is a felicity granted only to the favourites of nature. The greater part of mankind find a different reception from different dispositions; they sometimes obtain unexpected caresses from those whom they never flattered with uncommon regard, and sometimes exhaust all their arts of pleasing without

effect. To these it is necessary to look round and attempt every breast in which they find virtue sufficient for the foundation of friendship; to enter into the crowd, and try whom chance will offer to their notice, till they fix on some temper congenial to their own, as the magnet rolled in the dust collects the fragments of it's kindred metal from a thousand particles of other substances.

Every man must have remarked the facility with which the kindness of others is sometimes gained by those to whom he never could have imparted his own. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almost into different species, which regard one another for the most part with scorn and malignity. Each of these classes of the human race has desires, fears, and conversation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itself; cares which another cannot feel; pleasures which he cannot partake; and modes of expressing every sensation which he cannot understand. That frolic which shakes one man with laughter, will convulse another with indignation; the strain of jocularly which in one place obtains treats and patronage, would in another be heard with indifference, and in a third with abhorrence.

To raise esteem we must benefit others; to procure love we must please them. Aristotle observes, that old men do not readily form friendships, because they are not easily susceptible of pleasure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal guilt the favourite amusement, he whose mind is employed on the same objects, and who therefore never harasses the understanding with unaccustomed ideas, will be welcomed with ardour, and left with regret, unless he destroys those recommendations by faults with which peace and security cannot consist.

It were happy if, in forming friendships, virtue could concur with pleasure; but the greatest part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid disingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that suffers himself to be driven or allured from virtue, mistakes his own interest, since he gains succour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him, and for which at last he must scorn himself.

10 CLXI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1751.

Οὐκ ἄρα φύλλον γένει, τύχῃ δ' Ἀνδρῶν. HOM.

FRAIL AS THE LEAVES THAT QUIVER ON THE SPRAYS,  
LIKE THEM MAN FLOURISHES, LIKE THEM DECAYS.

MR. RAMBLER.

YOU have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barrowledge, and that the mind is led to study and enquiry rather uneasiness of ignorance, than the profit. Nothing can be of less use to any present interest than the fortune of those who have been lost in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. It is the zeal of a true antiquary, more necessary than to mention which mankind have conspired to prevent; he will make his way to the scenes of action through obscurity and contradiction, as Tully sought bushes and brambles the tomb of heroes.

It is not easy to discover how it comes to pass that gathers the produce, or the rent of an estate, to know what families the land has passed to is registered in the Conqueror's as it's possessor, how often it has forfeited by treason, or how often by prodigality. The power of the present inhabitants of a country cannot be much increased by any after the names of those barons, who destroyed one another centuries ago, in contests for the right of woods or convenience of tillage. Yet we see that no man can rest in the enjoyment of a new estate till he has learned the history of the grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the parish, and that no nation to record the actions of their ancestors, however bloody, savage, and absurd.

The same disposition, as different opportunities call it forth, discovers itself in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wise man to be in total inactivity, only because it appears to have no employment to his ambition or genius; it is our custom to apply my atten-

tion to the objects before me, and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the history and antiquities of the several garrets in which I have resided.

*Quantulacunque esis, vos ego magna voco.*

How small to others, but how great to me!

Many of these narratives my industry has been able to extend to a considerable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the house, and can give no account of it's ancient revolutions; the plaiterfer having, at her entrance, obliterated, by his white-wash, all the smoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling. and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philosophers, and poets.

When I first cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me, that she hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the first floor had stipulated that the upper rooms should not be occupied by a noisy trade. I very readily promised to give no disturbance to her family, and soon dispatched a bargain on the usual terms.

I had not slept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predecessors, and found my landlady, whose imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure. Before she began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and discoveries, of elegance in disguise, and learning in distress; and was somewhat mortified when I heard that the first tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light; and after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a

piece

piece of cloth which he was trusted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at last received visits so frequently from a cousin in Cheapside, that she brought the reputation of the house into danger, and was therefore dismissed with good advice.

The room then stood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think that she had judged hardly, and often wished for such another lodger. At last an elderly man of a grave aspect read the bill, and bargained for the room at the very first price that was asked. He lived in close retirement, seldom went out till evening, and then returned early, sometimes cheerful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable, that whatever he purchased, he never had small money in his pocket, and though cool and temperate on other occasions, was always vehement and stormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactness, and seldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a supper. At last, such is the fate of human felicity, the house was alarmed at midnight by the constable, who demanded to search the garrets. My landlady assuring him that he had mistaken the door, conducted him up stairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty house, and escaped; much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honest man, and wonders why any body should be hanged for making money when such numbers are in want of it. She however confesses that she shall for the future always question the character of those who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teased for seven weeks by innumerable passengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five stories, and then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of a publick street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to a low ceiling, required the walls to be hung with fresh paper, asked questions about the neighbour-

hood, could not think of living so far from their acquaintance, wished the windows had looked to the south rather than the west, told how the door and chimney might have been better disposed, bid her half the price that she asked, or promised to give her earnest the next day, and came no more.

At last, a short meagre man, in a tarnished waistcoat, desired to see the garret, and when he had stipulated for two long shelves, and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great satisfaction, and repeated some words which the woman did not understand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took possession of his room, and lived very inoffensively, except that he frequently disturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unseasonable noises. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he sometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, sometimes stamped as in rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vociferations; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went up stairs he often repeated—

—“*O; vāṣṭrātā dīṃātā vāṣṭi,*

This habitant th' aerial regions boast,

hard words, to which his neighbours listened so often, that they learned them without understanding them. What was his employment she did not venture to ask him, but at last heard a printer's boy enquire for the author.

My landlady was very often advised to beware of this strange man, who, though he was quiet for the present, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as she was punctually paid, she could not find any sufficient reason for dismissing him, till one night he convinced her, by setting fire to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for six weeks a succession of tenants, who left the house on Saturday, and instead of paying their rent, stormed at their landlady. At last she took in two sisters, one of whom

pent her little fortune in procuring relief for a lingering disease, and was supported and attended by the other: limbed with difficulty to the apartment, where she languished eight weeks out impatience, or lamentation, except for the expence and fatigue which sister suffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The sister followed to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away tears of useless sorrow, and return-

ing to the business of common life, resigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, are the changes which have happened in the narrow space where my present fortune has fixed my residence. So true it is that amusement and instruction are always at hand for those who have skill and willingness to find them; and so just is the observation of Juvenal, that a single house will shew whatever is done or suffered in the world.

I am, Sir, &c.

## Nº CLXII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1751.

ORRUS ES, ET LOCUPLES, ET BRUTO CONSULE NATUS,  
ESSE TIBI VERAS CREDIS AMICITIAS?  
SUNT VERÆ; SED QUAS JUVENIS, QUAS PAUPER HABEBAS,  
QUIS NOVUS EST, MORTEM DILIGIT ILLE TUAM.

MART.

WHAT! OLD, AND RICH, AND CHILDLESS TOO,  
AND YET BELIEVE YOUR FRIENDS ARE TRUE?  
TRUTH MIGHT PERHAPS TO THOSE BELONG,  
TO THOSE WHO LOV'D YOU POOR AND YOUNG;  
BUT, TRUST ME, FOR THE NEW YOU HAVE,  
THEY'LL LOVE YOU DEARLY—IN YOUR GRAVE.

F. LEWIS.

ONE of the complaints uttered by Milton's Sampson, in the anguish of blindness, is, that he shall pass his life in the direction of others; that he not regulate his conduct by his own wisdom, but must lie at the mercy of those who undertake to guide him.

There is no state more contrary to the duty of wisdom than perpetual and unattended dependence, in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is moved from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to a degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of its power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.

Such is the weakness of man, that the use of things is seldom so much regulated as external and accidental advantages. A small variation of trifling circumstances, a slight change of form by artificial dress, or a casual difference of appearance, by a new light and situation, will conciliate affection or excite aversion, and determine us to pursue or to avoid. Every man considers a necessity of compliance with any will of his own, as the lowest state of igno-

miny and meanness; few are so far lost in cowardice or negligence, as not to rouse at the first insult of tyranny, and exert all their force against him who usurps their property, or invades any privilege of speech or action. Yet we see often those who never wanted spirit to repel encroachment or oppose violence, at last, by a gradual relaxation of vigilance, delivering up, without capitulation, the fortress which they defended against assault, and laying down unbidden the weapons which they grasped the harder for every attempt to wrest them from their hands. Men eminent for spirit and wisdom often resign themselves to voluntary pupillage, and suffer their lives to be modelled by officious ignorance, and their choice to be regulated by presumptuous stupidity.

This unresisting acquiescence in the determination of others may be the consequence of application to some study remote from the beaten track of life, some employment which does not allow leisure for sufficient inspection of those petty affairs by which nature has decreed a great part of our duration to be filled. To a mind thus withdrawn from common objects, it is more eligible to repose on the prudence of another, than to be exposed every moment to slight interruptions.



ruptions. The submission which such confidence requires, is paid without pain, because it implies no confession of inferiority. The business from which we withdraw our cognizance, is not above our abilities, but below our notice. We please our pride with the effects of our influence thus weakly exerted, and fancy ourselves placed in a higher orb, from which we regulate subordinate agents by a slight and distant superintendence. But whatever vanity or abstraction may suggest, no man can safely do that by others which might be done by himself; he that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve will at last be deceived.

It is however impossible but that, as the attention tends strongly towards one thing, it must retire from another; and he that omits the care of domestick business, because he is engrossed by enquiries of more importance to mankind, has at least the merit of suffering in a good cause. But there are many who can plead no such extenuation of their folly; who shake off the burthen of their station, not that they may soar with less incumbrance to the heights of knowledge or virtue, but that they may loiter at ease and sleep in quiet; and who select for friendship and confidence not the faithful and the virtuous, but the soft, the civil, and compliant.

This openness to flattery is the common disgrace of declining life. When men feel weakness increasing on them, they naturally desire to rest from the struggles of contradiction, the fatigue of reasoning, the anxiety of circumspection; when they are hourly tormented with pains and diseases, they are unable to bear any new disturbance, and consider all opposition as an addition to misery, of which they feel already more than they can patiently endure. Thus desirous of peace, and thus fearful of pain, the old man seldom enquires after any other qualities in those whom he caresses, than quickness in conjecturing his desires, activity in supplying his wants, dexterity in intercepting complaints before they approach near enough to disturb him, flexibility to his present humour, submission to hasty petulance, and attention to wearisome narrations. By these arts alone many have been able to defeat the claims of kindred and of me-

rit, and to enrich themselves with presents and legacies.

Thrasylbulus inherited a large fortune, and augmented it by the ruin of several lucrative employments which he discharged with honour and civility. He was at last wise enough to consider, that life should not be wholly to accumulation, and that retiring to his estate, applied himself to the education of his children, and cultivation of domestick happiness.

He passed several years in this amusement, and saw his care amply compensated: his daughters were celebrated for modesty and elegance; his sons for learning, prudence, and merit. In time the eagerness with which the neighbouring gentlemen courted alliance, obliged him to resign his sisters to other families; the vivacious curiosity of his sons hurried them from rural privacy into the open world, whence they had not soon an inclination to return. This however he had hoped; he pleased himself with the success of his schemes, and felt no inconvenience from solitude till an accident deprived him of his wife.

Thrasylbulus had now no company, and the maladies of increasing age were taken from him much of the pleasure of procuring amusement for himself. He thought it necessary to procure a superior friend who might ease him of his economical solitudes, and divert him by cheerful conversation. All the qualities he soon recollected in Vavasour, clerk in one of the offices over which he had formerly presided. Vavasour was invited to visit his old patron, and by his station acquainted with the most decent modes of life, and by constant practice dextrous in business, entertained him with so many novelties, readily disentangled his affairs, and was desired to resign his clerkship in acceptance of a liberal salary in the house of Thrasylbulus.

Vavasour having always lived in a state of dependance, was well versed in the art by which favour is obtained, and without repugnance or hesitation accommodated himself to every capricious echo every opinion. He never doubted but to be convinced, nor attempted opposition but to flatter Thrasylbulus in the pleasure of a victory. By this artifice he found his way into his p-

heart, and having first made himself agreeable, soon became important. His insidious diligence, by which the laziness of age was gratified, engrossed the management of affairs; and his petty offices of civility, and occasional intercessions, persuaded the tenants to consider him as their friend and benefactor, and to entreat his enforcement of their representations of hard years, and his countenance to petitions for abatement of rent.

Thrasylbulus had now banquered on flattery, till he could no longer bear the harshness of remonstrance, or the intipidity of truth. All contrariety to his own opinion shocked him like a violation of some natural right, and all recommendation of his affairs to his own in-

spection was dreaded by him as a summons to torture. His children were alarmed by the sudden riches of Vafer, but their complaints were heard by their father with impatience, as the result of a conspiracy against his quiet, and a design to condemn him, for their own advantage, to groan out his last hours in perplexity and drudgery. The daughters retired with tears in their eyes, but the son continued his importunities till he found his inheritance hazarded by his obstinacy. Vafer triumphed over all their efforts, and continuing to confirm himself in authority, at the death of his master purchased an estate, and bade defiance to enquiry and justice.

## Nº CLXIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1751.

MITTE SUPPERA PATI FASTIDIA, SPERMQUE CADUCAM  
DESPICE; VIVE TIBI, NAM MORIERE TIBI.

SENECA.

HOW TO NO PATRON'S INSOLENCE; RELY  
ON NO FRAIL HOPES, IN FREEDOM LIVE AND DIE.

F. LEWIS.

**NONE** of the cruelties exercised by wealth and power upon indigence and dependance is more mischievous in its consequences, or more frequently practised with wanton negligence, than the encouragement of expectations which are never to be gratified, and the elation and depression of the heart by needless vicissitudes of hope and disappointment.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments; any enlargement of wishes is therefore equally destructive to happiness with the diminution of possession; and he that teaches another to long for what he never shall obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

But representations thus refined exhibit no adequate idea of the guilt of pretended friendship; of artifices by which followers are attracted only to decorate the retinue of pomp, and swell the shout of popularity, and to be dismissed with contempt and ignominy, when their leader has succeeded or miscarried, when he is sick of show, and weary of noise. While a man, infatuated with the promises of greatness, wastes his hours and days in attendance and solicitation, the honest opportuni-

ties of improving his condition pass by without his notice; he neglects to cultivate his own barren soil, because he expects every moment to be placed in regions of spontaneous fertility; and is seldom roused from his delusion, but by the gripe of distress which he cannot resist, and the sense of evils which cannot be remedied.

The punishment of Tantalus in the infernal regions affords a just image of hungry servility, flattered with the approach of advantage, doomed to lose it before it comes into his reach, always within a few days of felicity, and always sinking back to his former wants.

Καί μιν Τάνταλον ἑστάντων χαλεπὸν ἀλγὲς ἔχοντα  
ἔραστο, ἢ δὲ πρὸς ἑταλὰς γαίης·  
στεινὸν δὲ διψῶν· στείνῳ δ' ὕδατος ἔλκεσθαι.  
Οὐδ' αὖτε γὰρ κῦψαι ὁ γίγνεται στείνῳ μέλειν.  
Τότε χαλῶντα ἀχελύσκει διὰ τοῦ ὄρεος ἀμφὶ δὲ  
πρὸς τὴν

Γαίαν ἀναφάνεσκε· καταζήσκει δὲ δάμνην.  
Δίνδεια δ' ὑψιπέτρελα καταρείθων χεῖς καὶ πόδι.  
Ὅχραι, ἢ γαῖαι, ἢ μολαὶ ἀργαῖαι· πῶς  
Συλαὶ τὲ γυνοῖραι, ἢ ἑλπίαι τολεῖσθαι.  
Τὸν ἑνὸς ἱούσι ἐγίγνεται ἐπὶ χερσὶ μάσαςθαι  
τὰς δ' ἀνέμους ῥέπασσιν πῶς νύστα σκιοῖσθαι.

'I saw,' says Homer's Ulysses, 'the  
'severe punishment of Tantalus. In  
a lake

' a lake whose waters approached to his lips, he stood burning with thirst, without the power to drink. When- ever he inclined his head to the stream, some deity commanded it to be dry, and the dark earth appeared at his feet. Around him lofty trees spread their fruits to view; the pear, the pomegranate, and the apple, the green olive, and the luscious fig, quivered before him, which, whenever he extended his hand to seize them, were snatched by the winds into clouds and obscurity.'

This image of misery was perhaps originally suggested to some poet by the conduct of his patron, by the daily contemplation of splendor which he never must partake, by fruitless attempts to catch at interdicted happiness, and by the sudden evanescence of his reward, when he thought his labours almost at an end. To groan with poverty, when all about him was opulence, riot, and superfluity, and to find the favours which he had long been encouraged to hope, and had long endeavoured to deserve, squandered at last on nameless ignorance, was to thirst with water flowing before him, and to see the fruits to which his hunger was hailing, scattered by the wind. Nor can my correspondent, whatever he may have suffered, express with more justness or force the vexations of dependance.

## TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am one of those mortals who have been courted and envied as the favourites of the great. Having often gained the prize of composition at the university, I began to hope that I should obtain the same distinction in every other place, and determined to forsake the profession to which I was destined by my parents, and in which the interest of my family would have procured me a very advantageous settlement. The pride of wit fluttered in my heart; and when I prepared to leave the college, nothing entered my imagination but honours, caresses, and rewards, riches without labour, and luxury without expence.

I however delayed my departure for a time, to finish the performance by which I was to draw the first notice of mankind upon me. When it was completed, I hurried to London, and consid-

dered every moment that passed before it's publication as lost in a kind of neutral existence, and cut off from the golden hours of happiness and fame. The piece was at last printed and disseminated by a rapid sale; I wandered from one place of concourse to another, feasted from morning to night on the repetition of my own praises, and enjoyed the various conjectures of criticks, the mistaken candour of my friends, and the impotent malice of my enemies. Some had read the manuscript, and rectified it's inaccuracies; others had seen it in a state so imperfect, that they could not forbear to wonder at it's present excellence; some had conversed with the author at the coffee-house; and others gave hints that they had lent him money.

I knew that no performance is so favourably read as that of a writer who suppresses his name, and therefore resolved to remain concealed, till those by whom literary reputation is established had given their suffrages too publicly to retract them. At length my bookseller informed me that Aurantius, the standing patron of merit, had sent enquiries after me, and invited me to his acquaintance.

The time which I had long expected was now arrived. I went to Aurantius with a beating heart, for I looked upon our interview as the critical moment of my destiny. I was received with civilities, which my academick rudeness made me unable to repay; but when I had recovered from my confusion, I prosecuted the conversation with such liveliness and propriety, that I confirmed my new friend in his esteem of my abilities, and was dismissed with the utmost ardour of profession, and raptures of fondness.

I was soon summoned to dine with Aurantius, who had assembled the most judicious of his friends to partake of the entertainment. Again I exerted my powers of sentiment and expression, and again found every eye sparkling with delight, and every tongue silent with attention. I now became familiar at the table of Aurantius, but could never, in his most private or jocund hours, obtain more from him than general declarations of esteem, or endearments of tenderness, which included no particular promise, and therefore conferred no claim. This frigid reserve somewhat disgusted me; and when he complained of three days

absence.

I took care to inform him with  
ch importunity of kindness I had  
ained by his rival Pollio.

ntius now considered his honour  
agered by the desertion of a wit;

I should have an inclination to  
told me that I could never find  
more constant or zealous than  
that indeed he had made no

, because he hoped to surprise  
a advancement, but had been  
promoting my interest, and should  
his good offices, unless he  
he kindness of others more de-

n, Mr. Rambler, have ever ven-  
our philosophy within the at-  
of greatness, you know the force  
anguage introduced with a sinile  
ous tenderness, and impressed at  
lusion with an air of solemn sin-  
From that instant I gave myself  
ly to Aurantius; and as he in-  
yrefused his former gaiety, ex-  
every morning a summons to  
ployment of dignity and profit.  
nth succeeded another, and in  
of appearances I still fancied

earer to my wishes, and conti-  
dream of success, and wake to  
ntment. At last the failure of  
fortune compelled me to abate  
y which I hitherto thought ne-  
o the company with whom I af-  
and the rank to which I should  
l. Aurantius, from the moment  
he discovered my poverty, con-  
me as fully in his power, and  
ds rather permitted my attend-  
in invited it; thought himself at  
to refuse my visits whenever he  
er amusements within reach, and  
ffered me to wait, without pre-  
any necessary business. When  
mitted to his table, if any man  
equal to his own was present,  
occasion to mention my writings,

and commend my ingenuity, by which  
he intended to apologize for the con-  
fusion of distinctions, and the improper  
assortment of his company; and often  
called upon me to entertain his friends  
with my productions, as a sportsman  
delights the squires of his neighbour-  
hood with the curvets of his horse, or  
the obedience of his spaniels.

To complete my mortification, it was  
his practice to impose tasks upon me, by  
requiring me to write upon such subjects  
as he thought susceptible of ornament  
and illustration. With these extorted  
performances he was little satisfied, be-  
cause he rarely found in them the ideas  
which his own imagination had suggest-  
ed, and which he therefore thought more  
natural than mine.

When the pale of ceremony is broken,  
rudeness and insult soon enter the breach.  
He now found that he might safely ha-  
rass me with vexation, that he had fixed  
the shackles of patronage upon me, and  
that I could neither resist him nor escape.  
At last, in the eighth year of my servi-  
tude, when the clamour of creditors was  
vehement, and my necessity known to  
be extreme, he offered me a small office;  
but hinted his expectation that I should  
marry a young woman with whom he  
had been acquainted.

I was not so far depressed by my ca-  
lamities as to comply with his proposal;  
but knowing that complaints and ex-  
postulations would but gratify his inso-  
lence, I turned away with that contempt  
with which I shall never want spirit to  
treat the wretch who can outgo the guilt  
of a robber without the temptation of  
his profit, and who lures the credulous  
and thoughtless to maintain the show of  
his levee, and the mirth of his table, at  
the expence of honour, happiness, and  
life.

I am, Sir, &c.

LIBERALIS.

## CLXIV. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1751.

———VITIUM, GAURUS, CATONIS HABES.

MART.

G AURUS PRETENDS TO CATO'S FAME;  
AND PROVES———BY CATO'S VICE, HIS CLAIM.

ISTINCTION is so pleasing  
the pride of man, that a great  
he pain and pleasure of life arises  
gratification or disappointment

of an incessant wish for superiority, from  
the success or miscarriage of secret com-  
petitions, from victories and defeats, of  
which, though they appear to us of great  
importance,

importance, in reality none are conscious except ourselves.

Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praise is the variety of means by which it's attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality, good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The ascents of honour, however steep, never appear inaccessible; he that despairs to scale the precipices by which valour and learning have conducted their favourites, discovers some by-path, or easier acclivity, which, though it cannot bring him to the summit, will yet enable him to overlook those with whom he is now contending for eminence; and we seldom require more to the happiness of the present hour, than to surpass him that stands next before us.

As the greater part of human kind speak and act wholly by imitation, most of those who aspire to honour and applause propose to themselves some example which serves as the model of their conduct, and the limit of their hopes. Almost every man, if closely examined, will be found to have enlisted himself under some leader whom he expects to conduct him to renown; to have some hero or other, living or dead, in his view, whose character he endeavours to assume, and whose performances he labours to equal.

When the original is well chosen and judiciously copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with abilities to discover new possibilities of excellence, and to distinguish themselves by means never tried before.

But folly and idleness often contrive to gratify pride at a cheaper rate: not the qualities which are most illustrious, but those which are of easiest attainment, are selected for imitation; and the honours and rewards which publick gratitude has paid to the benefactors of mankind, are expected by wretches who can only imitate them in their vices and defects, or adopt some petty singularities, of

which those from whom they rowed were secretly ashamed.

No man rises to such a height come conspicuous, but he is so censured by undiscerning malice reproaches him for his best accomplishments; and idolized on the ignorant admiration, which faults and follies into virtues. be observed, that he by whose his acquaintances imagine dignified, generally diffuses his mien and his habits; and without more vigilance than is applied to the regulation of the parts of behaviour, it is not as we converse much with one whose real character excites our veneration escape all contagion of his peculiar even when we do not deliberate them worthy of our notice, as they would have excited laugh gulf had they not been protected alliance to nobler qualities, indently comforted with knowledge with virtue.

The faults of a man loved or ed, sometimes steal secretly and ceptibly upon the wife and virt by injudicious fondness or the vanity are adopted with design is scarce any failing of mind any error of opinion, or dep practice, which, instead of shame and discontent, it's na fects, has not at one time or or dened vanity with the hopes and been displayed with ostent dustry by those who sought minds among the wits or her could prove their relation only tude of deformity.

In consequence of this pervi sion, every habit which red dems may be indulged and When a man is upbraided faults, he may indeed be pard endeavours to run for shelter celebrated name; but it is not fered that, from the retreats to fled from infamy, he should if with the confidence of conqu call upon mankind for praise. see men that waste their part luxury, destroy their health hauchery, and enervate their m idleness, because there have b whom luxury never could sink

nor idleness hinder from the praise  
of his.

is general inclination of mankind  
y characters in the gross, and the  
which the recommendation of il-  
lustrous examples adds to the allure-  
ment of vice, ought to be considered  
whose character excludes them  
the shades of secrecy, as incite-  
ment to scrupulous caution and univer-  
sality of manners. No man, how-  
ever enslaved to his appetites, or hurried  
by passions, can, while he preserves  
his faculties unimpaired, please himself  
in promoting the corruption of others.  
whose merit has enlarged his influ-  
ence would surely wish to exert it for  
the benefit of mankind. Yet such will  
be the effect of his reputation, while he  
allows himself to indulge any favourite  
vice, that they who have no hope to

reach his excellence will catch at his  
failings, and his virtues will be cited to  
justify the copiers of his vices.

It is particularly the duty of those  
who consign illustrious names to poste-  
rity, to take care lest their readers be mis-  
led by ambiguous examples. That  
writer may be justly condemned as an  
enemy to goodness, who suffers fond-  
ness or interest to confound right with  
wrong, or to shelter the faults which  
even the wisest and the best have com-  
mitted from that ignominy which guilt  
ought always to suffer, and with which  
it should be more deeply stigmatized  
when dignified by its neighbourhood to  
uncommon worth, since we shall be in  
danger of beholding it without abhor-  
rence, unless it's turpitude be laid open,  
and the eye secured from the deception  
of surrounding splendour.

NO CLXV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1751.

Ὁν νῆος, ἀλλὰ πένης; ἢ γὰρ πῶς. πλοῦτος εἶμι.

Ὁ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις,

Ὅς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δύναμαι. ὅπῃ δὲ ἐν εἴχῃ.

Νῦν δ' ἐπὶ χρῆσθαι μέδεται, τίτ' ἔχω.

ANTIPHILUS.

YOUNG WAS I ONCE AND POOR, NOW RICH AND OLD;  
A HARDER CASE THAN MINE WAS NEVER TOLD;  
BLEST WITH THE POW'R TO USE THEM—I HAD NONE;  
LOADED WITH RICHES NOW, THE POW'R IS GONE.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

IR,

HE writers who have undertaken  
the unpromising task of moderat-  
ing, exert all the power of their  
reason to shew that happiness is not  
of man, and have by many argu-  
ments and examples proved the instabi-  
lity of every condition by which envy or  
ambition are excited. They have set  
before our eyes all the calamities to which  
we are exposed from the frailty of nature,  
the influence of accident, or the strata-  
gems of malice; they have terrified great-  
ness with conspiracies, and riches with  
envy, wit with criticism, and beauty  
with disease.

All the force of reason, and all the  
power of language, are indeed neces-  
sary to support positions which every  
heart with a wish to confute them.  
She finds an easy entrance into the  
world when she is introduced by desire,  
attended by pleasure; but when she

intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear  
and sorrow in her train, the passes of the  
intellect are barred against her by pre-  
judice and passion; if she sometimes  
forces her way by the batteries of argu-  
ment, she seldom long keeps possession  
of her conquests, but is ejected by some  
favoured enemy, or at best obtains only  
a nominal sovereignty, without influ-  
ence and without authority.

That life is short we are all convinced,  
and yet suffer not that conviction to re-  
press our projects or limit our expecta-  
tions; that life is miserable we all feel,  
and yet we believe that the time is near  
when we shall feel it no longer. But to  
hope happiness and immortality is equal-  
ly vain. Our state may indeed be more  
or less unbittered, as our duration may  
be more or less contracted; yet the ut-  
most felicity which we can ever attain will  
be little better than alleviation of misery,  
and we shall always feel more pain from  
our wants than pleasure from our enjoy-  
ments.

ments. The incident which I am going to relate will shew, that to destroy the effect of all our success, it is not necessary that any single calamity should fall upon us, that we should be harassed by implacable persecution, or ex-cruciated by irremediable pains; the brightest hours of prosperity have their clouds, and the stream of life, if it is not ruffled by obstructions, will grow putrid by stagnation.

My father resolving not to imitate the folly of his ancestors, who had hitherto left the younger sons encumbrances on the eldest, destined me to a lucrative profession; and I being careful to lose no opportunity of improvement, was, at the usual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for the exercise of the business which I had chosen.

My eagerness to distinguish myself in publick, and my impatience of the narrow scheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not suffer me to continue long in the town where I was born. I went away as from a place of confinement, with a resolution to return no more, till I should be able to dazzle with my splendor those who now looked upon me with contempt, to reward those who had paid honours to my dawning merit, and to shew all who had suffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they mistook their interest in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were my intentions when I sallied forth into the unknown world, in quest of riches and honours, which I expected to procure in a very short time; for what could withhold them from industry and knowledge? He that indulges hope will always be disappointed. Reputation I very soon obtained; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myself yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity.

I had however in time surmounted the obstacles by which envy and competition obstruct the first attempts of a new claimant, and saw my opponents and censurers tacitly confessing their despair of success, by courting my friendship and yielding to my influence. They who once pursued me, were now satisfied to escape from me; and they who had before thought me presumptuous in hoping to overtake them, had now their utmost wish, if they were permitted at no great distance quietly to follow me.

My wants were not madly multiplied as my acquisitions increased; and the time came at length, when I thought myself enabled to gratify all reasonable desires, and when, therefore, I resolved to enjoy that plenty and serenity which I had been hitherto labouring to procure, to enjoy them while I was yet neither cruised by age into infirmity, nor to habituated to a particular manner of life as to be unqualified for new studies or entertainments.

I now quitted my profession, and to set myself at once free from all importunities to resume it, changed my residence, and devoted the remaining part of my time to quiet and amusement. Amidst innumerable projects of pleasure which restless idleness incited me to form, and of which most, when they came to the moment of execution, were rejected for others of no longer continuance, some accident revived in my imagination the pleasing ideas of my native place. It was now in my power to visit those from whom I had been so long absent, in such a manner as was consistent with my former resolution, and I wondered how it could happen that I had so long delayed my own happiness.

Full of the admiration which I should excite, and the homage which I should receive, I dressed my servants in a more ostentatious livery, purchased a magnificent chariot, and resolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with an unexpected blaze of greatness.

While the preparations that vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not easily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I thought very tedious, I solaced my impatience with imaging the various censures that my appearance would produce, the hopes which some would feel from my bounty, the terror which my power would strike on others; the awkward respect with which I should be accosted by timorous officiousness; and the distant reverence with which others, less familiar to splendour and dignity, would be contented to gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whether I should immediately descend to a level with my former acquaintances, or make my condescension more grateful by a gentle transition from haughtiness and reserve. At length I determined to forget some of my companions, till they discovered themselves by some indubitable token,

receive the congratulations of  
upon my good fortune with in-  
te, to show that I always ex-  
what I had now obtained. The  
tions of the populace I purposed  
rd with six hogsheds of ale, and  
1 ox, and then recommend to  
return to their work.

At all the trappings of grandeur  
ted, and I began the journey of  
, which I could have wished to  
ded in the same moment; but  
les felt none of their master's ar-  
nd I was shaken four days upon  
roads. I then entered the town,  
ing graciously let fall the glasses,  
y person might be seen, passed  
hrough the street. The noise  
wheels brought the inhabitants  
doors, but I could not perceive  
as known by them. At last I  
, and my name, I suppose, was  
my servants, for the barber  
on the opposite house, and seized  
his hand with honest joy in his  
ance, which, according to the  
it I had prescribed to myself, I  
l with a frigid graciousness. The  
instead of sinking into dejection,  
way with contempt, and left me  
ider how the second salutation  
be received. The next friend  
ter treated, for I soon found  
rust purchase by civility that re-  
ich I had expected to enforce  
ence.

There was yet no smoke of bonfires,

no harmony of bells, no shout of crowds,  
nor riot of joy; the business of the day  
went forward as before, and after hav-  
ing ordered a splendid supper, which no  
man came to partake, and which my  
chagrin hindered me from talking, I  
went to bed, where the vexation of dis-  
appointment overpowered the fatigue of  
my journey, and kept me from sleep.

I rose so much humbled by those  
mortifications, as to inquire after the pre-  
sent state of the town, and found that I  
had been absent too long to obtain the  
triumph which had flattered my expec-  
tation. Of the friends whose compli-  
ments I expected, some had long ago  
moved to distant provinces, some had lost  
in the maladies of age all sense of another's  
prosperity, and some had forgotten our  
former intimacy amidst care and dis-  
tresses. Of three whom I had resolved  
to punish for their former offences by a  
longer continuance of neglect, one was,  
by his own industry, raised above my  
scorn, and two were sheltered from it in  
the grave. All those whom I loved,  
feared or hated, all whose envy or whose  
kindness I had hopes of contemplating  
with pleasure, were swept away, and  
their place was filled by a new genera-  
tion with other views and other compe-  
titions; and among many proofs of the  
impotence of wealth, I found that it con-  
ferred upon me very few distinctions in  
my native place.

I am, Sir, &c.

SEROTINUS.

## CLXVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1751.

PAUPER ERIS SEMPER, SI PAUPER ES, ÆMILIANY,  
DANTUR OPES NULLIS NUNC NISI DIVITIBUS.

MART.

ONCE POOR, MY FRIEND, STILL POOR YOU MUST REMAIN;  
THE RICH ALONE HAVE ALL THE MEANS OF GAIN.

EDW. CAYE.

complaint has been more fre-  
quently repeated in all ages than  
the neglect of merit associated  
with poverty, and the difficulty with  
unusable or pleasing qualities force  
us into view, when they are ob-  
ject of indigence. It has been long  
known, that native beauty has little  
charm without the ornaments  
of fortune bestows, and that to  
be favoured of others is often suf-  
ficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

Every day discovers that mankind  
are not yet convinced of their error, or  
that their conviction is without power  
to influence their conduct; for poverty  
still continues to produce contempt, and  
still obtrudes the claims of kindred  
and of virtue. The eye of wealth is elevat-  
ed towards higher stations, and seldom  
descends to examine the actions of those  
who are placed below the level of its  
notice, and who in distant regions and  
lower situations are struggling with dis-  
tress.



trials, or toiling for bread. Among the multitudes overwhelmed with insuperable calamity, it is common to find those whom a very little assistance would enable to support themselves with decency, and who yet cannot obtain from near relations what they see hourly lavished in ostentation, luxury, or frolick.

There are natural reasons why poverty does not easily conciliate affection. He that has been confined from his infancy to the conversation of the lowest classes of mankind, must necessarily want those accomplishments which are the usual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indisputable right to reverence and kindness, they will not be distinguished by common eyes, unless they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are cast aside like unpolished gems, of which none but the artist knows the intrinsic value, till their asperities are smoothed and their incrustations rubbed away.

The grossness of vulgar habits obstructs the efficacy of virtue, as impurity and harshness of style impairs the force of reason, and rugged numbers turn off the mind from artifice of disposition, and fertility of invention. Few have strength of reason to over-rule the perceptions of sense; and yet fewer have curiosity or benevolence to struggle long against the first impression: he therefore who fails to please in his salutation and address, is at once rejected, and never obtains an opportunity of showing his latent excellencies, or essential qualities.

It is indeed not easy to prescribe a successful manner of approach to the distressed or necessitous, whose condition subjects every kind of behaviour equally to miscarriage. He whose confidence of merit incites him to meet without any apparent sense of inferiority the eyes of those who flattered themselves with their own dignity, is considered as an insolent leveller, impatient of the just prerogatives of rank and wealth, eager to usurp the station to which he has no right, and to confound the subordinations of society; and who would contribute to the exaltation of that spirit which even want and calamity are not able to restrain from rudeness and rebellion?

But no better success will commonly be found to attend servility and dejection,

which often give pride the confidence to treat them with contempt. A request made with diffidence and timidity is easily denied, because the petitioner himself seems to doubt it's fitness.

Kindness is generally reciprocal; we are desirous of pleasing others, because we receive pleasure from them; but by what means can the man please whose attention is engrossed by his distresses, and who has no leisure to be officious; whose will is restrained by his necessities, and who has no power to confer benefits; whose temper is perhaps vitiated by misery, and whose understanding is impeded by ignorance?

It is yet a more offensive discouragement, that the same actions performed by different hands produce different effects, and instead of rating the man by his performances, we rate too frequently the performance by the man. It sometimes happens in the combinations of life, that important services are performed by inferiors; but though their zeal and activity may be paid by pecuniary rewards, they seldom excite that flow of gratitude, or obtain that accumulation of recompence, with which all think it their duty to acknowledge the favour of those who descend to their assistance from a higher elevation. To be obliged, is to be in some respect inferior to another; and few willingly indulge the memory of an action which raises one whom they have always been accustomed to think below them, but satisfy themselves with faint praise and penurious payment, and then drive it from their own minds, and endeavour to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

It may be always objected to the services of those who can be supposed to want a reward, that they were produced not by kindness but interest; they are therefore, when they are no longer wanted, easily disregarded as arts of insinuation, or stratagems of selfishness. Benefits which are received as gifts from wealth, are exacted as debts from indigence; and he that in a high station is celebrated for superfluous goodness, would in a meaner condition have barely been confessed to have done his duty.

It is scarcely possible for the utmost benevolence to oblige, when exerted under the disadvantages of great inferiority; for by the habitual arrogance of

th, such expectations are commonly  
ed as no zeal or industry can satisfy;  
what regard can he hope who has  
less than was demanded from him?  
here are indeed kindnesses conferred  
h were never purchased by prece-  
favours, and there is an affection  
rising from gratitude or gross in-  
ly, by which similar natures are at-  
ed to each other, without prospect  
ny other advantage than the plea-  
of exchanging sentiments, and the  
of confirming their esteem of them-  
s by the approbation of each other.  
this spontaneous fondness seldom  
at the sight of poverty, which every  
regards with habitual contempt, and  
which the applause is no more court-  
y vanity, than the countenance is  
ited by ambition. The most gene-  
and disinterested friendship must be  
ved at last into the love of our-  
s; he therefore whose reputation or  
ity inclines us to consider his esteem  
testimonial of desert, will always  
our hearts open to his endearments.  
every day see men of eminence fol-

lowed with all the obsequiousness of  
dependance, and courted with all the  
blandishments of flattery, by those who  
want nothing from them but professions  
of regard, and who think themselves li-  
berally rewarded by a bow, a smile, or  
an embrace.

But those prejudices which every  
mind feels more or less in favour of  
riches, ought, like other opinions which  
only custom and example have impressed  
upon us, to be in time subjected to rea-  
son. We must learn how to separate the  
real character from extraneous adhesions  
and casual circumstances, to consider  
closely him whom we are about to adopt  
or to reject; to regard his inclinations  
as well as his actions; to trace out those  
virtues which lie torpid in the heart for  
want of opportunity, and those vices  
that lurk unseen by the absence of temp-  
tation; that when we find worth faintly  
shooting in the shades of obscurity, we  
may let in light and sunshine upon it,  
and ripen barren volition into efficacy  
and power.

## Nº CLXVII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1751.

CANDIDA PERPETUO RESIDE CONCORDIA LECTO,  
TAMQUE PARI SEMPER SIT VENUS AQUA JUGO.  
DILIGAT IPSA SEÑEM QUONDAM, SED ET IPSA MARITO  
TUM QUOQUE CUM FUERIT, NON VIDEATUR ANUS.

MART.

THEIR NUPTIAL BED MAY SMILING CONCORD DRESS,  
AND VENUS STILL THE HAPPY UNION BLESS!  
WRINKLED WITH AGE, MAY MUTUAL LOVE AND TRUTH  
TO THEIR DIM EYES RECALL THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

is not common to envy those with  
whom we cannot easily be placed in  
parison. Every man sees without  
evolence the progress of another in  
tracks of life which he has himself  
lesire to tread, and hears, without in-  
sation to cavils or contradiction, the  
own of those whose distance will not  
er them to draw the attention of man-  
d from his own merit. The sailor  
er thinks it necessary to confess the  
yer's abilities; nor would the Ram-  
r, however jealous of his reputation,  
much disturbed by the success of rival  
s at Agra or Ispahan.

We do not therefore ascribe to you

any superlative degree of virtue, when  
we believe that we may inform you of  
our change of condition without danger  
of malignant fascination; and that when  
you read of the marriage of your cor-  
respondents Hymenæus and Tranquilla,  
you will join your wishes to those of  
their other friends for the happy event  
of an union in which caprice and selfish-  
ness had so little part.

There is at least this reason why we  
should be less deceived in our connubial  
hopes than many who enter into the  
same state, that we have allowed our  
minds to form no unreasonable expecta-  
tions, nor vitiated our fancies, in the  
soft hours of courtship, with visions of  
felicity which human power cannot be-  
flow, or of perfection which human vir-  
tue

tue cannot attain. That impartiality with which we endeavoured to inspect the manners of all whom we have known was never so much overpowered by our passion, but that we discovered some faults and weaknesses in each other; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are inconveniencies likewise to be endured; and that, together with confederate intellects and auxiliar virtues, we must find different opinions and opposite inclinations.

We however flatter ourselves, for who is not flattered by himself as well as by others on the day of marriage, that we are eminently qualified to give mutual pleasure. Our birth is without any such remarkable disparity as can give either an opportunity of insulting the other with pompous names and splendid alliances, or of calling in, upon any domestick controversy, the overhearing assistance of powerful relations. Our fortune was equally suitable, so that we meet without any of those obligations which always produce reproach, or suspicion of reproach, which, though they may be forgotten in the gaieties of the first month, no delicacy will always suppress, or of which the suppression must be considered as a new favour, to be repaid by tameness and submission, till gratitude takes the place of love, and the desire of pleasing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

The settlements caused no delay; for we did not trust our affairs to the negotiation of wretches who would have paid their court by multiplying stipulations. Tranquilla scorned to detain any part of her fortune from him into whose hands she delivered up her person; and Hymenæus thought no act of baseness more criminal than his who enslaves his wife by her own generosity, who by marrying without a jointure condemns her to all the dangers of accident and caprice, and at last boasts his liberality, by granting what only the indiscretion of her kindness enabled him to withhold. He therefore received on the common terms the portion which any other woman might have brought him, and reserved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for those excellencies which he has yet been able to discover only in Tranquilla.

We did not pass the weeks of courtship like those who consider themselves

as taking the last draught of pleasure, and resolve not to quit the bowl without a surfeit, or who know themselves about to set happiness to hazard, and endeavour to lose their sense of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amusement, and whirl round the gulph before they sink. Hymenæus often repeated a medical axiom, that *the succours of sickness ought not to be wasted in health*. We know that however our eyes may yet sparkle, and our hearts bound at the presence of each other, the time of littlefulness and satiety, of preavillness and discontent, must come at last, in which we shall be driven for relief to shows and recreations; that the uniformity of life must be sometimes diversified, and the vacuities of conversation sometimes supplied. We rejoice in the reflection that we have stores of novelty yet unexhausted, which may be opened when repletion shall call for change, and gratifications yet untasted, by which life, when it shall become vapid or bitter, may be restored to it's former sweetness and sprightliness, and again irritate the appetite, and again sparkle in the cup.

Our time will probably be less tasteless than that of those whom the authority and avarice of parents unites almost without their consent in their early years, before they have accumulated any fund of reflection, or collected materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often seen rising in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to doze, whose happiness was celebrated by their neighbours, because they happened to grow rich by parsimony, and to be kept quiet by insensibility, and agreed to eat and to sleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no strangers to the faults and virtues, the designs and competitions, the hopes and fears, of our contemporaries. We have both amused our leisure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wisdom. Every occurrence furnishes us with some hint which one or the other can improve; and if it should happen that memory or imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving solitude.

Though our characters, beheld at a distance, exhibit this general resemblance, yet a nearer inspection discovers such a dissimilitude of our habits and sentiments, as leaves each some pe-

advantages, and affords that *con-discors*, that suitable disagreement which is always necessary to intel-harmony. There may be a tor-sity of ideas which admits no sation of the same delight, and may likewise be such a conformity ons, as leaves neither any thing to the decisions of the other. Such contrariety there can be no with such similarity there can deasure. Our reasonings, though ormed upon different views, ter-generally in the same conclusion. oughts, like rivulets issuing from springs, are each impregnated in rse with various mixtures, and by infusions unknown to the yet at last easily unite into one and purify themselves by the gen-vefence of contrary qualities. se benefits we receive in a greater as we converse without reserve, : we have nothing to conceal. ve no debts to be paid by imper-e deductions from avowed ex-, no habits to be indulged by the subserviency of a favoured servant, ate interviews of needy relations, elligence with spies placed upon her. We considered marriage as oft solemn league of perpetual hip, a state from which artifice ncealment are to be banished for

ever, and in which every act of dissimu-lation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardor of desire, which the first sight of pleasure naturally produces, have long ceased to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence; and experience has shewn us that few gratifications are too valuable to be sacrificed to complaisance. We have thought it convenient to rest from the fatigue of pleasure, and now only continue that course of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, supported in our resolution by mutual encouragement, and assisted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, is our prospect of life; a prospect which, as it is be-held with more attention, seems to open more extensive happiness, and spreads by degrees into the boundless regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, and we are doomed to give one instance more of the uncertainty of human discernment, we shall comfort ourselves amidst our disappointments, that we were not betrayed but by such delusions as caution could not escape, since we sought happiness only in the arms of virtue. We are, Sir, your humble servants,

HYMENÆUS,  
TRANQUILLA.

## CLXVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1751.

—DECIPIT  
FRONS PRIMA MULTOS, RARA MENS INTELLIGIT  
QUOD INTERIORE CONDIDIT CURA ANGULO.

PHÆDRUS.

THE TINSEL GLITTER, AND THE SPECIOUS MIEN,  
DELUDE THE MOST; FEW PRY BEHIND THE SCENE.

as been observed by Boileau, that mean or common thought expres-sion in pompous diction, generally ses more than a new or noble sen-ent delivered in low and vulgar uage; because the number is great- those whom custom has enabled idge of words, than whom study qualified to examine things. is solution might satisfy, if such ere offended with meanness of ex-n as are unable to distinguish pro-of thought, and to separate proms or images from the vehicles by they are conveyed to the under-

standing. But this kind of disgust is by no means confined to the ignorant or superficial; it operates uniformly and uni-versally upon readers of all classes; every man, however profound or ab-stracted, perceives himself irresistibly alienated by low terms; they who pro-fess the most zealous adherence to truth, are forced to admit that she owes part of her charms to her ornaments; and loses much of her power over the soul, when she appears disgraced by a dress uncouth or ill-adjusted.

We are all offended by low terms, but are not disgusted alike by the same com-positions.

positions, because we do not all agree to censure the same terms as low. No word is naturally or intrinsically meaner than another; our opinion therefore of words, as of other things arbitrarily and capriciously established, depends wholly upon accident and custom. The cottager thinks those apartments splendid and opulent, which an inhabitant of palaces will despise for their meagreness; and to him who has passed most of his hours with the delicate and polite, many expressions will seem sordid, which another, equally acute, may hear without offence; but a mean term never fails to displease him to whom it appears mean, as poverty is certainly and invariably despicable, though he who is poor in the eyes of some may by others be envied for his wealth.

Words become low by the occasions to which they are applied, or the general character of them who use them; and the disgust which they produce arises from the revival of those images with which they are commonly united. Thus if, in the most solemn discourse, a phrase happens to occur which has been successively employed in some ludicrous narrative, the gravest auditor finds it difficult to refrain from laughter, when they who are not prepossessed by the same accidental association are utterly unable to guess the reason of his merriment. Words which convey ideas of dignity in one age, are banished from elegant writing or conversation in another, because they are in time debased by vulgar mouths, and can be no longer heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleasing images.

When Mackbeth is confirming himself in the horrid purpose of stabbing his king, he breaks out amidst his emotions into a wish natural to a murderer.

—Come, thick night!  
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;  
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the  
dark,  
To cry, Hold, hold!

In this passage is exerted all the force of poetry, that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies sentiment, and animates matter; yet perhaps scarce any man now peruses it without some disturbance of his attention

from the contrafection of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful than to implore the presence of night, invested not in common obscurity, but in the smoke of hell? Yet the efficacy of this invocation is destroyed by the insertion of an epithet now seldom heard but in the stable, and *dun* night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.

If we start into raptures when some hero of the Iliad tells us that *ἔρποντο*—his lance-rings with eagerness to destroy; if we are alarmed at the terror of the soldiers commanded by Cæsar to hew down the sacred grove, who dreaded, says Lucan, lest the axe aimed at the oak should fly back upon the striker—

—*Si rebora sacra ferirent,  
In sua credebant reditura membra secures,*

None dares with impious steel the grove to  
rend,  
Lest on himself the destin'd stroke descend;

we cannot surely but sympathize with the horrors of a wretch about to murder his master, his friend, his benefactor, who suspects that the weapon will refuse it's office, and start back from the breast which he is preparing to violate. Yet this sentiment is weakened by the name of an instrument used by butchers and cooks in the meanest employment; we do not immediately conceive that any crime of importance is to be committed with a *knife*; or who does not, at last, from the long habit of connecting a knife with sordid offices, feel aversion rather than terror?

Mackbeth proceeds to wish, in the madness of guilt, that the inspection of heaven may be intercepted, and that he may, in the involutions of infernal darkness, escape the eye of Providence. This is the utmost extravagance of determined wickedness; yet this is so debased by two unfortunate words, that while I endeavour to impress on my reader the energy of the sentiment, I can scarce check my risibility, when the expression forces itself upon my mind; for who, without some relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt *peeping through a blanket*?

These imperfections of diction are less obvious to the reader, as he is less acquainted with common usages; they are therefore wholly imperceptible to a foreigner.

, who learns our language from and will strike a solitary academy forcibly than a modish lady. Among the numerous requisites that incur to complete an author, few more importance than an early entrance into the living world. The knowledge may be planted in ; but must be cultivated in public. Argumentation may be taught in ; and theories formed in retirement; but the artifice of embellishment and the powers of attraction, can be acquired only by general converse. Acquaintance with prevailing custom and fashionable elegance is necessary for other purposes. The grand imagery suffers from feeble language, personal merit may be lost in rudeness and indelicacy. The success of *Æneas* depended on the favour of the queen upon whose behalf he was driven, his celestial pro-

testress thought him not sufficiently secured against rejection by his piety or bravery, but decorated him for the interview with preternatural beauty. Whoever desires, for his writings or himself, what none can reasonably condemn, the favour of mankind, must add grace to strength, and make his thoughts agreeable as well as useful. Many complain of neglect who never tried to attract regard. It cannot be expected that the patrons of science or virtue should be solicitous to discover excellencies, which they who possess them shade and disguise. Few have abilities so much needed by the rest of the world as to be caressed on their own terms; and he that will not condescend to recommend himself by external embellishments, must submit to the fate of just sentiment meanly expressed, and be ridiculed and forgotten before he is understood.

## CLXIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1751.

NEC PLUTEUM CÆDIT, NEC DEMORSOS SAPIT UNGUES.

PERSIUS.

NO BLOOD FROM BITTEN NAILS THOSE POEMS DREW;

BUT, CHUAN'D LIKE SPITTLE, FROM THE LIPS THEY FLEW.

DRYDEN.

**T**URAL historians assert, that whatever is formed for long durations slowly to its maturity. The firmest timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed man in longevity, in proportion to the time between their conception and birth.

The same observation may be extended to the offspring of the mind. Hasty productions, however they please at first by luxury, and spread in the moment of temporary favour, can seldom endure the change of seasons, but feel the first blast of criticism, or neglect. When *Apelles* was vexed with the paucity of his progress, and the incessant attention which he retouched his pieces, he ended to make no other answer, *ut be painted for perpetuity*.

Modesty can more justly incur censure and indignation than that which flows from negligence and hurry. For who can be patient the writer who is so much superior to the rest of his

species, as to imagine that mankind are at leisure for attention to his extemporary sallies, and that posterity will repose on his casual effusions among the treasures of ancient wisdom?

Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of Arabia.

The greatest part of those who congratulate themselves upon their intellectual dignity, and usurp the privileges of genius, are men whom only themselves would ever have marked out as enriched by uncommon liberalities of nature, or entitled to veneration and immortality.

on easy terms. This ardour of confidence is usually found among those who, having not enlarged their notions by books or conversation, are persuaded, by the partiality which we all feel in our own favour, that they have reached the summit of excellence, because they discover none higher than themselves; and who acquiesce in the first thoughts that occur, because their scantiness of knowledge allows them little choice, and the narrowness of their views affords them no glimpse of perfection of that sublime idea which human industry has from the first ages been vainly toiling to approach. They see a little, and believe that there is nothing beyond their sphere of vision, as the Patuecos of Spain, who inhabited a small valley, conceived the surrounding mountains to be the boundaries of the world. In proportion as perfection is more distinctly conceived, the pleasure of contemplating our own performances will be lessened; it may therefore be observed, that they who most deserve praise are often afraid to decide in favour of their own performances; they know how much is still wanting to their completion, and wait with anxiety and terror the determination of the publick. 'I please every one else,' says Tully, 'but never satisfy myself.'

It has often been inquired, why, notwithstanding the advances of latter ages in science, and the assistance which the infusion of so many new ideas has given us, we still fall below the ancients in the art of composition. Some part of their superiority may be justly ascribed to the graces of their language, from which the most polished of the present European tongues are nothing more than barbarous degenerations. Some advantage they might gain merely by priority, which put them in possession of the most natural sentiments, and left us nothing but servile repetition or forced conceits. But the greater part of their praise seems to have been the just reward of modesty and labour. Their sense of human weakness confined them commonly to one study, which their knowledge of the extent of every science engaged them to prosecute with indefatigable diligence.

Among the writers of antiquity I remember none except Statius who ventures to mention the speedy production of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or a proof of his facility. Nor did Statius, when he considered

himself as a candidate for lasting reputation, think a closer attention unnecessary amidst all his pride and industry; the two great hasteners of modern employment twelve years upon the baird, and thinks his claim to renown proportionate to his labour.

*Thrbais, multa cruciata lima,  
Tentat. audaci fide, Mantuane  
Gaudia fama.*

Polish'd with endless toil, my lays  
At length aspire to Mantuan praise.

Ovid indeed apologizes in his lament for the imperfection of his work, but mentions his want of leisure with them as an addition to his calamity and was so far from imagining corrections unnecessary, that departure from Rome, he threw himself into the fire, lest he be disgraced by a book which he not hope to finish.

It seems not often to have happened that the same writer aspired to distinction in verse and prose; and of few that attempted such diversity of excellence, I know not that even succeeded. Contrary characters he imagined a single mind able to perform, and therefore no man is recorded undertaken more than one kind of matick poetry.

What they had written they venture in their first fondness to present to the world, but considering the propriety of sending forth inconstantly that which cannot be recalled, the publication, if not nine years preceding to the direction of Horace, till their fancy was cooled after the labours of invention, and the glory had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

There were in those days no other diurnal writers; *multa dies, multa litura*, much time, and many were considered as indispensable scribes; and that no other method of attaining lasting praise has been discovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuscripts of Milton remaining, and from the tardy entry of Pope's compositions, delayed once till the incidents to which they were subjected were forgotten, till his works were secure from his satire, and, an honest mind must be more than his friends were deaf to his envious To him whose eagerness

productions soon into the y imperfections are unavoidable where the mind furnishes the as well as regulates their dis- and nothing depends upon information. Delay opens new thought, the subject dismissed appears with a new train of images, the accidents of read- iverfation supply new orna- llusions, or mere intermission gue of thinking enables the ollect new force, and make fions. But all those benefits late for him, who, when he with labour, snatched at the e, and gave his work to his l his enemies, as soon as im- d pride persuaded him to con-

the most pernicious effects of feurity. He that teems with cession of ideas, and perceives fentiment produces another,

easily believes that he can clearly expref what he fo strongly comprehends; he feldom fufpects his thoughts of embar- raffment, while he preserves in his own memory the feries of connection, or his diction of ambiguity, while only one fentic is prefent to his mind. Yet if he has been employed on an abftrufe or complicated argument, he will find, when he has a while withdrawn his mind, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he has only a conjectural glimpfe of his own meaning, and that to explain it to thofe whom he defires to inftruct, he muft open his fentiments, difentangle his method, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always fuffer fome infatuation, from which only abfence can fet them free; and every man ought to reftore himfelf to the full exercife of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly, without injuring his honour and his quiet.

## LXX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1751.

CONFITEOR; SI QUID PRODEST DELICTA FATERI.

QVID.

GRANT THE CHARGE; FORGIVE THE FAULT CONFESS'D.

## THE RAMBLER.

of thofe beings, from whom that melt at the fight of all try, think it meritorious to elief; one whom the rigour of ndignation dooms to fuffer mplaint, and perifh without d whom I myfelf have for- lted in the pride of reputation y of innocence.

a good family, but my father med with more children than cently fupport. A wealthy s he travelled from London ntry feat, condefcending to a vifit, was touched with of his narrow fortune, and eafe him of part of his charge, the care of a child upon him- refs on one fide, and ambi- other, were too powerful for ndnefs, and the little family riew before him, that he might hoice. I was then ten years

old, and without knowing for what pur- pofe, I was called to my great coufin, endeavour'd to recommend myfelf by my beft courtefy, fung him my prettieft fong, told the laft ftory that I had read, and fo much endeared myfelf by my in- nocence, that he declared his refolution to adopt me, and to educate me with his own daughters.

My parents felt the common ftruggles at the thought of parting, and *some nat- ural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them foon*. They confidered, not without that falfe eftimation of the value of wealth which poverty long continued always produces, that I was raifed to higher rank than they could give me, and to hopes of more ample fortune than they could bequeath. My mother fold fome of her ornaments to drefs me in fuch a manner as might fecure me from con- tempt at my firft arrival; and when she difmiffed me, prefs'd me to her bofom with an embrace that I ftill feel, gave me fome precepts of piety, which, how- ever neglected, I have not forgotten, and uttered



uttered prayers for my final happiness, of which I have not yet ceased to hope that they will at last be granted.

My sisters envied my new finery, and seemed not much to regret our separation; my father conducted me to the stage-coach with a kind of cheerful tenderness; and in a very short time I was transported to splendid apartments, and a luxurious table, and grew familiar to show, noise, and gaiety.

In three years my mother died, having implored a blessing on her family with her last breath. I had little opportunity to indulge a sorrow which there was none to partake with me, and therefore soon ceased to reflect much upon my loss. My father turned all his care upon his other children, whom some fortunate adventures and unexpected legacies enabled him, when he died four years after my mother, to leave in a condition above their expectations.

I should have shared the increase of his fortune, and had once a portion assigned me in his will; but my cousin assuring him that all care for me was needless, since he had resolved to place me happily in the world, directed him to divide my part amongst my sisters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependance without resource. Being now at an age in which young women are initiated into company, I was no longer to be supported in my former character, but at considerable expence; so that, partly lest I should waste money, and partly lest my appearance might draw too many compliments and assiduities, I was insensibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed few privileges above the head servant, but that of receiving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that resentment would precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured to continue my importance by little services and active officiousness, and for a time preserved myself from neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to competition, and studying to please rather than to shine. But my interest, notwithstanding this expedient, hourly declined, and my cousin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and consult me about the alterations of a cast gown.

I was now completely depressed; and though I had seen mankind enough to know the necessity of outward cheerfulness, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition

in my mind, and examine by what means I might escape from perpetual mortification. At last my schemes and sorrows were interrupted by a sudden change of my relation's behaviour, who one day took an occasion, when we were left together in a room, to bid me suffer myself no longer to be insulted, but assume the place which he always intended me to hold in the family. He assured me that his wife's preference of her own daughters should never hurt me; and, accompanying his professions with a purse of gold, ordered me to bespeak a rich suit at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and insinuate that my other friends supplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

By this stratagem, which I did not then understand, he filled me with tenderness and gratitude, compelled me to repose on him as my only support, and produced a necessity of private conversation. He often appointed interviews at the house of an acquaintance, and sometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My sense of his favour, and the desire of retaining it, disposed me to unlimited complaisance; and though I saw his kindness grow every day more fond, I did not suffer any suspicion to enter my thoughts. At last the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the submission which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin of an orphan, whom his own promises had made indigent, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority subdued.

I know not why it should afford subject of exultation, to overpower on any terms the resolution, or surprise the caution of a girl; but of all the boasters that deck themselves in the spoils of innocence and beauty, they surely have the least pretensions to triumph, who submit to owe their success to some casual influence. They neither employ the graces of fancy, nor the force of understanding, in their attempts; they cannot please their vanity with the art of their approaches, the delicacy of their adulations, the elegance of their address, or the efficacy of their eloquence; nor applaud themselves as possessed of any qualities, by which affection is attracted. They surmount no obstacles, they defeat no rivals, but attack only those who can

not resist, and are often content to possess the body, without any solicitude to gain the heart.

Many of these despicable wretches does my present acquaintance with infamy and wickedness enable me to number among the heroes of debauchery; reptiles whom their own servants would have despised, had they not been their servants, and with whom beggary would have disdained intercourse, had she not been allured by hopes of relief. Many of the beings which are now rioting in taverns, or shivering in the streets, have been corrupted, not by arts of gallantry which stole gradually upon the affections and laid prudence asleep, but by the fear of losing benefits which were never intended, or of incurring resentment which they could not escape; some have been frightened by masters, and some awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had it's usual consequence,

and he soon perceived that I could not long continue in his family. I was distracted at the thought of the reproach which I now believed inevitable. He comforted me with hopes of eluding all discovery, and often upbraided me with the anxiety, which perhaps none but himself saw in my countenance; but at last mingled his assurances of protection and maintenance with menaces of total desertion, if in the moments of perturbation I should suffer his secret to escape, or endeavour to throw on him any part of my infamy.

Thus passed the dismal hours till my retreat could no longer be delayed. It was pretended that my relations had sent for me to a distant country, and I entered upon a state which shall be described in my next letter.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISELLA.

Nº CLXXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1751.

TRADET CORLI CONVEXA TUERI.

VIRG.

DARK IS THE SUN, AND LOATHSOME IS THE DAY.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

MISELLA now sits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preserve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from seduction, than a just description of the condition into which the wanton plunges herself, and therefore hope that my letter may be a sufficient antidote to my example.

After the distraction, hesitation, and delays, which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I was removed to lodgings in a distant part of the town, under one of the characters commonly assumed upon such occasions. Here being by my circumstances condemned to solitude, I passed most of my hours in bitterness and anguish. The conversation of the people with whom I was placed was not at all capable of engaging my attention, or dispossessing the reigning ideas. The books which I carried to my retreat were such as heightened my abhorrence of myself; for I was not so far abandoned as to sink voluntarily

into corruption, or endeavour to conceal from my own mind the enormity of my crime.

My relation remitted none of his fondness, but visited me so often, that I was sometimes afraid lest his assiduity should expose him to suspicion. Whenever he came he found me weeping, and was therefore less delightfully entertained than he expected. After frequent expostulations upon the unreasonableness of my sorrow, and innumerable protestations of everlasting regard, he at last found that I was more affected with the loss of my innocence, than the danger of my fame; and that he might not be disturbed by my remorse, began to lull my conscience with the opiates of irreligion. His arguments were such as my course of life has since exposed me often to the necessity of hearing, vulgar, empty, and fallacious; yet they at first confounded me with their novelty, filled me with doubt and perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I began to feel from the sincerity of my repentance, without substituting any other support. I listened a while to his

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improvements

impious gabble, but it's influence was soon overpowered by natural reason and early education, and the convictions which this new attempt gave me of his baseness completed my abhorrence. I have heard of barbarians, who, when tempests drive ships upon their coast, decoy them to the rocks that they may plunder their lading, and have always thought that wretches thus mercilefs in their depredations ought to be destroyed by a general insurrection of all social beings; yet how light is this guilt to the crime of him who, in the agitations of remorse, cuts away the anchor of piety, and when he has drawn aside credulity from the paths of virtue, hides the light of Heaven which would direct her to return. I had hitherto considered him as a man equally betrayed with myself by the concurrence of appetite and opportunity; but I now saw with horror that he was contriving to perpetuate his gratification, and was desirous to fit me to his purpose by complete and radical corruption.

To escape, however, was not yet in my power. I could support the expenses of my condition only by the continuance of his favour. He provided all that was necessary, and in a few weeks congratulated me upon my escape from the danger which we had both expected with so much anxiety. I then began to remind him of his promise to restore me with my fame uninjured to the world. He promised me in general terms, that nothing should be wanting which his power could add to my happiness, but forbore to release me from my confinement. I knew how much my reception in the world depended upon my speedy return, and was therefore outrageously impatient of his delays, which I now perceived to be only artifices of lowliness. He told me, at last, with an appearance of sorrow, that all hopes of restoration to my former state were for ever precluded; that chance had discovered my secret, and malice divulged it; and that nothing now remained but to seek a retreat more private, where curiosity or hatred could never find us.

The rage, anguish, and resentment, which I felt at this account, are not to be expressed. I was in so much dread of reproach and infamy, which he represented as pursuing me with full cry, that I yielded myself implicitly to his

disposal, and was removed, with a thousand studied precautions, through by-ways and dark passages to another house, where I harassed him with perpetual solicitations for a small annuity, that might enable me to live in the country in obscurity and innocence.

This demand he at first evaded with ardent professions, but in time appeared offended at my importunity and distrust; and having one day endeavoured to soothe me with uncommon expressions of tenderness, when he found my discontent immovable, left me with some inarticulate murmurs of anger. I was pleased that he was at last roused to sensibility, and expecting that at his next visit he would comply with my request, lived with great tranquillity upon the money in my hands, and was so much pleased with this pause of persecution, that I did not reflect how much his absence had exceeded the usual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting subsistence. I then suddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to supplicate for assistance. Necessity, however, soon overcame my modesty or my pride, and I applied to him by a letter, but had no answer. I writ in terms more pressing, but without effect. I then sent an agent to enquire after him, who informed me, that he had quitted his house, and was gone with his family to reside for some time upon his estate in Ireland.

However shocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly abandon me, and therefore, by the sale of my clothes, I supported myself, expecting that every post would bring me relief. Thus I passed seven months between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and distress, emaciated with discontent, and bewildered with uncertainty. At last, my landlady, after many hints of the necessity of a new lover, took the opportunity of my absence to search my boxes, and missing some of my apparel, seized the remainder for rent, and led me to the door.

To remonstrate against legal cruelty was vain; to supplicate obdurate brutality was hopeless. I went away, I knew not whither, and wandered about without any settled purpose, unacquainted with the usual expedients of misery, unqualified for laborious offices, afraid to meet an eye that had seen me before.

and hopeless of relief from those who were strangers to my former on. Night came on in the midst of distraction, and I still continued under till the menaces of the obliged me to shelter myself in a passage.

That day, I procured a lodging in the garret of a mean house, and begged my landlady to enquire for me. My applications were rejected for want of a character. At last I was received at a draper's; but it was known to my mistress that only one gown, and that of silk, was of opinion that I looked like a beggar, and without warning hurried me out.

I then tried to support myself by needle; and, by my landlady's recommendation, obtained a little work in a shop, and for three weeks lived in repining; but when my punctuality had gained me so much reputation, that I was trusted to make up a pair of some value, one of my fellow-workmen stole the lace, and I was obliged from a prosecution.

I was driven again into the streets, I sought upon the least that could support me, and at night accommodated myself in a pent-house as well as I.

At length I became absolutely helpless; and having strolled all day without sustenance, was, at the close of the day, accosted by an elderly man, who made an invitation to a tavern. I refused with hesitation; he seized me by the hand, and drew me into a neighbouring house, where when he saw my pale face with hunger, and my eyes glistening with tears, he spurned me from him, and bid me beg and whine in any other place; he for his part would be of his pockets.

I continued to stand in the way, with scarcely strength to walk further, when another soon addressed me in the same manner. When he saw the same signs of calamity, he considered that it might be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore quickly made overtures.

I had no longer firmness to resist. By this man I was maintained for months in penurious wickedness, and then abandoned to my former condition, from which I was delivered by a keeper.

In this abject state I have now passed four years, the drudge of extortion, and the sport of drunkenness; sometimes the property of one man, and sometimes the common prey of accidental lewdness; at one time tricked up for sale by the mistress of a brothel, at another begging in the streets to be relieved from hunger by wickedness; without any hope in the day but of finding some whom folly or excess may expose to my allurements, and without any reflections at night, but such as guilt and terror impress upon me.

If those who pass their days in plenty and security could visit for an hour the dismal receptacles to which the prostitute retires from her nocturnal excursions, and see the wretches that lie crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghastly with famine, nauseous with filth, and noisome with disease; it would not be easy for any degree of abhorrence to harden them against compassion, or to repress the desire which they must immediately feel to rescue such numbers of human beings from a state so dreadful.

It is said that in France they annually evacuate their streets, and ship their prostitutes and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infect this city had the same opportunity of escaping from their miseries, I believe very little force would be necessary; for who among them can dread any change? Many of us indeed are wholly unqualified for any but the most servile employments, and those perhaps would require the care of a magistrate to hinder them from following the same practices in another country; but others are only precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the necessity of guilt and the tyranny of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities for open prostitution, and where the eye of justice can attend to individuals, those who cannot be made good may be restrained from mischief. For my part, I should exult at the privilege of banishment, and think myself happy in any region that should restore me once again to honesty and peace.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISCELLA.

## Nº CLXXII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9,

SEPE ROGARE SOLES QUALIS, SIM PRISCE, FUTURUS,  
 SI FIAM LOCUPLES; SIMQUE REPENTE POTENS.  
 QUEMQUAM POSSE PUTAS MORES NARRARE FUTUROS?  
 DIC MIHI, SI SIAS TU LEO, QUALIS ERIS.

MART.

PRISCE, YOU'VE OFTEN ASK'D ME HOW I'D LIVE,  
 SHOU'D FATE AT ONCE BOTH WEALTH AND HONOUR GIVE.  
 WHAT SOUL HIS FUTURE CONDUCT CAN FORESEE?  
 TELL ME WHAT SORT OF LION YOU WOU'D BE.

F. LEWIS.

**N**OTHING has been longer observed, than that a change of fortune causes a change of manners; and that it is difficult to conjecture, from the conduct of him whom we see in a low condition, how he would act if wealth and power were put into his hands. But it is generally agreed, that few men are made better by affluence or exaltation; and that the powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the sun-shine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

Many observations have concurred to establish this opinion, and it is not likely soon to become obsolete, for want of new occasions to revive it. The greater part of mankind are corrupt in every condition, and differ in high and in low stations, only as they have more or fewer opportunities of gratifying their desires, or as they are more or less restrained by human censures. Many vitiate their principles in the acquisition of riches; and who can wonder that what is gained by fraud and extortion is enjoyed with tyranny and excess?

Yet I am willing to believe that the depravation of the mind by external advantages, though certainly not uncommon, yet approaches not so nearly to universality, as some have asserted in the bitterness of resentment, or heat of declamation.

Whoever rises above those who once pleased themselves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain sooner than others that which all pursue with the same ardour, and to which all imagine themselves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When those who started with us in the race of life, leave us so far behind,

that we have little hope to them, we revenge our disapp by remarks, on the arts of elation by which they gained vantage, or on the folly and a with which they possess it. whose rise we could not hinder lace ourselves by prognostica fall.

It is impossible for human p to betray to an eye, thus shar[ malignity, some stains which cealed and unregarded while non it their interest to discover them the most circumspect attention, rectitude, escape blame from who have no inclination to Riches therefore perhaps do no produce crimes as incite accuse

The common charge again who rise above their original con that of pride. It is certain the naturally confirms us in a fa opinion of our own abilities. any man is willing to allot to : friendship, and a thousand causi concur in every event without contrivance or interposition, which they may justly claim in vancement. We rate ourselve fortune rather than our virtues, orbitant claims are quickly pro[ imaginary merit. But captio[ jealousy are likewise easily offer to him who studiously looks si front, every mode of behavi supply it; freedom will be rude reserve sulkiness; mirth will l gence, and seriousness formalit he is received with ceremony, and respect are inculcated; if he with familiarity, he concludes insulted by condescensions.

It must however be confessed

len changes are dangerous, a  
anition from poverty to abund-  
n seldom be made with safety.  
has long lived within sight of  
s which he could not reach, will  
ore than common moderation,  
se his reason in unbounded riot,  
ey are first put into his power.

r possession is endeared by novel-  
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It is difficult not to estimate  
lately gained above it's real va-  
s impossible not to annex greater  
is to that condition from which  
nwillingly excluded, than nature  
alified us to obtain. For this  
the remote inheritor of an un-  
d fortune may be generally dis-  
ied from those who are enriched  
ommon course of lineal descent,  
reater haste to enjoy his wealth,  
inery of his dress, the pomp of  
page, the splendor of his furni-  
nd the luxury of his table.

ousand things which familiarity  
s to be of little value, have  
or a time to seize the imagina-

A Virginian king, when the  
ans had fixed a lock on his door,  
delighted to find his subjects ad-  
or excluded with such facility,  
ras from morning to evening his  
employment to turn the key.  
nong whom locks and keys have  
nger in use, are inclined to laugh  
American amusement; yet I doubt  
this paper will have a single  
hat may not apply the story to  
and recollect some hours of his  
which he has been equally over-  
l by the transitory charms of  
novelty.

indulgence is due to him whom  
gale of fortune has suddenly  
rted into new regions, where un-  
med lustre dazzles his eyes, and  
l delicacies solicit his appetite.  
not be considered as lost in hope-  
neracy, though he for a while  
the regard due to others, to in-  
e contemplation of himself, and  
xtravagance of his first raptures  
that his eye should regulate the  
of all that approach him, and  
ion be received as decisive and  
us. His intoxication will give  
time; the madness of joy will  
nperceptibly away; the sense of

his insufficiency will soon return; he will  
remember that the co-operation of others  
is necessary to his happiness, and learn  
to conciliate their regards by reciprocal  
beneficence.

There is, at least, one consideration  
which ought to alleviate our censures of  
the powerful and rich. To imagine  
them chargeable with all the guilt and  
folly of their own actions, is to be very  
little acquainted with the world.

*De l'absolu pouvoir vous ignorem l'oreille,  
Et du lâche flatteur la voix enchanteresse.*

Thou hast not known the giddy whirls of fate,  
Nor servile flatteries which enchant the great.

Miss A. W.

He that can do much good or harm,  
will not find many whom ambition or  
cowardice will suffer to be sincere.  
While we live upon the level with the  
rest of mankind, we are reminded of our  
duty by the admonitions of friends, and  
reproaches of enemies; but men who  
stand in the highest ranks of society,  
seldom hear of their faults; if by any  
accident an opprobrious clamour reaches  
their ears, flattery is always at hand to  
pour in her opiates, to quiet conviction,  
and obtund remorse.

Favour is seldom gained but by con-  
formity in vice. Virtue can stand with-  
out assistance, and considers herself as  
very little obliged by countenance and  
approbation: but vice, spiritless and  
timorous, seeks the shelter of crowds,  
and support of confederacy. The syc-  
phant, therefore, neglects the good qua-  
lities of his patron, and employs all his  
art on his weaknesses and follies, regales  
his reigning vanity, or stimulates his  
prevalent desires.

Virtue is sufficiently difficult with any  
circumstances, but the difficulty is in-  
creased when reproof and advice are  
frighted away. In common life, rea-  
son and conscience have only the appe-  
tites and passions to encounter; but in  
higher stations they must oppose arti-  
fice and adulation. He, therefore, that  
yields to such temptations, cannot give  
those who look upon his miscarriage  
much reason for exultation, since few  
can justly presume that from the same  
snare they should have been able to  
escape.

Nº CLXXIII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1751.

QUO VIRTUS, QUO FERAT ERROR?

HOR.

NOW SAY, WHERE VIRTUE STOPS, AND VICE BEGINS?

**A**S any action or posture, long continued, will distort and disfigure the limbs; so the mind likewise is crippled and contracted by perpetual application to the same set of ideas. It is easy to guess the trade of an artizan by his knees, his fingers, or his shoulders; and there are few among men of the more liberal professions, whose minds do not carry the brand of their calling, or whose conversation does not quickly discover to what class of the community they belong.

These peculiarities have been of great use in the general hostility which every part of mankind exercises against the rest, to furnish insults and sarcasms. Every art has its dialect uncouth and ungrateful to all whom custom has not reconciled to its sound, and which therefore becomes ridiculous by a slight misapplication, or unnecessary repetition.

The general reproach with which ignorance revenges the superciliousness of learning, is that of pedantry; a censure which every man incurs, who has at any time the misfortune to talk to those who cannot understand him, and by which the modest and timorous are sometimes frightened from the display of their acquisitions, and the exertion of their powers.

The name of a pedant is so formidable to young men when they first fall from their colleges, and is so liberally scattered by those who mean to boast their elegance of education, easiness of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it seems to require particular consideration; since, perhaps, if it were once understood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehensions, and many a tongue delivered from restraint.

Pedantry is the unseasonable ostentation of learning. It may be discovered either in the choice of a subject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry who, when he has made himself master of some abstruse and uncultivated part of knowledge, ob-

trudes his remarks and discoveries upon those whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applause.

To this error the student is sometimes betrayed by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment, by the pleasure which every man receives from the recollection of pleasing images, and the desire of dwelling upon topics on which he knows himself able to speak with justness. But because we are seldom so far prejudiced in favour of each other, as to search out for palliations, this failure of politeness is imputed always to vanity; and the harmless collegiate, who perhaps intended entertainment and instruction, or at worst only spoke without sufficient reflection upon the character of his hearers, is censured as arrogant or overhearing, and eager to extend his renown, in contempt of the convenience of society, and the laws of conversation.

All discourse of which others cannot partake, is not only an irksome usurpation of the time devoted to pleasure and entertainment, but, what never fails to excite very keen resentment, an insolent assertion of superiority, and a triumph over less enlightened understandings. The pedant is, therefore, not only heard with weariness, but malignity; and those who conceive themselves insulted by his knowledge, never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciously it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, scholars sometimes divert themselves with too much haste of their academical formality, and in their endeavours to accommodate their notions and their style to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they understand, and sink into insipidity of sentiment and meanness of expression.

There prevails among men of letters an opinion, that all appearance of science is particularly hateful to women; and that therefore, whoever desires to be well received in female assemblies, must qualify

himself by a total rejection of all serious, rational, or important; consider argument or criticism as totally interdicted; and devote all attention to trifles, and all his eloquence to compliment.

Young men often form their notions of the present generation from the writings of the past, and are not very early informed of those changes which the gradual diffusion of knowledge, or the sudden change of fashion, produces in the

Whatever might be the state of literature in the last century, there is no longer any danger lest they should want an adequate audience at the tea-table; and whoever it is necessary to regulate his conversation by antiquated rules, will be despised for his futility than admired for his politeness.

He who talks intentionally in a manner that shows the comprehension of those whom he addresses, is unquestionable pedantry; but to rely on complaisance requires, that one should, without proof, commend his company incapable of following him to the highest elevation of his art, or the utmost extent of his knowledge.

It is always safer to err in favour of others than of ourselves, and we seldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It is at least to be the care of learning when she quits her exaltation, to descend with dignity. Nothing is more humble than the airiness and jocularity of a man bred to severe science, and devoted to meditation. To trifle agreeably is yet which schools cannot impart; by negligence and vivacious levity, charm down resistance wherever they appear, are never attainable by him who having spent his first years among

the dust of libraries, enters late into the gay world with an unpliant attention and established habits.

It is observed in the panegyric on Fabricius the mechanist, that, though forced by public employments into mingled conversation, he never lost the modesty and seriousness of the convent, nor drew ridicule upon himself by an affected imitation of fashionable life. To the same praise every man devoted to learning ought to aspire. If he attempts the softer arts of pleasing, and endeavours to learn the graceful bow and the familiar embrace, the insinuating accent and the general smile, he will lose the respect due to the character of learning, without arriving at the envied honour of doing any thing with elegance and facility.

Theophrastus was discovered not to be a native of Athens, by so strict an adherence to the Attic dialect, as shewed that he had learned it not by custom, but by rule. A man not early formed to habitual elegance, betrays in like manner the effects of his education, by an unnecessary anxiety of behaviour. It is as possible to become pedantick by fear of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill-timed civility. There is no kind of impertinence more justly censurable, than his who is always labouring to level thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologizes for every word which his own narrowness of converse inclines him to think unusual; keeps the exuberance of his faculties under visible restraint; is solicitous to anticipate enquiries by needless explanations; and endeavours to shade his own abilities, lest weak eyes should be dazzled with their lustre.



N<sup>o</sup> CLXXIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1751.

FOENUM HABET IN CORNU, LONGE FUGE, DUMMODO RISUM  
EXCUTIAT SIBI, NON HIC CUIQUAM PARCET AMICO.

HOR.

YONDER HE DRIVES—AVOID THAT FURIOUS BEAST:  
IF HE MAY HAVE HIS JEST, HE NEVER CARES  
AT WHOSE EXPENCE; NOR FRIEND NOR PATRON SPARES.

FRANCIS.

## TO THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

THE laws of social benevolence require, that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience. He that has at last escaped into port from the fluctuations of chance, and the gusts of opposition, ought to make some improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been dashed, and the shallows where he has been stranded.

The error into which I was betrayed, when custom first gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the sprightly, the fearless, and the gay; to all whose ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their designs, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who seldom count the cost of pleasure, or examine the distant consequences of any practice that flatters them with immediate gratification.

I came forth into the crowded world with the usual juvenile ambition, and desired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I considered as below my care; for I saw such multitudes grow rich without understanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquisition easy to industry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aside as a secondary convenience, to be procured when my principal wish should be satisfied, and the claim to intellectual excellence universally acknowledged.

With this view I regulated my behaviour in publick, and exercised my meditations in solitude. My life was divided between the care of providing topics for the entertainment of my company, and that of collecting company worthy to be entertained; for I soon found, that wit, like every other power, has it's boundaries; that it's suc-

cess depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

It was, however, not long before I fitted myself with a set of companions who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was necessary than the power of striking out a jest. Among those I fixed my residence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of disturbing the neighbours every night with the obstreperous applause which my sallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day increased, and as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new solicitations for admission into our society.

To support this perpetual fund of merriment, I frequented every place of concourse, cultivated the acquaintance of all the fashionable race, and passed the day in a continual succession of visits, in which I collected a treasure of pleasantries for the expences of the evening. Whatever error of conduct I could discover, whatever peculiarity of manner I could observe, whatever weakness was betrayed by confidence, whatever lapse was suffered by neglect, all was drawn together for the diversion of my wild companions, who, when they had been taught the art of ridicule, never failed to signalize themselves by a zealous imitation, and filled the town on the ensuing day with scandal and vexation, with merriment and shame.

I can scarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been so far deluded with petty praise, as to divulge the secrets of trust, and to expose the levities of frankness; to waylay the walks

of the cautious, and surprize the  
of the thoughtless. Yet it is  
that for many years I heard no-  
ut with design to tell it, and saw  
with any other curiosity than  
me failure that might furnish out

heart, indeed, acquits me of de-  
malignity, or interested insidi-  
. I had no other purpose than  
hten the pleasure of laughter by  
mication, nor ever raised any pe-  
r advantage from the calamities  
rs. I led weakness and negligence  
scilities, only that I might divert  
with their perplexities and dis-  
and violated every law of friend-  
with no other hope than that of  
the reputation of smartness and  
ry.

ould not be understood to charge  
with any crimes of the atrocious  
ructive kind. I never betrayed  
to gamesters, or a girl to de-  
s; never intercepted the kindness  
tron, or sported away the reputa-  
innocence. My delight was only  
y mischief and momentary vexa-  
and my acuteness was employed  
on fraud and oppression which it  
is meritorious to detect, but upon  
is ignorance or absurdity, preju-  
mistake.

I enquiry I pursued with so much  
ce and sagacity, that I was able  
te, of every man I knew, some-  
r or miscarriage; to betray the  
circumspect of my friends into  
by a judicious flattery of his pre-  
ent passion; or expose him to con-  
by placing him in circumstances  
put his prejudices into action,  
to view his natural defects, or  
the attention of the company on  
of affectation.

power had been possessed in vain  
d never been exerted; and it was  
r custom to let any arts of jocu-  
remain unemployed. My impa-  
of applause brought me always  
the place of entertainment; and  
me failed to lay a scheme with the  
not that first gathered round me,  
ch some of those whom we ex-  
might be made subservient to our

Every man has some favourite  
of conversation, on which, by a  
seriousness of attention, he may  
wa to expatiate without end.  
man has some habitual contor-

tion of body, or established mode of ex-  
pression, which never fails to raise mirth  
if it be pointed out to notice. By pro-  
motions of these particularities I secured  
our pleasantry. Our companion entered  
with his usual gaiety, and began to par-  
take of our noisy cheerfulness, when the  
conversation was imperceptibly diverted  
to a subject which pressed upon his ten-  
der part, and extorted the expected  
shrug, the customary exclamation, or  
the predicted remark. A general clam-  
mour of joy then burst from all that  
were admitted to the stratagem. Our  
mirth was often increased by the triumph  
of him that occasioned it; for as we do  
not hastily form conclusions against our-  
selves, seldom any one suspected, that  
he had exhilarated us otherwise than by  
his wit.

You will hear, I believe, with very  
little surprize, that by this conduct I had  
in a short time united mankind against  
me, and that every tongue was diligent  
in prevention or revenge. I soon per-  
ceived myself regarded with malevolence  
or distrust, but wondered what had been  
discovered in me either terrible or hate-  
ful. I had invaded no man's property;  
I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had  
ever engaged in any of those attempts  
which provoke the jealousy of ambition,  
or the rage of faction. I had lived but  
to laugh, and make others laugh; and  
believed that I was loved by all who  
caressed, and favoured by all who ap-  
plauded me. I never imagined, that he  
who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel,  
concurred in ridiculing his friend, would  
consider, in a cooler hour, that the same  
trick might be played against himself;  
or that, even where there is no sense of  
danger, the natural pride of human  
nature rises against him, who by gene-  
ral censures lays claim to general supe-  
riority.

I was convinced, by a total desertion,  
of the impropriety of my conduct; every  
man avoided, and cautioned others to  
avoid me. Wherever I came, I found  
silence and dejection, coldness and ter-  
ror. No one would venture to speak,  
lest he should lay himself open to unfav-  
ourable representations; the company,  
however numerous, dropped off at my  
entrance upon various pretences; and if  
I retired to avoid the shame of being left,  
I heard confidence and mirth revive at  
my departure.

If those whom I had thus offended,  
could

could have contented themselves with repaying one insult for another, and kept up the war only by a reciprocation of farcasins, they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But these wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm which they spread by their so-

licitude to escape me, excludes me from all friendship and from all pleasure: I am condemned to pass a long interval of my life in solitude, as a man suspected of infection is refused admission into cities; and must linger in obscurity, till my conduct shall convince the world, that I may be approached without hazard. I am, &c. DICACULUS.

## Nº CLXXV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1751.

RARI QUIPPE BONI, NUMERO VIX SUNT TOTIDEM QUOT  
THERARUM PORTÆ, VEL DIVITIS OSTIA NILI.

JUV.

GOOD MEN ARE SCARCE, THE JUST ARE THINLY SOWN;  
THEY THRIVE BUT ILL, NOR CAN THEY LAST WHEN GROWN.  
AND SHOULD WE COUNT THEM, AND OUR STORE COMPILE;  
YET THESES MORE GATES COULD SHEW, MORE MOUTHS THE NILE.

CREECH.

**N**ONE of the axioms of wisdom which recommend the ancient fages to veneration, seems to have required less extent of knowledge, or perspicacity of penetration, than the remark of Bias, that *ἡ πλειονη κακῶν*—the majority are 'wicked.'

The depravity of mankind is so easily discoverable, that nothing but the desert or the cell can exclude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes intrudes un-called and undesired. They whom their abstraction from common occurrences hinders from seeing iniquity, will quickly have their attention awakened by feeling it. Even he who ventures not into the world, may learn it's corruption in his closet. For what are treatises of morality, but persuasives to the practice of duties, for which no arguments would be necessary, but that we are continually tempted to violate or neglect them? What are all the records of history, but narratives of successive villanies, of treasons and usurpations, massacres and wars?

But, perhaps, the excellence of aphorisms consists not so much in the expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension of some obvious and useful truth in a few words. We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because, for a time, they are not remembered; and he may therefore be justly numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the

great rules of life into short sentences, that may be easily impressed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.

However those who have passed through half the life of man may now wonder that any should require to be cautioned against corruption, they will find that they have themselves purchased their conviction by many disappointments and vexations, which an earlier knowledge would have spared them; and may see, on every side, some entangling themselves in perplexities, and some sinking into ruin, by ignorance or neglect of the maxim of Bias.

Every day sends out, in quest of pleasure and distinction, some heir fondled in ignorance, and flattered into pride. He comes forth with all the confidence of a spirit unacquainted with superiors, and all the benevolence of a mind not yet irritated by opposition, alarmed by fraud, or embittered by cruelty. He loves all, because he imagines himself the universal favourite. Every exchange of salutation produces new acquaintance, and every acquaintance kindles into friendship.

Every season brings a new flight of beauties into the world, who have hitherto heard only of their own charms, and imagine that the heart feels no passion but that of love. They are soon surrounded by admirers whom they credit, because they tell them only what is heard with delight. Whoever gazes upon

is a lover; and whoever forces is pining in despair.

is a useful monitor who es to these thoughtless strangers,

*majority are wicked; who in-tem, that the train which wealth duty draw after them, is lured by the scent of prey; and that, among all those who crowd them with professions and flattery is not one who does not hope an opportunity to devour or betray, to glut himself by their denials, or to share their spoils with a savage.*

is presented singly to the imagination the reason, is so well recommended by its own graces, and so supported by arguments, that man wonders how any can be led they who are ignorant of the passion and interest, who never learn the arts of seduction, the confounding example, the gradual descent to crime to another, or the insenspravation of the principles by conversation, naturally expect to find integrity in every bosom, and veracity in every tongue.

is indeed impossible not to hear those who have lived longer, of lies and falsehoods, of violence and contention; but such narratives are rarely regarded by the young, the credulous and the confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of peevishness, the dreams of dotage; and notwithstanding all the documents of hoary wisdom commonly plunge into the earliest and credulous, without the slightest of danger, or apprehension.

is remarked, in a former paper, that dulness is the common failing of the uneducated; and that he who is uneducated is vicious; and that he who is vicious is uneducated; may be justified with radical corruption; for he does not know the prevalence of vice by information, nor had time to try it with his own eyes, whence he takes his measures of judgment from himself?

who best deserve to escape the effects of artifice, are most likely to be deceived. He that endeavours to live at the expense of others, must always be at the mercy of them who live only for themselves, unless he is taught by experience the caution required in

common transactions, and shewn at a distance the pitfalls of treachery.

To youth, therefore, it should be carefully inculcated, that to enter the road of life without caution or reserve, in expectation of general fidelity and justice, is to launch on the wide ocean without the instruments of steerage, and to hope that every wind will be prosperous, and that every coast will afford a harbour.

To enumerate the various motives to deceit and injury, would be to count all the desires that prevail among the sons of men; since there is no ambition however petty, no wish however absurd, that by indulgence will not be enabled to overpower the influence of virtue. Many there are, who openly and almost professedly regulate all their conduct by their love of money; who have no reason for action or forbearance, for compliance or refusal, than that they hope to gain more by one than by the other. These are indeed the meanest and cruellest of human beings, a race with whom, as with some pestiferous animals, the whole creation seems to be at war; but who, however detested or scorned, long continue to add heap to heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary, are still permitted to fasten on another.

Others, yet less rationally wicked, pass their lives in mischief, because they cannot bear the sight of success, and mark out every man for hatred whose fame or fortune they believe increasing.

Many, who have not advanced to these degrees of guilt, are yet wholly unqualified for friendship, and unable to maintain any constant or regular course of kindness. Happiness may be destroyed not only by union with the man who is apparently the slave of interest, but with him whom a wild opinion of the dignity of perseverance, in whatever cause, disposes to pursue every injury with unwearied and perpetual resentment; with him whose vanity inclines him to consider every man as a rival in every pretension; with him whose airy negligence puts his friend's affairs or secrets in continual hazard, and who thinks his forgetfulness of others excused by his inattention to himself; and with him whose inconstancy ranges without any settled rule of choice through varieties of friendship, and who adopts and dismisses favourites by the sudden impulse of caprice.

Thus numerous are the dangers to which the converse of mankind exposes us, and which can be avoided only by prudent distrust. He therefore that, remembering this salutary maxim, learns

early to withhold his fondness from fair appearances, will have reason to pay some honours to Bias of Priene, who enabled him to become wise without the cost of experience.

Nº CLXXVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1751.

—NALS SUSPENSEE ADUNCO.

Hon.

ON ME YOU TURN THE NOSE.—

**T**HERE are many vexatious accidents and uneasy situations which raise little compassion for the sufferer, and which no man but those whom they immediately distress can regard with seriousness. Petty mischiefs that have no influence on futurity, nor extend their effects to the rest of life, are always seen with a kind of malicious pleasure. A mistake or embarrassment, which for the present moment fills the face with blushes, and the mind with confusion, will have no other effect upon those who observe it than that of convulsing them with irresistible laughter. Some circumstances of misery are so powerfully ridiculous, that neither kindness nor duty can withstand them; they bear down love, interest, and reverence, and force the friend, the dependent, or the child, to give way to instantaneous motions of merriment.

Among the principal of comick calamities, may be reckoned the pain which an author, not yet hardened into insensibility, feels at the onset of a furious critick, whose age, rank, or fortune, gives him confidence to speak without reserve; who heaps one objection upon another, and obtrudes his remarks, and enforces his corrections, without tenderness or awe.

The author, full of the importance of his work, and anxious for the justification of every syllable, starts and kindles at the slightest attack; the critick, eager to establish his superiority, triumphing in every discovery of failure, and zealous to impress the cogency of his arguments, pursues him from line to line without cessation or remorse. The critick, who hazards little, proceeds with vehemence, impetuosity, and fearlessness; the author, whose quiet and

fame, and life and immortality, are involved in the controversy, tries every art of subterfuge and defence; maintains modestly what he resolves never to yield, and yields unwillingly what cannot be maintained. The critick's purpose is to conquer, the author only hopes to escape; the critick therefore knits his brow, and raises his voice, and rejoices whenever he perceives any tokens of pain excited by the pressure of his assertions, or the point of his sarcasms. The author, whose endeavour is at once to mollify and elude his persecutor, composes his features and softens his accent, breaks the force of assault by retreat, and rather stops aside than flies or advances.

As it very seldom happens that the rage of extemporary criticism inflicts fatal or lasting wounds, I know not that the laws of benevolence entitle this distress to much sympathy. The diversion of baiting an author has the sanction of all ages and nations, and is more lawful than the sport of teizing other animals, because, for the most part, he comes voluntarily to the stake, furnished, as he imagines, by the patron powers of literature, with resistless weapons, and impenetrable armour, with the mail of the boar of Erymanth, and the paws of the lion of Nemea.

But the works of genius are sometimes produced by other motives than vanity; and he whom necessity or duty enforces to write, is not always so well satisfied with himself, as not to be discouraged by censorious impudence. It may therefore be necessary to consider how they whom publication lays open to the insults of such as their obscurity secures against reprisals, may extricate themselves from unexpected encounters.

Vide,

, a man of considerable skill in licks of literature, directs his holly to abandon his defence, and then he can irrefragably refute all ons, to suffer tamely the exultation of his antagonist.

rule may perhaps be just, when is asked, and severity solicited, no man tells his opinion so freely when he imagines it received with veneration; and critics ought to be consulted, but while errors are to be rectified or insipidity suppressed.

But when the book has once passed into the world, and can no more be retouched, I know not whether a different conduct should not be observed, and whether firmness and may not sometimes be of use to counter arrogance and repel brutality. Softness, diffidence, and modesty will often be mistaken for timidity and dejection; they lure cowardice to the attack by the hopes of easy victory; and it will soon be found that almost every man thinks he can combat shall never be at peace.

animadversions of critics are only such as may easily provoke a writer to some quickness of sentiment and asperity of reply. A man who by long consideration has fastened a subject to his own mind, has surveyed the series of his arguments, and planned all the parts of composition into a regular dependence on each other, will often start at trifling interpretations, or absurdities, of haste and ignorance, and not by what insatiation they have been ed away from the obvious sense, upon what peculiar principles of argument they decide against him.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, usually adapted in any to all objects; the office of criticism is to supply its deficiencies: the rules are the instruments of mention, which may indeed assist our progress when properly used, but pro-

duce confusion and obscurity by unskillful application.

Some seem always to read with the microscope of criticism, and employ their whole attention upon minute elegance, or faults scarcely visible to common observation. The dissimilarity of a syllable, the recurrence of the same sound, the repetition of a particle, the smallest deviation from propriety, the slightest defect in construction or arrangement, swell before their eyes into enormities. As they discern with great exactness, they comprehend but a narrow compass, and know nothing of the justness of the design, the general spirit of the performance, the artifice of connection, or the harmony of the parts; they never conceive how small a proportion that which they are busy in contemplating bears to the whole, or how the petty inaccuracies with which they are offended, are absorbed and lost in general excellence.

Others are furnished by criticism with a telescope. They see with great clearness whatever is too remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They discover in every passage some secret meaning, some remote allusion, some artful allegory, or some occult imitation which no other reader ever suspected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the force of pathetic sentiments, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embellishments of fancy; of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally insensible, while they pry into worlds of conjecture, and amuse themselves with phantoms in the clouds.

In criticism, as in every other art, we fail sometimes by our weakness, but more frequently by our fault. We are sometimes bewildered by ignorance, and sometimes by prejudice, but we seldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourselves up to the direction of vanity.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1751.

TURPE EST DIFFICILE HABERE NUGAS.

MART.

THOSE THINGS WHICH NOW SEEM FRIVOLOUS AND SLIGHT,  
WILL BE OF SERIOUS CONSEQUENCE TO YOU,  
WHEN THEY HAVE MADE YOU ONCE RIDICULOUS.

ROSCOMMON.

TO THE RAMBLER.

WHEN I was, at the usual time, about to enter upon the profession to which my friends had destined me, being summoned, by the death of my father, into the country, I found myself master of an unexpected sum of money, and of an estate, which though not large, was, in my opinion, sufficient to support me in a condition far preferable to the fatigue, dependance, and uncertainty, of any gainful occupation. I therefore resolved to devote the rest of my life wholly to curiosity, and without any confinement of my excursions, or termination of my views, to wander over the boundless regions of general knowledge.

This scheme of life seemed pregnant with inexhaustible variety, and therefore I could not forbear to congratulate myself upon the wisdom of my choice. I furnished a large room with all conveniences for study; collected books of every kind; quitted every science at the first perception of disgust; returned to it again as soon as my former ardor happened to revive; and having no rival to depress me by comparison, nor any critic to alarm me with objections, I spent day after day in profound tranquillity, with only so much complacency in my own improvements, as served to excite and animate my application.

Thus I lived for some years with complete acquiescence in my own plan of conduct, rising early to read, and dividing the latter part of the day between economy, exercise, and reflection. But in time I began to find my mind contracted and stiffened by solitude. My ease and elegance were sensibly impaired; I was no longer able to accommodate myself with readiness to the accidental current of conversation, my notions grew particular and paradoxical, and my phraseology formal and un-

fashionable; I spoke, on communications, the language of books. quickness of apprehension, and celerity of reply, had entirely deserted me. I delivered my opinion, or detail of knowledge, I was bewildered by a seasonable interrogatory, disconcerted by any slight opposition, and overwhelmed and lost in dejection when the smallest advantage was gained against me in dispute. I became decidedly dogmatical, impatient of contradiction, perpetually jealous of my character, insolent to such as acknowledged my superiority, and sullen and malignant to all who refused to receive my dictum.

This I soon discovered to be a disease of those intellectual diseases which man should make haste to cure. I therefore resolved for a time to shut myself up to books, and learn again the art of conversation; to defecate and clear my mind by brisker motions, and stronger pulses; and to unite myself once more to the living generation.

For this purpose I hastened to London, and entreated one of my academic acquaintances to introduce me into one of the little societies of literature which are formed in taverns and coffee-houses. He was pleased with an opportunity of shewing me to his friends, and obtained me admission among a select company of curious men, who met every week to exhilarate their studies, and compare their acquisitions.

The eldest and most venerable of the society was Hirsutus, who, after the civilities of my reception, found it necessary to introduce the mention of his private studies, by a severe censure of those who want the due regard for the native country. He informed me that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that since he began to addict his mind to serious study, he had very carefully examined all the English books that

in the black character. This he had pursued so diligently, was able to shew the deficiencies of the best catalogues. He had long completed his Caxton, had three Treveris unknown to the ancients, and wanted to a perfect Pyn-

two volumes, of which one misadvised him as a legacy by its possessor, and the other he was to buy, at whatever price, when his library should be sold. He had no other reason for the val-

sighting a book, than that it was in the Roman or the Gothick or any ideas but such as his favours had supplied; when he was, he expatiated on the narrow Johan de Trevisa, and, when merry, regaled us with a quotation from the Shippe of Foles.

I was listening to this hoary Ferratus entered in a hurry, hurried us, with the abruptness of that his set of halfpence was complete; he had just received, in a change, the piece that he had been seeking, and could now be kind to outgo his collection of copper.

Phylax then observed how far human sagacity was sometimes baffled how often the most valuable things are made by chance. He enjoyed himself and his emissaries at great expence, to perfect sets of Gazettes, but had long a single paper, which, when he was of obtaining it, was sent him round a parcel of tobacco.

He turned all his thoughts to ballads, for he considered them as genuine records of the national character offered to shew me a copy of children in the Wood, which he believed to be of the first edition by the help of which the text was freed from several corruptions, and of barbarity had any claim to ours from him.

were admitted into this society as members, because they had old prints and neglected pamphlets possessed some fragment of antiquity the seal of an ancient corporation charter of a religious house,

the genealogy of a family extinct, or a letter written in the reign of Elizabeth.

Every one of these virtuosos looked on all his associates as wretches of depraved taste and narrow notions. Their conversation was, therefore, fretful and waspish, their behaviour brutal, their merriment bluntly facetious, and their seriousness gloomy and suspicious. They were totally ignorant of all that passes, or has lately passed, in the world; unable to discuss any question of religious, political, or military knowledge; equally strangers to science and polite learning, and without any wish to improve their minds, or any other pleasure than that of displaying rarities, of which they would not suffer others to make the proper use.

Hirfutus graciously informed me, that the number of their society was limited, but that I might sometimes attend as an auditor. I was pleased to find myself in no danger of an honour which I could not have willingly accepted, nor gracefully refused, and left them without any intention of returning; for I soon found, that the suppression of those habits with which I was vitiated, required association with men very different from this solemn race.

I am, Sir, &c.

VIVACULUS.

It is natural to feel grief or indignation when any thing, necessary or useful, is wantonly wasted, or negligently destroyed; and therefore my correspondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneasiness on the waste of life. Leisure and curiosity might soon make great advances in useful knowledge, were they not diverted by minute emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, somewhat mollify his anger, to reflect, that perhaps none of the assembly which he describes, was capable of any nobler employment, and that he who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing. Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.



Nº CLXXVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1751.

PARS SANITATIS VELLE SANARIA FUIT.

SENECA.

TO YIELD TO REMEDIES IS HALF THE CURE.

**P**YTHAGORAS is reported to have required from those whom he instructed in philosophy a probationary silence of five years. Whether this prohibition of speech extended to all the parts of this time, as seems generally to be supposed, or was to be observed only in the school or in the presence of their master, as is more probable, it was sufficient to discover the pupil's disposition; to try whether he was willing to pay the price of learning, or whether he was one of those whose ardour was rather violent than lasting, and who expected to grow wise on other terms than those of patience and obedience.

Many of the blessings universally desired are very frequently wanted, because most men, when they should labour, content themselves to complain, and rather linger in a state in which they cannot be at rest, than improve their condition by vigour and resolution.

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immoveable boundaries, and has set different gratifications at such a distance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the business of every rational being to understand, that life may not pass away in an attempt to make contradictions consistent, to combine opposite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being must always keep asunder.

Of two objects tempting at a distance on contrary sides, it is impossible to approach one but by receding from the other; by long deliberation and dilatory projects they may be both lost, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, necessary to compare them, and when we have determined the preference, to withdraw our eyes and our thoughts at once from that which reason directs us to reject. This is the more necessary, if that which we are forsaking has the power of delighting the senses, or firing the fancy. He that once turns aside to the allurements of unlawful pleasure, can have no security that he shall ever regain the paths of virtue.

The philosophick goddess of Boethius, having related the story of Orpheus, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, lost her again by looking back upon her in the confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application. 'Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your minds to the illuminations of Heaven, consider yourselves as represented in this fable; for he that is once so far overcome as to turn back his eyes towards the infernal caverns, loses at the first sight all that influence which attracted him on high.

*Vos hæc fabula sapiente,  
Quicunque in supernum ducit  
Mentem ducere queritis.  
Nam qui Tartareum in spectu  
Victus lumina flexerit,  
Quidquid præcipuum erant,  
Perdit; dum videt infæcos.*

It may be observed in general, that the future is purchased by the present. It is not possible to secure distant or permanent happiness but by the forbearance of some immediate gratification. This is so evidently true with regard to the whole of our existence, that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce a life of faith; a life regulated not by our senses but our belief; a life in which pleasures are to be refused for fear of invisible punishments, and calamities sometimes to be sought, and always endured, in hope of rewards that shall be obtained in another state.

Even if we take into our view only that particle of our duration which is terminated by the grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life beyond the common limitations of pleasure, but by anticipating some of the satisfaction which should exhilarate the following years. The heat of youth may spread happiness into wild luxuriance, but the radical vigour requisite to make it perennial is exhausted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is languor and sterility.

The



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reigning error of mankind is, we are not content with the condition which the goods of life are in. No man is insensible of the use of knowledge, the advantages of it, or the convenience of plenty; every day shews us those on whom education is without effect.

Knowledge is praised and desired by those whom her charms could release from the couch of sloth; whom the gentle invitation of pleasure draws from their studies; to whom any method of wearing out the day is preferable to the use of books, and we more easily engaged by any diversion, than such as may rectify their errors or enlarge their comprehension. Every man that has felt pain, knows the title all other comforts can gladness to whom health is denied. Yet there does not sometimes hazard the enjoyment of an hour? All lies of jollity, all places of public entertainment, exhibit examples of the wasting in riot, and beauty in irregularity; nor is it easy to find a house in which part of the family groaning in repentance of past intemperance, and part admitting dissipation, or soliciting it by luxury. There is no pleasure which men of age and sect have more generally been wont to mention with contempt, than gratifications of the palate; an enjoyment so far removed from intellectual happiness, that scarcely the most sensual of the sensual herd have dared to end it: yet even to this, the low-our delights, to this, though neither new nor lasting, is health with all its activity and sprightliness daily sacrificed; and for this are half the miseries endured which urge impatience to call for death.

The whole world is put in motion by the wish for riches, and the dread of poverty. Who, then, would not imagine that such conduct as will inevitably destroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, must generally be avoided? That he who spends more than he receives, must in time become indigent, cannot be doubted; but how evident soever this consequence may appear, the spendthrift moves in the whirl of pleasure with too much rapidity to keep it before his eyes, and, in the intoxication of gaiety, grows every day poorer without any such sense of approaching ruin as is sufficient to wake him into caution.

Many complaints are made of the misery of life; and indeed it must be confessed that we are subject to calamities by which the good and bad, the diligent and slothful, the vigilant and heedless, are equally afflicted. But surely, though some indulgence may be allowed to groans extorted by inevitable misery, no man has a right to repine at evils which, against warning, against experience, he deliberately and leisurely brings upon his own head; or to consider himself as debarred from happiness by such obstacles as resolution may break, or dexterity may put aside.

Great numbers who quarrel with their condition, have wanted not the power but the will to obtain a better state. They have never contemplated the difference between good and evil sufficiently to quicken aversion, or invigorate desire; they have indulged a drowsy thoughtlessness or giddy levity; have committed the balance of choice to the management of caprice; and when they have long accustomed themselves to receive all that chance offered them, without examination, lament at last that they find themselves deceived.

## CLXXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1751.

PERPETUO RISU PULMONEM AGITARE SOLEBAT.

JUV.

DEMOCRITUS WOULD FEED HIS SPLEEN, AND SHAKE HIS SIDES AND SHOULDERS TILL HE FELT THEM AKE.

DRYDEN.

EVERY man, says Tully, has two characters; one which he shares with all mankind, and by which he is distinguished from brute

animals; another which discriminates him from the rest of his own species, and impresses on him a manner and temper peculiar to himself; this particular

ticular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his business to cultivate and preserve.

Every hour furnishes some confirmation of Tully's precept. It seldom happens, that an assembly of pleasure is so happily selected, but that some one finds admission, with whom the rest are deservedly offended; and it will appear, on a close inspection, that scarce any man becomes eminently disagreeable but by a departure from his real character, and an attempt at something for which nature or education have left him unqualified.

Ignorance or dulness have indeed no power of affording delight, but they never give disgust except when they assume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the sprightliness of wit. Awkwardness and inelegance have none of those attractions by which ease and politeness take possession of the heart; but ridicule and censure seldom rise against them, unless they appear associated with that confidence which belongs only to long acquaintance with the modes of life, and to consciousness of unfailing propriety of behaviour. Deformity itself is regarded with tenderness rather than aversion, when it does not attempt to deceive the sight by dress and decoration, and to seize upon fictitious claims the prerogatives of beauty.

He that stands to contemplate the crowds that fill the streets of a populous city, will see many passengers whose air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his risibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor disease, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The disposition to derision and insult is awakened by the softness of foppery, the swell of insolence, the liveliness of levity, or the solemnity of grandeur; by the sprightly trip, the stately stalk, the formal strut, and the lofty mien; by gestures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

It has, I think, been sometimes urged in favour of affectation, that it is only a mistake of the means to a good end, and that the intention with which it is practised is always to please. If all attempts to innovate the constitutional or

habitual character have really proceeded from publick spirit and love of others, the world has hitherto been sufficiently ungrateful, since no return but scorn has yet been made to the most difficult of all enterprizes, a contest with nature; nor has any pity been shown to the fatigues of labour which never succeeded, and the unreasonableness of disguise by which nothing was concealed.

It seems therefore to be determined by the general suffrage of mankind, that he who decks himself in adscitious qualities rather purposes to command applause than impart pleasure; and he is therefore treated as a man who by an unreasonable ambition usurps the place in society to which he has no right. Praise is seldom paid with willingness even to incontestible merit, and it can be no wonder that he who calls for it without desert is repulsed with universal indignation.

Affectation naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment. We are conscious of our own defects, and eagerly endeavour to supply them by artificial excellence; nor would such efforts be wholly without excuse, were they not often excited by ornamental trifles, which he that thus anxiously struggles for the reputation of possessing them would not have been known to want, had not his industry quickened observation.

Gelasinus passed the first part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement, without any other conversation than that of scholars, grave, studious, and abstracted as himself. He cultivated the mathematical sciences with indefatigable diligence, discovered many useful theorems, discussed with great accuracy the resistance of fluids, and though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the first who fully explained all the properties of the catenarian curve.

Learning, when it rises to eminence, will be observed in time, whatever misfortune may happen to surround it. Gelasinus, in his forty-ninth year, was distinguished by those who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, and called out to display his acquisitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his presence to philosophical assemblies. As he did not suspect his usefulness for common affairs, he felt no re-

luctance

ce to obey the invitation, and what not feel he had yet too much ho- to feign. He entered into the as a larger and more populous e, where his performances would re publick, and his renown far-xtended; and imagined that he find his reputation univerfally ent, and the influence of learning where the fame.

merit introduced him to splendid and elegant acquaintance; but he t find himself always qualified to the conversation. He was dis- by civilities, which he knew not o repay, and entangled in many nial perplexities, from which his and diagrams could not extricate

He was sometimes unluckily en- in disputes with ladies, with whom aic axioms had no great weight, w many whose favour and esteem ild not but desire, to whom he very little recommended by his s of the tides, or his approxima- o the quadrature of the circle.

afumus did not want penetration over, that no charm was more dly irresistible than that of easy usness and flowing hilarity. He at diversion was more frequently ne than improvement, that au- and seriousness were rather fear- r was a kind of imperious ally, dismissed when his assistance was ger necessary. He came to a

sudden resolution of throwing off those cumbrous ornaments of learning, which hindered his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularly. Utterly unacquainted with every topick of mer- riment, ignorant of the modes and fol- lies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurnished with any ideas but such as Pappus and Archimedes had given him, he began to silence all enquiries with a jest instead of a solution, extend- ed his face with a grin, which he mis- took for a smile, and in the place of a scientifick discourse, retailed in a new language, formed between the college and the tavern; the intelligence of the news-paper.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity; and, therefore, whatever he said or heard, he was careful not to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he ask- ed or told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat or cold, stirred the fire, or filled a glass, removed his chair, or snuffed a candle, he always found some occasion to laugh. The jest was indeed a secret to all but himself; but habitual confidence in his own discern- ment hindered him from suspecting any weakness or mistake. He wondered that his wit was so little understood, but ex- pected that his audience would compre- hend it by degrees, and persisted all his life to show by gross buffoonery, how little the strongest faculties can per- form beyond the limits of their own pro- vince.

## CLXXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1751.

ΤΑΥΤ ΕΙΔΕΙΣ ΣΟΦΕΙΣ ΙΩΣΗΦ ΜΑΤΡΥΝ Τ' ΕΥΕΛΑΝΤΕΣ ΙΑΤΡΟΝ  
ΠΩ ΤΟ ΝΕΩΝ ΖΗΤΕΙΝ, ΕΓΓΙΝΕΙ ΑΙΣ ΜΟΝΑΔΕΣ.

AUTOMEDON.

ON LIFE, ON MORALS, BE THY THOUGHTS EMPLOY'D;  
LEAVE TO THE SCHOOLS THEIR ATOMS AND THEIR VOID.

s somewhere related by Le Clerc, t a wealthy trader of good under- ng, having the common ambition ed his son a scholar, carried him niversity, resolving to use his udgment in the choice of a tutor. ad been taught, by whatever in- nce, the nearest way to the heart academick, and at his arrival en- ed all who came about him with refusal, that the professors were by the smell of his table from their

books, and flocked round him with all the cringes of awkward complaisance. This eagerness answered the merchant's purpose; he glutted them with delicacies, and softened them with caresses, till he prevailed upon one after another to open his bosom, and make a discovery of his competitions, jealousies, and resentments. Having thus learned each man's character, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintances, he resolved to find some other education for

his son, and went away convinced, that a scholastick life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals, and contract the understanding: nor would he afterwards hear with patience the praises of the ancient authors, being persuaded that scholars of all ages must have been the same, and that Xenophon and Cicero were professors of some former universality, and therefore mean and selfish, ignorant and servile, like those whom he had lately visited and forsaken.

Envy, curiosity, and a sense of the imperfection of our present state, incline us to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds loses part of his reverence, by discovering no superiority in those parts of life in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remotest provinces, the rusticks are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied; and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance are without reproach. But there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued, other accomplishments are neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by the desire of superfluous attainments. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculations, and employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelick counsel every man of

letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties; he must be therefore sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

I am far from any intention to limit curiosity, or confine the labours of learning to arts of immediate and necessary use. It is only from the various essays of experimental industry, and the vague excursions of minds sent out upon discovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected; and though many must be disappointed in their labours, yet they are not to be charged with having spent their time in vain; their example contributed to inspire emulation, and their miscarriages taught others the way to success.

But the distant hope of being one day useful or eminent, ought not to mislead us too far from that study which is equally requisite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obscure; the art of moderating the desires, of repressing the appetites, and of conciliating or retaining the favour of mankind.

No man can imagine the course of his own life, or the conduct of the world around him, unworthy his attention; yet among the sons of learning many seem to have thought of every thing rather than of themselves, and to have observed every thing but what passes before their eyes: many who toil through the intricacy of complicated systems, are insupportably embarrassed with the least perplexity in common affairs; many who compare the actions, and ascertain the characters of ancient heroes, let their own days glide away without examination, and suffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without resistance or detection.

The most frequent reproach of the scholastick race is the want of fortitude, not martial but philosophick. Men bred in shades and silence, taught to immerse themselves at sunset, and accustomed to no other weapon than syllogism, may be allowed to feel terror at personal danger, and to be disconcerted by tumult and alarm. But why should he whose life is spent in contemplation, and whose business is only to discover truth, be unable to rectify the fallacies of imagination, or contend successfully against prejudice and passion? To what end has he read and meditated, if he gives up his understand-

life appearances, and suffers him-  
be enslaved by fear of evils to  
only folly or vanity can expose  
related by advantages to which,  
are equally conferred upon the  
and bad, no real dignity is an-

however, is the state of the  
that the most obsequious of the  
of pride, the most rapturous of  
ers upon wealth, the most offici-  
the whisperers of greatness, are  
d from seminaries appropriated to  
ly of wisdom and of virtue, where  
intended that appetite should  
be content with little, and that  
should aspire only to honours  
no human power can give or take

student, when he comes forth  
world, instead of congratulating  
upon his exemption from the  
of those whose opinions have been  
by accident or custom, and who  
without any certain principles of  
it, is commonly in haste to  
with the multitude, and shew  
rightlines and ductility by an  
ious compliance with fashions  
s. The first smile of a man,  
fortune gives him power to re-  
is dependants, commonly enchants  
yond resistance; the glare of equi-  
he sweets of luxury, the liberality  
ral promises, the softness of ha-  
affability, fill his imagination;  
soon ceases to have any other

with than to be well received, or any  
measure of right and wrong but the opi-  
nion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed, learns  
to exact grosser adulation, and enjoin  
lower submission. Neither our virtues  
nor vices are all our own. If there were  
no cowardice, there would be little in-  
solence; pride cannot rise to any great  
degree, but by the concurrence of blan-  
dishment or the sufferance of tameness.  
The wretch who would shrink and  
crouch before one that should dart his  
eyes upon him with the spirit of natural  
equality, becomes capricious and tyran-  
nical when he sees himself approached  
with a downcast look, and hears the soft  
addresses of awe and servility. To those  
who are willing to purchase favour by  
cringes and compliance, is to be im-  
puted the haughtiness that leaves no-  
thing to be hoped by firmness and inte-  
grity.

If, instead of wandering after the me-  
teors of philosophy, which fill the world  
with splendour for a while, and then  
sink and are forgotten, the candidates of  
learning fixed their eyes upon the per-  
manent lustre of moral and religious  
truth, they would find a more certain  
direction to happiness. A little plausi-  
bility of discourse, and acquaintance  
with unnecessary speculations, is dearly  
purchased, when it excludes those in-  
structions which fortify the heart with  
resolution, and exalt the spirit to inde-  
pendence,

CLXXXI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1751.

—NEU FLUITEN DUBIE SPE PENDULUS HORÆ.

HOR.

NOR LET ME FLOAT IN FORTUNE'S FLOW'RS,  
DEPENDANT ON THE FUTURE HOUR.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

I have passed much of my life in  
disquiet and suspense, and lost  
opportunities of advantage by a  
which I have reason to believe  
not in different degrees over a great  
mankind, I cannot but think  
well qualified to warn those who  
uncaptivated, of the danger which

they incur by placing themselves within  
its influence.

I served an apprenticeship to a linen-  
draper, with uncommon reputation for  
diligence and fidelity; and at the age  
of three and twenty opened a shop for  
myself with a large stock, and such cre-  
dit among all the merchants, who were  
acquainted with my master, that I could  
command whatever was imported curi-  
ous or valuable. For five years I pro-  
ceeded



ceeded with success proportionate to close application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every sale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced so fast in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this course of even prosperity, I was one day persuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The sum was inconsiderable, part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my established maxims of frugality did not restrain me from so trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almost forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then seem of any importance, till I discovered by the public papers that the number next to mine had contributed the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of such an approach to sudden riches, which I considered myself, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having missed by a single chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the consequences which such a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took possession of my imagination. The great delight of my solitary hours was to purchase an estate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I spoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now so heated my imagination with the prospect of a prize, that I should have pressed among the first purchasers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of success from one ticket rather than another. I hesitated long between even and odd; considered the square and cubick numbers through the lottery; examined all those to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at last fixed upon one, which, by some secret relation to the events of my life, I thought predestined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often mischievous; the ticket was sold, and it's possessor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognostication, fixed

upon another chance, but with less confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel so much vexation from the slow pace of time, as I suffered between the purchase of my ticket and the distribution of the prizes. I solaced my uneasiness as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happiness; when the sun rose I knew it would set, and congratulated myself at night that I was so much nearer to my wishes. At last the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and sagacity with a despicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honestly rejoiced upon my success, were very coldly received; I hid myself a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without observation, and then returning to my shop, began to listen after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was soon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I resolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miss the lucky class. Many conclusions did I form, and many experiments did I try to determine from which of those tickets I might most reasonably expect riches. At last, being unable to satisfy myself by any modes of reasoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amusement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact register, found on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the rest in three hundred and thirty thousand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the first day presented the hopeful ticket, a detestable blank. The rest came out with different fortune, and in conclusion I lost thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the cast of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The shop was for the most part abandoned to my servants; and if I entered it, my thoughts were so engrossed by my tickets, that I scarcely heard or answered a question, but considered every customer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haste to

I mistook the price of my committed blunders in my bills, file my receipts, and neglected my books. My acquaintance began to fall away; received the decline of my business a little emotion, because what chance there might be in my expected the next lottery to sup-

riage naturally produces difficulty began now to seek assistance of luck, by an alliance which had been more successful. I diligently at what office any been sold, that I might purchase a propitious venter; solicited to had been fortunate in forgeries, to partake with me in my success; and whenever I met with success in any event of his life been prosperous, I invited him to my share. I had, by this conduct, so diffused my interest, that a fourth part of fifteen tickets, and of forty, and a sixteenth of

ed for the decision of my fate former palpitations, and looked the business of my trade with neglect. The wheel at last stopped, and its revolutions brought a succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of the prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of another; but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances succeeded, all my expectation was upon those which remained yet unsatisfied. At last a prize of five hundred pounds was proclaimed; I ran at the cry, and enquiring whether, found it to be one of my tickets, which I had divided among those on whose luck I depended, which I had retained only a sixteenth.

You will easily judge with what detestation of himself a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose, that I represented to my mind the impossibility of recalling the past, or the folly of condemning an act which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put in my hands, had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish, and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself up silently to grief, and lost by degrees my appetite and my rest.

My indisposition soon became visible; I was visited by my friends, and among them by Eumathes, a clergyman, whose piety and learning gave him such an ascendancy over me, that I could not refuse to open my heart. 'There are,' said he, 'few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himself inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt possibility to certainty, should avoid every kind of casual adventure, since his grief must be always proportionate to his hope. You have long walked that time which by a proper application would have certainly, though moderately, increased your fortune, in a laborious and anxious pursuit of a species of gain which no labour or anxiety, no art or expedient, can secure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act, against which repentance can give no caution, but to avoid the occasion of committing it. Rouse yourself from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which, if obtained, you could scarcely have enjoyed, because they could confer no consciousness of desert; return to rational and manly industry, and consider the meagre gift of luck as below the care of a wise man.'

## LXXXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1751.

—DIVERS QUI FIFRI VULT,  
UT CITO VULT FIERI.

### JUVENAL.

THE LUST OF WEALTH CAN NEVER BEAR DELAY.

It has been observed in a late paper, we are unreasonably desirous to the goods of life from those evils

which Providence has connected with them, and to catch advantages without paying the price at which they are offered.

ed us. Every man wishes to be rich, but very few have the powers necessary to raise a sudden fortune, either by new discoveries, or by superiority of skill, in any necessary employment; and among lower understandings, many want the firmness and industry requisite to regular gain and gradual acquisitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods more compendious than those of labour, and more generally practicable than those of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and that willingness to snatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance, which, when it has once taken possession of the mind, is seldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waste life in perpetual delusion, and generally ends in wretchedness and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and visionary prosperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchasers of tickets; there are multitudes whose life is nothing but a continual lottery; who are always within a few months of plenty and happiness, and how often soever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

Among the most resolute and ardent of the votaries of chance may be numbered the mortals whose hope is to raise themselves by a wealthy match; who lay out all their industry on the assiduities of courtship, and sleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the most indefatigable of this class, is my old friend Leviculus, whom I have never known for thirty years without some matrimonial project of advantage. Leviculus was bred under a merchant, and by the graces of his person, the sprightliness of his prattle, and the neatness of his dress, so much enamoured his master's second daughter, a girl of sixteen, that she declared her resolution to have no other husband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulness, consented to the match, not much to the satisfaction of Leviculus, who was sufficiently elated with his conquest to think himself entitled to a larger fortune. He was, however, soon rid of his perplexity, for his mistress died before their marriage.

He was now so well satisfied with his own accomplishments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter;

and when his apprenticeship expired instead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the exchange with a face portance, or associating himself with those who were most eminent for knowledge of the stocks, he threw off the solemnity of the counting-house, equipped himself with a wig, listened to wits in coffee-houses, passed his evenings behind the scenes of the theatres, learned the names of the latest fashions, hummed the latest of fashionable songs, talked with familiarity of high play, boasted of achievements upon drawers and women, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with diligence and jocularly of bilking fellows, and now and then let fly a jest at a sober citizen.

Thus furnished with irresistible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world, and in the first was self-approbation, proposed no less the possession of riches and beauty. He therefore paid his civil Flavia, the only daughter of a petty shopkeeper, who not being accustomed to amorous blandishments and respectful addresses, was delighted with the novelty of love, and easily let him to conduct her to the play, meet her where she visited. He did not doubt but her father, howsoever by a clandestine marriage, soon he reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his law, and was in haste to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept three years in uncertainty and suspense. At last she fell in love with a young ensign at a ball; and, danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a distant estate in the country, where, after usual enquiries concerning the neighbourhood, he found per to fall in love with Altilia, a young lady, twenty years older than himself, for whose favour fifteen uncles and nieces were in perpetual contest. They hovered round her with furious officiousness, as scarcely left room vacant for a lover. Leviculus, vertheless, discovered his passionate letter, and Altilia could not win the pleasure of hearing vows and

atteries and protestations. She admitted his visits, enjoyed, for five years, pangs of keeping all her expectations perpetual alarms, and amused with the various stratagems were practised to disengage her sons. Sometimes she was advised great earnestness to travel for her, and sometimes intreated to keep other's house. Many stories were to the disadvantage of Leviculus which she commonly seemed as for a time, but took care soon afterwards to express her conviction of falsehood. But being at last satisfied with this ludicrous tyranny, she her lover, when he pressed for the end of his services, that she was very le of his merit, but was resolved impoverish an ancient family.

He then returned to the town, and after his arrival became acquainted with Latronia, a lady distinguished by elegance of her equipage, and the rectitude of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and frugality in her economy, and therefore Leviculus, who had scarcely consented to solicit her favour, readily accepted of her fortune of her former debts, he found himself distinguished by such marks of preference as a man of modesty is allowed to give. He grew bolder, and ventured to set out his impatience before her. He heard him without resentment, in permissiveness he permitted him to hope for happiness and at last fixed the nuptial day, but with any distrustful reserve of pin-money, or fordid stipulations for jointure and settlements.

Leviculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the stairs the voice of Latronia's maid, whom he had bribed to secure in his service.

She soon burst into his room, and told him that she could not suffer to be longer deceived; that her mistress was now spending the last payment of her fortune, and was only supported by the expense of the credit of his estate.

Leviculus shuddered to see himself near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his escape to the resentment of the maid, who, having assisted Latronia to gain the conquest, had eluded with her at last about the same time.

Leviculus was now hopeless and disconsolate, till one Sunday he saw a lady in the Mall, whom her dress declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad resplendence of her countenance, he guessed to have lately buried some prosperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no less than the relict of Prune the grocer, who having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his estates real and personal. No formality was necessary in addressing Madam Prune, and therefore Leviculus went next morning without an introducer. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; she then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, asked if he knew to whom he was talking, then shewed him the door, and again laughed to find him confused. Leviculus discovered that this coarseness was nothing more than the coquetry of Cornhill, and next day returned to the attack. He soon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets; concurred in many sage remarks on the regard due to the people of property; and agreed with her in detestation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He sometimes presumed to mention marriage; but was always answered with a slap, a hoot, and a frown. At last he began to press her closer, and thought himself more favourably received; but going one morning, with a resolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring shop, of whom she had become enamoured at her window.

In these, and a thousand intermediate adventures, has Leviculus spent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and disappointment. He begins at last to find that success is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurnished with any arts that might amuse his leisure, is condemned to wear out a tasteless life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

N<sup>o</sup> CLXXXIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1751.NULLA FIDES REGNI SOCIIS, OMNISQUE POTESTAS  
IMPATIENS CONSORTIS ERAT.

LUCAN.

NO FAITH OF PARTNERSHIP DOMINION OWNS;  
STILL DISCORD HOVERS O'ER DIVIDED THRONES.

**T**HE hostility perpetually exercised between one man and another, is caused by the desire of many for that which only few can possess. Every man would be rich, powerful and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obscurity, dependance, and poverty of greater numbers.

This universal and incessant competition produces injury and malice by two motives, interest and envy; the prospect of adding to our possessions what we can take from others, and the hope of alleviating the sense of our disparity by lessening others, though we gain nothing to ourselves.

Of these two malignant and destructive powers, it seems probable at the first view, that interest has the strongest and most extensive influence. It is easy to conceive that opportunities to seize what has been long wanted, may excite desires almost irresistible; but surely the same eagerness cannot be kindled by an accidental power of destroying that which gives happiness to another. It must be more natural to rob for gain, than to ravage only for mischief.

Yet I am inclined to believe, that the great law of mutual benevolence is oftener violated by envy than by interest, and that most of the misery which the defamation of blameless actions, or the obstruction of honest endeavours, brings upon the world, is inflicted by men that propose no advantage to themselves but the satisfaction of poisoning the banquet which they cannot taste, and blasting the harvest which they have no right to reap.

Interest can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass. The number is never large of those who can hope to fill the posts of degraded power, catch the fragments of shattered fortune, or succeed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy has no limits, as it requires, to it's influ-

ence, very little help from external circumstances. Envy may always be produced by idleness and pride, and in what place will they not be found?

Interest requires some qualities not universally bestowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him who has not discernment to mark his advantage, courage to seize, and activity to pursue it; but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quiescent state, amidst the gloom of stupidity, in the coverts of cowardice. He that falls by the attacks of interest, is torn by hungry tigers; he may discover and resist his enemies. He that perishes in the ambushes of envy, is destroyed by unknown and invisible assassins, and dies like a man suffocated by a poisonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or possibility of contest.

Interest is seldom pursued but at some hazard. He that hopes to gain much, has commonly something to lose, and when he ventures to attack superiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably crushed. But envy may act without expence or danger. To spread suspicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate scandal, requires neither labour nor courage. It is easy for the author of a lie, however malignant, to escape detection, and infamy needs very little industry to assist it's circulation.

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation: it's effects therefore are every where discoverable, and it's attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from publick affairs, will never want those who hint, with Shylock, that ships are

ards. The beauty, adorned on the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, when he appears, a thousand murmurs of faction. The genius, even when heavours only to entertain or instruct, yet suffers persecution from innumerable criticks, whose acrimony is derived merely by the pain of seeing him pleased, and of hearing applauses another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so rare, that it escapes our notice; nor is it often reflected upon its turpitude and ignominy, till we happen to feel its effects. When he that has given occasion to malice, but by attempting to excel, finds himself pursued by those whom he never saw, with the implacability of personal resentment, when he perceives clamour and is let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of calumny and detraction; when he hears the misrepresentations of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and the failure of conduct, or defect of merit, aggravated and ridiculed; he begins to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life may be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully attended and diligently propagated, may in time overpower and repress it, so no one can nurse it for the sake of success, as its effects are only shame, dishonour, and perturbation.

As above all other vices inconsistent with the character of a social being, be it sacrifices truth and kindness to weak temptations. He that plun-

ders a wealthy neighbour gains as much as he takes away, and may improve his own condition in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blights a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be preferred: It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is often marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity, but only that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns him, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

## CLXXXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1751.

PERMITTE IPSIS EXPENDERE NUMINIBUS, QUID  
CONVENIAT NOBIS, REBUSQUE FIT UTILE NOSTRIS.

JUV.

ENTRUST THY FORTUNE TO THE POW'RS ABOVE;  
LEAVE THEM TO MANAGE FOR THEE, AND TO GRANT  
WHAT THEIR UNERRING WISDOM SEES THEE WANT.

DRYDEN.

In every scheme of life, so every  
scheme of writing, has its advantages  
and inconveniences, though not

mingled in the same proportions. The  
writer of essays escapes many embarrass-  
ments to which a large work would have  
exposed

Nº CLXXXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1751.

AT VINDICTA BONUM VITA JUCUNDIUS IPSA,  
 NEMPE HOC INDOCTI.—  
 CHRYSIPPUS NON DICIT IDEM, NEC MITE THALETIS  
 INGENIUM, DULCIQUE SENEX VICINUS HYMETTO,  
 QUI PARTEM ACCEPTÆ SAVA INTER VINCLA CICUTÆ  
 ACCUSATORI NOLLET DARE.—QUIPPE MINUTI  
 SEMPER, ET INFIRMI EST ANIMI, EXIGUIQUE VOLUNTAS  
 ULTIO.

JUV.

BUT O! REVENGE IS SWEET.  
 THUS THINK THE CROWD; WHO, EAGER TO ENGAGE,  
 TAKE QUICKLY FIRE, AND KINDLE INTO RAGE.  
 NOT SO MILD THALES NOR CHRYSIPPUS THOUGHT,  
 FOR THAT GOOD MAN, WHO DRANK THE POIS'NOUS DRAUGHT  
 WITH MIND SERENE; AND COULD NOT WISH TO SEE  
 HIS VILE ACCUSER DRINK AS DEEP AS HE:  
 EXALTED SOCRATES! DIVINELY BRAVE!  
 INJUR'D HE FELL, AND DYING HE FORGAVE,  
 TOO NOBLE FOR REVENGE; WHICH STILL WE FIND  
 THE WEAKEST FRAILTY OF A FEEBLE MIND.

DRYDEN.

NO vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy and the injunctions of religion, than those which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot dismiss without leaving in the hands of opposition some advantage iniquitously obtained, or suffering from our own prejudices some imputation of pusillanimity.

For this reason scarcely any law of our Redeemer is more openly transgressed, or more industriously evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the sanction of eternal misery, the gratification of the desire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat pride, and pursue offences to extremity of vengeance, lest they should be insulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become him, at whose birth *peace* was proclaimed to the earth. For, what would so soon destroy all the order of society, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permission to every one to judge his own cause, and to apportion his own recompence for imagined injuries?

It is difficult for a man of the strictest justice not to favour himself too much,

in the calmest moments of solitary meditation. Every one wishes for the distinctions for which thousands are willing at the same time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reason operates in it's full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of self-love, prefer himself to his fellow-beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his passions are agitated by a sense of wrong, and his attention wholly engrossed by pain, interest, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himself the right of vengeance, shows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, since he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured, or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped, that he who first commits an injury, will contentedly acquiesce in the penalty required: the same haughtiness of contempt, or vehemence of desire, that prompts the act of injustice, will more strongly incite it's justification; and resentment can never so exactly balance the punishment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his first action will think himself entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a

igilance to entrap, and eager-destroy?

then the imaginary right of must be at last remitted, be impossible to live in perpetual and equally impossible that, of ries, either should first think obliged by justice to submission, ly eligible to forgive early. sion is more easily subdued be- been long accustomed to pos- the heart; every idea is obli- with less difficulty, as it has e slightly impressed, and less renewed. He who has often ver his wrongs, pleased him- a schemes of malignity, and is pride with the fancied sup- of humbled enmity, will not n his bosom to amity and re- on, or indulge the gentle sen- f benevolence and peace.

sist to forgive, while there is to be forgiven. A single in- be soon dismissed from the but a long succession of ill degrees associates itself with a, a long contest involves so umstances, that every place a will recal it to the mind, and emembrance of vexation must still rage, and irritate revenge.

man will make haste to for- ause he knows the true value and will not suffer it to pass unnecessary pain. He that will- ers the corrosions of inveterate d gives up his days and nights om of malice, and perturba- stratagem, cannot surely be sult his ease. Repentment is of sorrow with malignity, a on of a passion which all en- avoid, with a passion which to detest. The man who re- editate mischief, and to exas- s own rage; whose thoughts ped only on means of distress ivances of ruin; whose mind ses from the remembrance of offerings, but to indulge some njoying the calamities of any justly be numbered among nerable of human beings, ose who are guilty without ho have neither the gladness ty, nor the calm of inno-

er considers the weakness both and others, will not long

want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what-degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much it's guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacifick and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestick tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice, or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have

courted



courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these, at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate

himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensibly required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

## Nº CLXXXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1751.

PONE ME, PIGRIS UBI NULLA CAMPIS  
ARBOR ÆSTIVA RECREATUR AURA—  
DULCE RIDENTEM LALAGEN AMARO,  
DULCE LOQUENTEM.

HOR.

PLACE ME WHERE NEVER SUMMER BREEZE  
UNFINDS THE GLEBE, OR WARMS THE TREES;  
WHERE EVER LOWERING CLOUDS APPEAR,  
AND ANGRY JOVE DEFORMS TH' INCLEMENT YEARS:  
LOVE AND THE NYMPH SHALL CHARM MY TOILS,  
THE NYMPH, WHO SWEETLY SPEAKS AND SWEETLY SMILES.

FRANCIS.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by

art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country, by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity, and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or directly

re; the summer should be spent providing for the winter, and in longing for the summer. learned curiosity is known to find it's way into these abodes of and gloom: Lapland and Ice-ber their historians, their critics, and poets; and Love, that extends union wherever humanity can find, perhaps exerts the same power in Greenland's hut as in the palace of eastern monarchs.

One of the large caves to which the people of Greenland retire together, to spend the cold months, and which may be divided into their villages or cities, and a maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much attracted by their beauty, that they were followed by the rest of the inhabitants. Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed union to their ancestors of the same name who had been transformed of the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the voice of Ajut with little emotion, but by frequent interviews, became conscious of her charms, and first made a confession of his affection, by inviting her to her parents to a feast, where he presented Ajut the tail of a whale. Anningait was not much delighted by this gift; yet, however, from that time, he appeared rarely to appear, but in a disguise of the skin of a white deer; he frequently to renew the black paint on her hands and forehead, to cover her sleeves with coral and shells, and to raid her hair with great exact-

legance of her dress, and the juxtaposition of her ornaments, had produced an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, in other heroic and tender sentiments he protested, that, 'She was as full as the vernal willow, and as sweet as thyme upon the mountain; that her fingers were white as the snow of the morie, and her smile as the dissolution of the ice; he would pursue her, though she pass the snows of the midland or seek shelter in the caves of term cannibals; that he would run from the embraces of the goddess of the rocks, snatch her from the arms of Amaroc, and rescue her from

' the ravine of Hafgufa.' He concluded with a wish, that 'whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps.'

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signaling his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the ship to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities.' 'O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider,' said Anningait, 'what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be past without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell

‘ dwell together from year to year, with  
 ‘ flocks of tame animals grazing in the  
 ‘ fields about them; can travel at any  
 ‘ time from one place to another, through  
 ‘ ways inclosed with trees, or over walls  
 ‘ raised upon the inland waters; and  
 ‘ direct their course through wide coun-  
 ‘ tries by the sight of green hills or scat-  
 ‘ tered buildings. Even in summer,  
 ‘ we have no means of crossing the  
 ‘ mountains, whose snows are never dis-  
 ‘ solved; nor can remove to any distant

‘ residence, but in our boats coasting  
 ‘ the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few sum-  
 ‘ mer-days, and a few winter-nights,  
 ‘ and the life of man is at an end. Night  
 ‘ is the time of ease and festivity, of re-  
 ‘ vels and gaiety; but what will be the  
 ‘ flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or  
 ‘ the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut!’

The eloquence of Anningait was vain;  
 the maid continued inexorable, and  
 they parted with ardent promises to  
 meet again before the night of winter.

## Nº CLXXXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1751.

NON ILLUM NOSTRI POSSUNT MUTARE LABORES,  
 NON SI FRIGORIS MEDIIS HEBRUMQUE BIRAMUS,  
 SITHONIASQUE NIVEL HIEMIS SUBEANUS AQUOSÆ,  
 OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

VIRGIL.

LOVE ALTERS NOT FOR US HIS HARD DECREES,  
 NOT THO’ BENEATH THE THRACIAN CLIME WE FREEZE,  
 OR THE MILD BLISS OF TEMPERATE SKIES FOREGO,  
 AND IN MID WINTER TREAD SITHONIAN SNOW:—  
 LOVE CONQUERS ALL.—

DRYDEN.

**A**NNINGAIT, however discom-  
 posed by the dilatory counsels of  
 Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no to-  
 kens of amorous respect; and therefore  
 presented her at his departure with the  
 skins of seven white fawns, of five swans  
 and eleven seals, with three marble lamps,  
 ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle  
 of brass, which he had purchased from  
 a ship, at the price of half a whale, and  
 two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the  
 fondness of her lover, or so much over-  
 powered by his magnificence, that she  
 followed him to the sea-side; and, when  
 she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud,  
 that he might return with plenty of skins  
 and oil; that neither the mermaids might  
 snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits  
 of the rocks confine him in their ca-  
 verns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the  
 departing vessel, and then returning to  
 her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside,  
 from that hour, her white deer skin, suf-  
 fered her hair to spread unbraided on her  
 shoulders, and forbore to mix in the  
 dances of the maidens. She endeavour-  
 ed to divert her thoughts by continual  
 application to feminine employments,  
 gathered moss for the winter lamps, and  
 dried grass to line the boots of Annin-  
 git. Of the skins which he had be-

stowed upon her, she made a fishing-  
 coat, a small boat, and tent, all of ex-  
 quisite manufacture; and while she was  
 thus busied, solaced her labours with a  
 song, in which she prayed, ‘ that her  
 ‘ lover might have hands stronger than  
 ‘ the paws of the bear, and feet swifter  
 ‘ than the feet of the rein-deer; that his  
 ‘ dart might never err, and that his boat  
 ‘ might never leak; that he might never  
 ‘ stumble on the ice, nor faint in the  
 ‘ water; that the seal might rush on his  
 ‘ harpoon, and the wounded whale might  
 ‘ dash the waves in vain.’

The large boats in which the Green-  
 landers transport their families, are al-  
 ways rowed by women; for a man will  
 not debase himself by work which re-  
 quires neither skill nor courage. An-  
 ningait was therefore exposed by idlen-  
 ness to the ravages of passion. He went  
 thrice to the stern of the boat, with an  
 intent to leap into the water, and swim  
 back to his mistress; but recollecting  
 the misery which they must endure in  
 the winter, without oil for the lamp, or  
 skins for the bed, he resolved to employ  
 the weeks of absence in provision for a  
 night of plenty and felicity. He then  
 composed his emotions as he could, and  
 expressed, in wild numbers and uncouth  
 images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his  
 fears. ‘ O life, says he, ‘ frail and un-  
 ‘ certain.



I.

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where shall wretched man  
 resemblance but in ice floating  
 ocean? It towers on high, it  
 from afar, while the storms  
 and the waters beat it, the sun  
 above, and the rocks shatter  
 v. What art thou, deceitful  
 ! but a sudden blaze stream-  
 n the north, which plays a mo-  
 the eye, mocks the traveller  
 e hopes of light, and then va-  
 or ever? What, love, art thou  
 whirlpool, which we approach  
 knowledge of our danger,  
 on by imperceptible degrees,  
 have lost all power of resistance  
 pe? Till I fixed my eyes on  
 ces of Ajut, while I had yet  
 ed her to the banquet, I was  
 as the sleeping morfe, I was  
 the fingers in the stars. Why,  
 did I gaze upon thy graces?  
 y fair, did I call thee to the  
 ? Yet, be faithful, my love,  
 er Anningait, and meet my  
 with the simile of virginity. I  
 de the deer, I will subdue the  
 restless as the frost of dark-  
 ad unwearied as the summer  
 n a few weeks, I shall return  
 ous and wealthy; then shall the  
 und the porpoise feast thy kin-  
 ne fox and hare shall cover thy  
 the tough hide of the seal shall  
 thee from cold; and the fat of  
 le illuminate thy dwelling.  
 gait having with these senti-  
 soled his grief, and animated  
 y, found that they had now  
 headland, and saw the whales  
 at a distance. He therefore  
 self in his fishing-boat, called  
 utes to their several employ-  
 ed his oar and harpoon with  
 courage and dexterity; and,  
 g his time between the chace  
 y, suspended the miseries of  
 d suspicion.  
 the mean time, notwithstand-  
 e neglected dress, happened, as  
 rying some skins in the sun,  
 he eye of Norngfuk, on his  
 m hunting. Norngfuk was  
 uly illustrious. His mother  
 a childbirth, and his father,  
 expert fisher of Greenland, had  
 too close pursuit of the whale.  
 y was equalled by his riches;  
 ster of four men's and two  
 oar, had ninety tubs of oil

in his winter habitation, and five and  
 twenty seals buried in the snow against  
 the season of darkness. When he saw  
 the beauty of Ajut, he immediately  
 threw over her the skin of a deer that he  
 had taken, and soon after presented her  
 with a branch of coral. Ajut refused  
 his gifts, and determined to admit no  
 lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngfuk, thus rejected, had recourse  
 to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would  
 consult an Angekkok, or diviner, con-  
 cerning the fate of her lover, and the fel-  
 icity of her future life. He therefore ap-  
 plied himself to the most celebrated An-  
 gekkok of that part of the country, and  
 by a present of two seals and a marble  
 kettle obtained a promise, that when Ajut  
 should consult him, he would declare  
 that her lover was in the land of souls.  
 Ajut, in a short time, brought him a  
 coat made by herself, and enquired what  
 events were to befall her, with assurances  
 of a much larger reward at the return  
 of Anningait, if the prediction should  
 flatter her desires. The Angekkok  
 knew the way to riches, and foretold  
 that Anningait, having already caught  
 two whales, would soon return home  
 with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered  
 to keep secret; and Norngfuk depending  
 upon his artifice, renewed his addresses  
 with greater confidence; but finding his  
 suit still unsuccessful, applied himself  
 to her parents with gifts and promises.  
 The wealth of Greenland is too power-  
 ful for the virtue of a Greenland; they  
 forgot the merit and the presents of An-  
 ningait, and decreed Ajut to the em-  
 braces of Norngfuk. She entreated;  
 she remonstrated; she wept, and raved;  
 but finding riches irresistible, fled away  
 into the uplands, and lived in a cave  
 upon such berries as she could gather,  
 and the birds or hares which she had the  
 fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an  
 hour when she was not likely to be found,  
 to view the sea every day, that her lover  
 might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which  
 Anningait had departed, stealing slow  
 and heavy laden along the coast. She  
 ran with all the impatience of affection  
 to catch her lover in her arms, and re-  
 late her constancy and sufferings. When  
 the company reached the land, they in-  
 formed her, that Anningait, after the  
 fishery was ended, being unable to sup-  
 port the slow passage of the vessel of

carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach; where finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures.

Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

## Nº CLXXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1752.

— SI TE COLO, SEXTE, NON AMARO.

MART.

THE MORE I HONOUR THEE, THE LESS I LOVE.

**N**ONE of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blameable, than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live, otherwise than in an hermitage, without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy, or inspirits gaiety.

It is apparent, that to excellence in this valuable art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every one's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation, holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we

could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom we knew to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I question whether some abatement of character is not necessary to general acceptance. Few spend their time with much satisfaction under the eye of uncontrollable superiority; and therefore, among those whose presence is courted at assemblies of jollity, there are seldom found men eminently distinguished for powers or acquisitions. The wit whose vivacity condemns slower tongues to silence, the scholar whose knowledge allows no room to fancy that he instructs him, the critic who suffers no fallacy to pass undetected, and the reasoner who condemns the idle to thought, and the negligent to attention, are generally praised and feared, revered and avoided.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment, extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call the Sardinian Laughter, a distortion of the face without gladness of heart.

is reason, no style of conversation extensively acceptable than stive. He who has stored his with slight anecdotes, private, and personal peculiarities, fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with to contemporary history; for every man has some real or y connection with a celebrated r; some desire to advance or op- ifing name. Vanity often co- with curiosity. He that is a one place, qualifies himself to a speaker in another; for though t comprehend a series of argu- r transport the volatile spirit of out evaporation, he yet thinks able to treasure up the various s of a story, and pleases his ith the information which he e to some inferior society.

tives are for the most part heard envy, because they are not sup- imply any intellectual qualities ie common rate. To be acquaint- facts not yet echoed by plebeian, may happen to one man as well other; and to relate them when : known, has in appearance so ficulty, that every one concludes equal to the task.

t is not easy, and in some situations not possible, to accumulate such of materials as may support the of continual narration; and it tly happens, that they who at- his method of ingratiating them- please only at the first interview; r want of new supplies of intel- wear out their stories by con- petition.

e would be, therefore, little hope ining the praise of a good com- were it not to be gained by more idious methods; but such is the s of mankind to all, except those pire to real merit and rational, that every understanding may me way to excite benevolence; oever is not envied may learn the procuring love. We are willing leased, but are not willing to ad- we favour the mirth or officious- at solicits our regard, but oppose rth or spirit that enforces it.

first place among those that please, e they desire only to please, is due *merry fellow* whose laugh is loud,

and whose voice is strong; who is ready to echo every jest with obstreperous approbation, and countenance every frolick with vociferations of applause. It is not necessary to a merry fellow to have in himself any fund of jocularity, or force of conception; it is sufficient that he always appears in the highest exaltation of gladness, for the greater part of mankind are gay or serious by infection, and follow without resistance the attraction of example.

Next to the merry fellow is the *good-natured man*, a being generally without benevolence, or any other virtue, than such as indolence and insensibility confer. The characteristic of a good-natured man is to hear a joke; to sit unmoved and unaffected amidst noise and turbulence, profaneness and obscenity; to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure insult without reply; and to follow the stream of folly, whatever course it shall happen to take. The good-natured man is commonly the darling of the petty wits, with whom they exercise themselves in the rudiments of raillery; for he never takes advantage of failings, nor disconcerts a puny satirist with unexpected sarcasms; but while the glass continues to circulate, contentedly bears the expence of uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance.

The *modest man* is a companion of a yet lower rank, whose only power of giving pleasure is not to interrupt it. The modest man satisfies himself with peaceful silence, which all his companions are candid enough to consider as proceeding not from inability to speak, but willingness to hear.

Many, without being able to attain any general character of excellence, have some single art of entertainment which serves them as a passport through the world. One I have known for fifteen years the darling of a weekly club, because every night, precisely at eleven, he begins his favourite song, and during the vocal performance, by corresponding motions of his hand, chalks out a giant upon the wall. Another has endeared himself to a long succession of acquaintances by sitting among them with his wig reversed; another by contriving to snout the nose of any stranger who was to be initiated in the club; another by putting like a cat, and



then pretending to be frightened; and another by yelping like a hound, and calling to the drawers to drive out the dog.

Such are the arts by which cheerfulness is promoted, and sometimes friendship established; arts, which those who de-

spise them should not rigorously blame, except when they are practised at the expence of innocence; for it is always necessary to be loved, but not always necessary to be revered.

## Nº CLXXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1752.

QUOD TAM GRANDE SOPHOS CLAMAT TIBI TURBA TOGATA,  
NON TU, POMPONI, COENA DISERTA TUA EST.

MART.

RESOUNDING PLAUDITS THO' THE CROWD HAVE RUNG,  
THY TREAT IS ELOQUENT, AND NOT THY TONGUE.

F. LEWIS.

**T**HE world scarcely affords opportunities of making any observation more frequently, than on false claims to commendation. Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he cannot keep; so that scarcely can two persons casually meet, but one is offended or diverted by the ostentation of the other.

Of these pretenders it is fit to distinguish those who endeavour to deceive from them who are deceived; those who by designed impostures promote their interest, or gratify their pride, from them who mean only to force into regard their latent excellencies and neglected virtues; who believe themselves qualified to instruct or please, and therefore invite the notice of mankind.

The artful and fraudulent usurpers of distinction deserve greater severities than ridicule and contempt, since they are seldom content with empty praise, but are instigated by passions more pernicious than vanity. They consider the reputation which they endeavour to establish as necessary to the accomplishment of some subsequent design, and value praise only as it may conduce to the success of avarice or ambition.

The commercial world is very frequently put into confusion by the bankruptcy of merchants, that assumed the splendour of wealth only to obtain the privilege of trading with the stock of other men, and of contracting debts which nothing but lucky casualties could enable them to pay; till after having supported their appearance a while by tumultuous magnificence of boundless traffick, they sink at once, and drag

down into poverty those whom their equipages had induced to trust them.

Among wretches that place their happiness in the favour of the great, of beings whom only high titles or large estates set above themselves, nothing is more common than to boast of confidence which they do not enjoy; to sell promises which they know their interest unable to perform; and to reimburse the tribute which they pay to an imperious master, from the contributions of meaner dependants, whom they can amuse with tales of their influence, and hopes of their solicitation.

Even among some, too thoughtless and volatile for avarice or ambition, may be found a species of falsehood more detestable than the levee or exchange can shew. There are men that boast of debaucheries, of which they never had address to be guilty; ruin, by lewd sales, the characters of women to whom they are scarcely known, or by whom they have been rejected; destroy in a drunken frolic the happiness of families; blast the bloom of beauty, and intercept the reward of virtue.

Other artifices of falsehood, though utterly unworthy of an ingenuous mind, are not yet to be ranked with flagitious enormities, nor is it necessary to incite sanguinary justice against them, since they may be adequately punished by detection and laughter. The traveller who describes cities which he has never seen; the squire who, at his return from London, tells of his intimacy with nobles to whom he has only bowed in the park, or coffee-house; the author who entertains his admirers with signs of the assistance which he gives to wits of a higher rank; the city dame who

er visits at great houses, where as to know the cookmaid; are th harmless animals as truth y be content to despise with- ing to hurt them.

the multitudes who struggle r distinction, and display their is only to feel more acutely the egleet, a great part are wholly of deceit, and are betrayed, by n and credulity, to that scorn h the universal love of praise all to drive feeble competitors r way.

en survey themselves with so erty, as not to admit prejudi- own favour, which an artful ay gradually strengthen, till r a particular qualification are to hopes of attainment, and attainment to belief of pos- Such flatterers every one will has power to reward their . Wherever there is wealth, be dependance and expecta- wherever there is dependance, be an emulation of servility.

of the follies which provoke nsure, are the effects of such , however it might have wan- he imagination, would scarcely d the publick eye, had it not ated and emboldened by flat- Whatever difficulty there may ;nowledge of ourselves, scarce- e fails to suspect his own im- s, till he is elevated by others nce. We are almost all na- odest and timorous; but fear e are uneasy sensations, and e helps to remove them is re- h kindness.

ula was the heiress of a large l having lost her mother in her was committed to a governess sfortunes had reduced to sup-

pleness and humility. The fondness of Turpicula's father would not suffer him to trust her at a publick school, but he hired domestick teachers, and bestowed on her all the accomplishments that wealth could purchase. But how many things are necessary to happiness which money cannot obtain? Thus secluded from all with whom she might converse on terms of equality, she heard none of those intimations of her defects, which envy, petulance, or anger, produce among children, where they are not afraid of telling what they think.

Turpicula saw nothing but obsequiousness, and heard nothing but commendations. None are so little acquainted with the heart, as not to know that a woman's first wish is to be handsome, and that consequently the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty. Turpicula had a distorted shape and a dark complexion; yet, when the impudence of adulation had ventured to tell her of the commanding dignity of her motion, and the soft enchantment of her smile, she was easily convinced, that she was the delight or torment of every eye, and that all who gazed upon her felt the fire of envy or love. She therefore neglected the culture of an understanding which might have supplied the defects of her form, and applied all her care to the decoration of her person; for she considered that more could judge of beauty than of wit, and was, like the rest of human beings, in haste to be admired. The desire of conquest naturally led her to the lists in which beauty signalizes her power. She glittered at court, fluttered in the park, and talked aloud in the front-box; but, after a thousand experiments of her charms, was at last convinced that she had been flattered, and that her glass was honestier than her maid.

Nº CXC. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 17

FLORERE SVIS, NON RESPONDERE FAVOREM  
QVÆSITUM MERITIS.

HOR.

HENRY AND ALFRED

CLOS'D THEIR LONG GLORIES WITH A SIGN, TO FIND  
TH' UNWILLING GRATITUDE OF BASE MANKIND.

POPE.

**A**MONG the emirs and visiers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the Indian throne, to assist the counsels or conduct the wars of the posterity of Timur, the first place was long held by Morad the son of Hanuth. Morad having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was waisted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the sabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean, every tongue faultered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity; every day increased his wealth, and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims, the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire. The sun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head, and the tempest of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad saw ruin hastily approaching. The first that forsook him were his poets; their example was followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures; and only a few, whose virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be seen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers were confident and loud, his friends stood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions,

and condemned to pass the rest of on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crowds and business, supplicatory flattery, that he knew not how to pass up his hours in solitude; he felt regret the sun rise to force on him a new day for which he had not enjoyed the savage that wanders in the desert, because he has no time from the calls of nature, but is chasing his prey, or sleeping in his den.

His discontent in time vitiated his constitution, and a slow disease took on him. He refused physick, neglected exercise, and lay down on his peevish and restless, rather afraid than desirous to live. His doctors for a time, redoubled their assiduity, but finding that no officiousness, nor exactness satisfy, they gave way to negligence and idleness, so that once commanded nations languished in his chamber without attendant.

In this melancholy state, he commanded messengers to recall his son Abouzaid from the army. A messenger was alarmed at the account of his father's sickness, and hastened by long marches to his place of residence. He was yet living, and felt his first turn at the embraces of his son, commanding him to sit down at his side—'Abouzaid,' says he, 'I have no more to hope or fear: I am an inhabitant of the earth, the decree of the angel of death is now upon me, and the voracious grave is open for his prey. Hear therefore the precepts of ancient experience, let me give thee instructions in due season. Thou hast seen me happy and prosperous, thou hast beheld my enemies, and my fall. My power has been the hands of my enemies, my wealth has rewarded my accusers, my inheritance the clemency of my enemies, yet thou hast spared, and my will

anger could not take away. Cast thine eyes round thee, whatever thou beholdest will, in a few hours, be thine; apply thine ear to my dictates, and these possessions will promote thy hap-pinefs. Aspire not to public honours, enter not the palaces of kings; thy wealth will fet thee above insult, let thy moderation keep thee below envy. Content thyself with private dignity, diffuse thy riches among thy friends, let every day extend thy beneficence, and suffer not thy heart to be at rest till thou art loved by all to whom thou art known. In the height of my power, I said to defamation—"Who will hear thee?" and to artifice—"What canst thou perform?" But, my son, despise not thou the malice of the weakest; remember that venom supplies the want of strength, and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp.

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaïd, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindness and endearment. He wisely considered that domestick happiness was first to be secured, and that none have so much power of doing good or hurt, as those who are present in the hour of negligence, hear the bursts of thoughtless merriment, and observe the starts of unguarded passion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and required every exertion of uncommon diligence by supernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himself upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who being pursued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his servants; the servant immediately confessed, that he unbarred the door, because another not more worthy of confidence was entrusted with the keys.

Abouzaïd was thus convinced that a dependant could not easily be made a friend; and that while many were soliciting for the first rank of favour, all those would be alienated whom he disappointed. He therefore resolved to associate with a few equal companions selected from among the chief men of the province. With these he lived happily for a time, till familiarity set them free from restraint, and every man thought himself at liberty to indulge his own

caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then disturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations, and difference of sentiments; and Abouzaïd was necessitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a close union with beings so discordant in their nature, and to diffuse himself in a larger circle. He practised the smile of universal courtesy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendship, now refused to accept his acquaintance; and of those whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one pressed forward toward intimacy, thought himself overlooked in the crowd, and murmured because he was not distinguished above the rest. By degrees all made advances, and all resented repulse. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the musick sounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaïd was left to forin in solitude some new scheme of pleasure or security.

Resolving now to try the force of gratitude, he enquired for men of science, whose merit was obscured by poverty. His house was soon crowded with poets, sculptors, painters, and designers, who wanted in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a short time they forgot the distress from which they had been rescued, and began to consider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condescending to accept his bounties. Abouzaïd heard their murmurs, and dismissed them; and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyrick.

As the sons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaïd, who stood at the gate, called to him Hamet the poet. 'Hamet,' said he, 'thy ingratitude has put an end to my hopes and experiments: I have now learned the vanity of those labours that wish to be rewarded by human benevolence; I shall henceforth do good, and avoid evil, without respect to the opinion of men; and resolve to solicit only the approbation of that Being whom alone we are sure to please by endeavouring to please him.'

N<sup>o</sup> CXCI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1752

CEREUS IN VITIUM FLECTI, MONITORIBUS ASPER.

Hon.

THE YOUTH——

YIELDING LIKE WAX, TH' IMPRESSIVE FOLLY BEARS;  
ROUGH TO REPROOF, AND SLOW TO FUTURE CARES.

FRANCIS

TO THE RAMBLER.

DEAR MR. RAMBLER,

I Have been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine sales, five shows, and six card-tables; and put me seventeen visits behind-hand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these six weeks. But, dear Mr. Rambler, how can I help it? At this very time Melinda is dancing with the prettiest gentleman;—she will breakfast with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have presents; then she will be dressed, and visit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards and win, and come home with two flambeaus before her chair. Dear Mr. Rambler, who can bear it?

My aunt has just brought me a bundle of your papers for my amusement. She says, you are a philosopher, and will teach me to moderate my desires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear Sir, I do not wish, nor intend to moderate my desire; nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to sit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but just as my aunt came in, Phyllida had brought me a letter from Mr. Trip, which I put within the leaves, and read about *absence* and *unfathomable depths*, and *ardour*, and *irresistible passion*, and *eternal constancy*, while my aunt imagined that I was puzzling myself with your philosophy, and often said out when she saw me look comforted—'If there is any word that you do not understand, child, I will explain it.'

Long to sit how old people that think themselves wise may be imposed upon!

But it is fit that they should take turn, for I am sure, while they keep poor girls close in the nursery, to rannize over us in a very shamefinner, and fill our imaginations with of terror, only to make us live in subjection, and fancy that we can be safe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts have all been formerly celebrated wit and beauty, and are still greatly admired by those that value them upon their understanding, and talk of vice and virtue, nature's simplicity, and beauty and propriety if there was not some hope of me, scarcely a creature would count them that wears a fashionable. These ladies, Mr. Rambler, have me under their government fifty and a half, and have all that to endeavouring to deceive me by presentations of life as I now to be true; but I know not what ought to impute them to ignorance, malice, as it is possible the world be much changed since they mix in general conversation.

Being desirous that I should lose they told me, that nothing but ludge could make me an agreeable companion to men of sense; or qualify distinguishing the superficial glitter from the solid merit of understanding and that a habit of reading would me to fill up the vacuities of life out the help of silly or dangerous notions, and preserve me from the of idleness and the inroads of time.

But their principal intention make me afraid of men; in which succeeded so well for a time, that not look in their faces, or be I with them in a parlour; for to me fancy, that no man ever is to deceive, or looked but to all the girl who suffered him that I squeezed her hand, to approach



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e, was on the brink of ruin; she who answered a billet, with-  
 ultiug her relations, gave love  
 ver over her, that she would  
 become either poor or infa-

he time that my leading-strings  
 on off, I scarce heard any men-  
 y beauty but from the milliner,  
 ua-maker, and my own maid;  
 amina never said more, when  
 I me commended, but—'The  
 very well,' and then endea-  
 o divert my attention by some  
 fter my needle, or my book.  
 Now three months since I have  
 ured to pay and receive visits,  
 at publick assemblies, to have  
 ept for me in the boxes, and  
 t Lady Racket's rout; and you  
 y imagine what I think of those  
 : so long cheated me with false  
 ons, disturbed me with fictitious  
 and concealed from me all that  
 und to make the happiness of

so far from perceiving the use-  
 or necessity of books, that if I  
 dropped all pretensions to learn-  
 ould have lost Mr. Trip, whom  
 ighted into another box, by re-  
 one of Dryden's remarks upon  
 y; for Mr. Trip declares, that  
 nothing like hard words, and I  
 there is not a better partner to  
 l; his very walk is a dance. I  
 ed once or twice among ladies  
 inciples and ideas, but they put  
 is before their faces, and told  
 is too wise for them, who for  
 rt never pretended to read any  
 t the play-bill, and then asked  
 rice of my best head.

: vacancies of time which are to  
 up with books, I have never yet  
 ; for, consider, Mr. Rambler,  
 ed late, and therefore cannot rise  
 : soon as I am up, I dress for the  
 ; then walk in the park; then  
 go to some sale or show, or enter-  
 t at the little theatre; then must  
 d for dinner; then must pay my  
 en walk in the park; then hurry  
 ay; and from thence to the card-  
 This is the general course of the  
 en there happens nothing extra-  
 r; but sometimes I ramble into  
 try, and come back again to a  
 metimes I am engaged for a  
 ay and part of the night. If, at

any time, I can gain an hour by not  
 being at home, I have so many things  
 to do, so many orders to give to the  
 milliner, so many alterations to make in  
 my clothes, so many visitants names to  
 read over, so many invitations to accept  
 or refuse, so many cards to write, and  
 so many fashions to consider, that I am  
 lost in confusion, forced at last to let in  
 company or step into my chair, and  
 leave half my affairs to the direction of  
 my maid.

This is the round of my day; and  
 when shall I either stop my course, or so  
 change it as to want a book? I suppose  
 it cannot be imagined, that any of these  
 diversions will soon be at an end. There  
 will always be gardens, and a park, and  
 auctions, and shows, and playhouses,  
 and cards; visits will always be paid,  
 and clothes always be worn; and how  
 can I have time unemployed upon my  
 hands?

But I am most at a loss to guess for  
 what purpose they related such tragick  
 stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and arti-  
 fices of men, who, if they ever were so  
 malicious and destructive, have certainly  
 now reformed their manners. I have  
 not, since my entrance into the world,  
 found one who does not profess himself  
 devoted to my service, and ready to live  
 or die, as I shall command him. They  
 are so far from intending to hurt me,  
 that their only contention is, who shall  
 be allowed most closely to attend, and  
 most frequently to treat me; when dif-  
 ferent places of entertainment, or schemes  
 of pleasure are mentioned, I can see the  
 eye sparkle and the cheeks glow of him  
 whose proposals obtain my approbation;  
 he then leads me off in triumph, adores  
 my condescension, and congratulates  
 himself that he has lived to the hour of  
 felicity. Are these, Mr. Rambler, crea-  
 tures to be feared? Is it likely that any  
 injury will be done me by those who can  
 enjoy life only while I favour them with  
 my presence?

As little reason can I yet find to su-  
 spect them of stratagems and fraud.  
 When I play at cards, they never take  
 advantage of my mistakes, nor exact  
 from me a rigorous observation of the  
 game. Even Mr. Shuffle, a grave gen-  
 tleman, who has daughters older than  
 myself, plays with me so negligently,  
 that I am sometimes inclined to believe  
 he loses his money by design, and yet  
 he is so fond of play, that he says, he



will one day take me to his house in the country, that we may try by ourselves who can conquer. I have not yet promised him; but when the town grows a little empty, I shall think upon it, for I want some trinkets, like Letitia's, to my watch. I do not doubt my luck, but must study some means of amusing my relations.

For all these distinctions I find myself indebted to that beauty which I was never suffered to hear praised, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. The concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my

aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told, that nothing but blindness can escape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know so well, has been only one fiction entangled with another; and though the modes of life oblige me to continue some appearances of respect, I cannot think that they, who have been so clearly detected in ignorance or imposture, have any right to the esteem, veneration, or obedience of, Sir, yours,

BELLARIA.

## Nº CXCH. SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1752.

Τίνας ἔστιν εἰς ἐξουσία,  
Σοφίᾳ, τρεπὸς παλῖται·  
Μὴν ἄρτιον βλέπασιν.  
Ἀπὸ τοῦ σφῆτος αἰτίαι;  
Ὁ τὸν ἄρτιον φιλήσας,  
Διὰ τῶν τε καὶ ἀδελφῶν,  
Διὰ τῶν τε καὶ τῶν  
Πόλεμοι, φῶν δὲ αἰτόν.  
Τὸ δὲ γὰρ, ἐλὺμασθα  
Διὰ τῶν τε καὶ φίλων ἡμῶν.

ANACREON.

VAIN THE NOBLEST BIRTH WOULD PROVE,  
NOR WORTH NOR WIT AVAL IN LOVE;  
'TIS GOLD ALONE SUCCEEDS—BY GOLD  
THE VENAL SEX IS BOUGHT AND SOLD.  
ACCURS'D BE HE WHO FIRST OF YORE  
DISCOVER'D THE PERNICIOUS ORE!  
THIS SETS A BROTHER'S HEART ON FIRE,  
AND ARMS THE SON AGAINST THE SIRE;  
AND WHAT, ALAS! IS WORSE THAN ALL,  
TO THIS THE LOVER OWES HIS FALL.

F. LEWIS.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

I Am the son of a gentleman, whose ancestors, for many ages, held the first rank in the county; till at last one of them, too desirous of popularity, set his house open, kept a table covered with continental profusion, and distributed his beef and ale to such as chose rather to live upon the folly of others than their own labour; with such thoughtless liberality, that he left a third part of his estate mortgaged. His successor, a man of spirit, scorned to impair his dignity by parsimonious retrenchments, or to admit, by a sale of his lands, any participation of the rights of his manor; he therefore made another mortgage to pay

the interest of the former, and pleased himself with the reflection, that his son would have the hereditary estate without the diminution of an acre.

Nearly resembling this was the practice of my wise progenitors for many ages. Every man boasted the antiquity of his family, resolved to support the dignity of his birth, and lived in splendour and plenty at the expence of his heir, who, sometimes by a wealthy marriage, and sometimes by lucky legacies, discharged part of the incumbrances, and thought himself intitled to contract new debts, and to leave to his children the same inheritance of embarrassment and distress.

Thus the estate perpetually decayed; the woods were felled by one, the park

ed by another, the fishery let to by a third; at last the old hall lled down to spare the cost of ren, and part of the materials sold d a small house with the rest. ere now openly degraded from ginal rank, and my father's bro- as allowed with less reluctance to a apprenticeship, though we never lled ourselves heartily to the sound irdfather, but always talked of uses and a merchant, and when d happened to blow loud, affect- ility the hazards of commerce, and pathize with the solicitude of my cle, who had the true retailer's of adventure, and never exposed f or his property to any wider wa- in the Thames.

ime, however, by continual pro- small expences, he grew rich, gan to turn his thoughts towards

He hung the arms of the family is parlour-chimney; pointed at a t decorated only with a cypher; e of opinion that money could not a gentleman; repented the petu- of upstarts; told stories of Alder- uff's grandfather the porter; won- that there was no better method gulating precedence; wished for lie's peculiar to men of fashion; hen his servant presented a letter, s enquired whether it came from other the esquire.

father was careful to send him by every carrier, which, though neyance often cost more than the was well received, because it gave opportunity of calling his friends er, describing the beauty of his r's seat, and lamenting his own whom no remonstrances could old from polluting his fingers with book.

le little presents which we sent always returned with great muni- e. He was desirous of being the founder of his family, and could ar that we should be any longer ne by those whom we considered as ers upon our ruins, and usurpers fortune. He furnished our house all the elegance of fashionable ex- and was careful to conceal his ies, lest the poverty of his family be suspected.

length it happened that, by mis- ct like our own, a large estate, had been purchased from us, was

again exposed to the best bidder. My uncle, delighted with an opportunity of reinitating the family in their possessions, came down with treasures, scarcely to be imagined in a place where commerce has not made large sums familiar, and at once drove all the competitors away, expedited the writings, and took possession. He now considered himself as superior to trade, disposed of his stock, and as soon as he had settled his economy, began to shew his rural sovereignty, by breaking the hedges of his tenants in hunting, and seizing the guns or nets of those whose fortunes did not qualify them for sportmen. He soon afterwards solicited the office of sheriff, from which all his neighbours were glad to be relieved, but which he regarded as a resumption of ancestral claims, and a kind of restoration to blood after the attainder of a trade.

My uncle, whose mind was so filled with this change of his condition, that he found no want of domestick entertainment, declared himself too old to marry, and resolved to let the newly-purchased estate fall into the regular channel of inheritance. I was therefore considered as heir apparent, and courted with officiousness and caresses, by the gentlemen who had hitherto coldly allowed me that rank which they could not refuse, depressed me with studied neglect, and irritated me with ambiguous insults.

I felt not much pleasure from the civilities for which I knew myself indebted to my uncle's industry, till by one of the invitations which every day now brought me, I was induced to spend a week with Lucius, whose daughter Flavilla I had often seen and admired like others, without any thought of nearer approaches. The inequality which had hitherto kept me at a distance being now levelled, I was received with every evidence of respect; Lucius told me the fortune which he intended for his favourite daughter, many odd accidents obliged us to be often together without company, and I soon began to find that they were spreading for me the nets of matrimony.

Flavilla was all softness and complaisance. I, who had been excluded by a narrow fortune from much acquaintance with the world, and never been honoured before with the notice of so fine a lady, was easily enamoured.

Lucius

Lucius either perceived my passion, or Flavilla betrayed it; care was taken, that our private meetings should be less frequent, and my charmer confessed by her eyes how much pain she suffered from our restraint. I renewed my visit upon every pretence, but was not allowed one interview without witness; at last I declared my passion to Lucius, who received me as a lover worthy of his daughter, and told me that nothing was wanting to his content, but that my uncle should settle his estate upon me. I objected the indecency of encroaching on his life, and the danger of provoking him by such an unreasonable demand. Lucius seemed not to think decency of much importance, but admitted the danger of displeasing, and concluded that as he was now old and sickly, we might, without any inconvenience, wait for his death.

With this resolution I was better contented, as it procured me the company of Flavilla, in which the days passed away amidst continual rapture; but in time I began to be ashamed of sitting idle, in expectation of growing rich by the death of my benefactor, and proposed to Lucius many schemes of raising my own fortune by such assistance as I knew

my uncle willing to give me. Lucius, afraid lest I should change my affection in absence, diverted me from my design by dissuatives to which my passion easily listened. At last my uncle died, and considering himself as neglected by me, from the time that Flavilla took possession of my heart, left his estate to my younger brother, who was always hovering about his bed, and relating stories of my pranks and extravagance, my contempt of the commercial dialect, and my impatience to be selling stock.

My condition was soon known, and I was no longer admitted by the father of Flavilla. I repeated the protestations of regard, which had been formerly returned with so much ardour, in a letter which she received privately, but returned by her father's footman. Contempt has driven out my love, and I am content to have purchased, by the loss of fortune, an escape from a harp, who has joined the artifices of age to the allurements of youth. I am now going to pursue my former projects with a legacy which my uncle bequeathed me, and if I succeed, shall expect to hear of the repentance of Flavilla.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

CONSTANTIUS.

## Nº CXCIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1752.

IACTIS AMORE TUMET? SUNT CERTA FIACULA QUÆ TE  
TER PUNE LECTO POTERUNT RECREARE LIBELLO.

HOR.

OR ART THOU VAIN? BOOKS YIELD A CERTAIN SPELL,  
TO STOP thy TUMOUR; YOU SHALL CEASE TO SWELL  
WHEN YOU HAVE READ THEM THrice, AND STUDIED WELL.

CREECH.

**W**HATEVER is universally desired, will be sought by industry and artifice, by merit and crimes, by means good and bad, rational and absurd, according to the prevalence of virtue or vice, of wisdom or folly. Some will always mistake the degree of their own desire, and some will desire that others may mistake it. The cunning will have recourse to stratagem, and the powerful to violence, for the attainment of their wishes; some will stoop to theft, and others venture upon plunder.

Praise is so pleasing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almost all our actions. The desire of commendation, as of every thing else, is

varied indeed by innumerable differences of temper, capacity, and knowledge; some have no higher wish than for the applause of a club; some expect the acclamations of a county; and some have hoped to fill the mouths of all ages and nations with their names. Every man pants for the highest eminence within his view; none, however mean, ever sinks below the hope of being distinguished by his fellow-beings; and very few have, by magnanimity or piety, been so raised above it, as to set wholly without regard to censure or opinion.

To be praised, therefore, every man resolves; but resolutions will not ex-

themselves. That which all think ransomiously distributed to their aims, they will not gratuitously lend upon others, and some expect must be tried, by which praise may be obtained before it can be enjoyed.

Among the innumerable bidders for some are willing to purchase at great rate, and offer ease and fortune and life. Yet even of only a small part have gained what so earnestly desired; the student to possess in meditation, and the soldier on the ramparts; but without accidental advantage co-operate with merit, neither perseverance can attract attention, and learned bravery sink into the grave without honour or remembrance.

Ambition and vanity generally to be gratified on easier terms. It has been long observed, that what is earned by skill or labour to the first owner, may be afterwards transferred to any; and that the man of wealth undertake all the acquisitions of country without hazard, and all the profits of industry without fatigue. It is easily discovered, that riches would procure among other conveniences, at least his whole pride was unfortunately mixed with laziness, ignorance, or vice, needed only to pay the hire of an eunuch, and he might be rewarded with periodical eulogies; might devote, at leisure, what virtue or science should be pleased to appropriate, and spend the evening with soothing pleasures, or wake in the morning by flattery.

Happiness which mortals receive in the celebration of beneficence never relieved, eloquence which is persuaded, or elegance which is desired, ought not to be envied or desired, when they are known how to pay for their entertainment. Men are unmerciful exactors of money, who withhold the wages of labour; retain their encomiasts from year by general promises and pious blandishments; and when they run through the whole compass of vanity, dismiss him with contempt, his vein of fiction is exhausted. The continual feast of commendation to be obtained by merit or by money many are therefore obliged to themselves with single morsels, to compensate the infrequency of

their enjoyment by excess and riot, whenever fortune sets the banquet before them. Hunger is never delicate; they who are seldom gorged to the full with praise, may be safely fed with gross compliments; for the appetite must be satisfied before it is disgusted.

It is easy to find the moment at which vanity is eager for sustenance, and all that impudence or servility can offer will be well received. When any one complains of the want of what he is known to possess in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted. When the trader pretends anxiety about the payment of his bills, or the beauty remarks how frightfully she looks, then is the lucky moment to talk of riches or of charms, of the death of lovers, or the honour of a merchant.

Others there are yet more open and artless, who, instead of suborning a flatterer, are content to supply his place, and, as some animals impregnate themselves, swell with the praises which they hear from their own tongues. '*Recte is dicitur laudare sese, cui nemo alius contigit laudator.*'—It is right," says Erasmus, "that he whom no one else will commend should bestow commendations on himself." Of all the sons of vanity, these are surely the happiest and greatest; for what is greatness or happiness but independence on external influences, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of supplying every want from the common stores of nature, which can neither be exhausted nor prohibited? Such is the wise man of the Stoicks; such is the divinity of the Epicureans; and such is the flatterer of himself. Every other enjoyment malice may destroy; every other panegyric envy may withhold; but no human power can deprive the boaster of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiss, or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleasures still remain the same; he can always listen with rapture to himself, and leave those who dare not repose upon their own attestation, to be elated or depressed by chance, and toil on in the hopeless task of fixing caprice, and prostituting malice.

This art of happiness has been long practised by periodical writers, with little apparent violation of decency. When

we think our excellencies overlooked by the world, or desire to recall the attention of the publick to some particular performance, we sit down with great composure and write a letter to ourselves. The correspondent, whose character we assume, always addresses us with the deference due to a superior intelligence; proposes his doubts with a proper sense of his own inability; offers an objection with trembling diffidence; and at last has no other pretensions to our notice than his profundity of respect, or sincerity of admiration, but submission to our dictates, and zeal for our interests. To such a reader it is impossible to refuse regard, nor can it easily be imagined with how much industry we stretch up the pen which indignation or detestation had condemned to inactivity, when we find such candour and judgment yet remaining in the world.

A letter of this kind I had lately the honour of perusing, in which, though

some of the periods were negligently closed, and some expressions of familiarity were used, which I thought might teach others to address me with too little reverence, I was so much delighted with the passages in which mention was made of universal learning—unbounded genius—soul of Homer, Pythagoras, and Plato—solidity of thought—accuracy of distinction—elegance of combination—vigour of fancy—strength of reason—and regularity of composition—that I had once determined to lay it before the publick. Three times I lent it to the printer, and three times I fetched it back. My modesty was on the point of yielding, when reflecting that I was about to write panegyrics on myself, which might be more profitably reserved for my patron, I locked it up for a better hour, in compliance with the farmer's principle, who never eats at home what he can carry to the market.

## Nº CXCIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1752.

SI DAMNOSA CENEM JUVAT ALFA, LUPIT ET HERES  
BULLATUS, PARVAQUE EADEM QUATIT ARMA FRITILLO.

Juv.

IF GAMING DOES AN AGED SIEVE ENRICH,  
THEN MY YOUNG MASTER SWIFTLY LEARNS THE VICE;  
AND SHAKES, IN HANGING SLEEVES, THE LITTLE BOX AND DICE.

J. DRYDEN, Juv.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**T**HAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes, inclines me to believe that neither you nor your readers have yet forgotten the name of Eumathes, who sent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at London with a young nobleman his pupil. I shall therefore continue my narrative without preface or recapitulation.

My pupil, in a very short time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accomplished himself with all those qualifications which constitute puerile politeness. He became in a few days a perfect master of his legs, which with a careless nicety he could put off or on, without any need to adjust it by a second motion. This was not attained but by frequent consultations with his dancing-master; and constant practice before the

glass, for he had some rustick habits to overcome; but, what will not time and industry perform? A fortnight more furnished him with all the airs and forms of familiar and respectful salutation, from the slap on the shoulder to the humble bow; he practises the stare of strangeness, and the smile of condescension, the solemnity of promise, and the graciousness of encouragement, as if he had been nursed at a levee; and pronounces, with no less propriety than his father, the monosyllables of coldness, and sonorous periods of respectful protection.

He immediately lost the reserve and timidity which solitude and study are apt to impress upon the most courtly genius; was able to enter a crowded room with any civility; to meet the glances of a hundred eyes without perturbation; and address those whom he never saw before with ease and confidence. In less than a month his mother declared her satisfaction.

faction at his proficiency by a triumphant observation, that she believed *nothing would make him blush*.

The silence with which I was contented to hear my pupil's praises, gave the lady reason to suspect me not much delighted with his acquisitions; but she attributed my discontent to the diminution of my influence, and my fears of losing the patronage of the family; and though she thinks favourably of my learning and morals, she considers me as wholly unacquainted with the customs of the polite part of mankind; and therefore not qualified to form the manners of a young nobleman, or communicate the knowledge of the world. This knowledge she comprises in the rules of visiting, the history of the present hour, an early intelligence of the change of fashions, an extensive acquaintance with the names and faces of persons of rank, and a frequent appearance in places of resort.

All this my pupil pursues with great application. He is twice a day in the Mall, where he studies the dress of every man splendid enough to attract his notice, and never comes home without some observation upon sleeves, button-holes, and embroidery. At his return from the theatre; he can give an account of the gallantries, glances, whippers, smiles, sighs, flirts, and blushes of every box, so much to his mother's satisfaction, that when I attempted to resume my character, by enquiring his opinion of the sentiments and diction of the tragedy, she at once repressed my criticism, by telling me *that she hoped he did not go to lose his time in attending to the creatures on the stage*.

But his acuteness was most eminently signalized at the masquerade, where he discovered his acquaintance through their disguises, with such wonderful facility, as has afforded the family an inexhaustible topic of conversation. Every new visitor is informed how one was detected by his gait, and another by the swing of his arms, a third by the toss of his head, and another by his favourite phrase; nor can you doubt but these performances receive their just applause, and a genius thus hastening to maturity is promoted by every art of cultivation.

Such have been his endeavours, and such his assistances, that every trace of literature was soon obliterated. He has

changed his language with his dress, and instead of endeavouring at purity or propriety, has no other care than to catch the reigning phrase and current exclamation, till by copying whatever is peculiar in the talk of all those whose birth or fortune entitle them to imitation, he has collected every fashionable barbarism of the present winter, and speaks a dialect not to be understood among those who form their style by poring upon authors.

To this copiousness of ideas, and felicity of language, he has joined such eagerness to lead the conversation, that he is celebrated among the ladies as the prettiest gentleman that the age can boast of, except that some who love to talk themselves think him too forward, and others lament that, with so much wit and knowledge, he is not taller.

His mother listens to his observations with her eyes sparkling and her heart beating, and can scarcely contain, in the most numerous assemblies, the expectations which she has formed for his future eminence. Women, by whatever fate, always judge absurdly of the intellects of boys. The vivacity and confidence which attract female admiration, are seldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance at least, if not by stupidity; for they proceed not from confidence of right, but fearlessness of wrong. Whoever has a clear apprehension, must have quick sensibility, and where he has no sufficient reason to trust his own judgment, will proceed with doubt and caution, because he perpetually dreads the disgrace of error. The pain of miscarriage is naturally proportionate to the desire of excellence; and, therefore, till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent struggles, the art of suppressing their emotions, diffidence is found the inseparable associate of understanding.

But so little distrust has my pupil of his own abilities, that he has for some time professed himself a wit, and tortures his imagination on all occasions for burlesque and jocularities. How he supports a character which, perhaps, no man ever assumed without repentance, may be easily conjectured. Wit, you know, is the unexpected copulation of ideas, the discovery of some occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effusion of

wit, therefore, presupposes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory stored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compose new assemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, she can never form any combinations from few ideas, as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells. Accident may indeed sometimes produce a lucky parallel or a striking contrast; but these gifts of chance are not frequent, and he that has nothing of his own, and yet condemns himself to needless expences, must live upon loans or theft.

The indulgence which his youth has hitherto obtained, and the respect which his rank secures, have hitherto supplied the want of intellectual qualifications; and he imagines that all admire who applaud, and that all who laugh are pleased. He therefore returns every day to the charge with increase of courage, though not of strength, and practises all the tricks by which wit is counterfeited. He lays trains for a quibble;

he contrives blunders for his footman; he adapts old stories to present characters; he mistakes the question, that he may return a smart answer; he anticipates the argument, that he may plausibly object; when he has nothing to reply, he repeats the last words of his antagonist, then says—'Your humble servant,' and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

These mistakes I have honestly attempted to correct; but, what can be expected from reason, unsupported by fashion, splendour, or authority? He hears me, indeed, or appears to hear me, but is soon rescued from the lecture by more pleasing avocations; and shows, diversions, and caresses, drive my precepts from his remembrance.

He at last imagines himself qualified to enter the world, and has met with adventures in his first sally, which I shall by your paper communicate to the publick. I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

## Nº CXCV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1752.

—NESCIT EQUO RUDIS  
HÆRERE INGENUUS PUER,  
VENARIQUE TIMET; LUDERE DOCTOR  
SEU GRÆCO JUBEAS TROCHO,  
SIVE MALIS VETITA LEGIBUS ALEA.

HOR.

NOR KNOWS OUR YOUTH, OF NORLEST RACE,  
TO MOUNT THE MANAG'D STEED, OR URGE THE CHACE;  
MORE SKILL'D IN THE MEAN ARTS OF VICE,  
THE WHIRLING TROUZE, OR LAW-FORBIDDEN DICE.

FRANCIS.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**F**AVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curiosity: he that long delays a story, and suffers his auditor to torment himself with expectation, will seldom be able to recompense the uneasiness, or equal the hope which he suffers to be raised.

For this reason, I have already sent you the continuation of my pupil's history, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of use to young men who are in too much haste to trust their own prudence, and quit the wing of protection before they are able to shift for themselves.

When he first settled in London, he was so much bewildered in the enormous extent of the town, so confounded by incessant noise, and crowds, and hurry, and so terrified by rural narratives of the arts of sharpers, the rudeness of the populace, malignity of porters, and treachery of coachmen, that he was afraid to go beyond the door without an attendant, and imagined his life in danger if he was obliged to pass the streets at night in any vehicle but his mother's chair.

He was therefore contented, for a time, that I should accompany him in all his excursions. But his fear abated as he grew more familiar with it's objects; and the contempt to which his rusticity exposed him from such of his companions as had accidentally known the

no longer, obliged him to diminish his remaining terrors.

His desire of liberty made him now to spare me the trouble of observing his motions; but knowing how his ignorance exposed him to mischief, I thought it cruel to abandon him to the fortune of the town. We went every day to a coffee-house, he met wits, heirs, and fops, airy, fat, and thoughtless as himself, whom he had become acquainted at tables, and whom he considered as beings to be envied or admired. These were their topics of conversation I never discover; for so much was his vanity depressed by my intrusive needs, that they seldom proceeded to the exchange of nods and smiles, a grin, or a broken hint; except they could retire, while I was gone, on the papers, to a corner of the room, where they seemed to dissipate their imaginations, and commented the superfluity of their lines in a peal of laughter. When he had titillated themselves into negligence, I could sometimes overhear a few words, such as—"Solemn rascal;—emphatical airs;—smoke the tutor;—company for gentlemen!" and other phrases, by which I did not suffer quiet to be disturbed, for they proceeded to avowed indignities, contented themselves to murmur in their ears, and, whenever I turned my eye towards them, shrunk into stillness.

He was, however, desirous of withdrawing from the subjection which he did not venture to break, and made frequent appointments to assist his companion in the pericution of a play. His friend privately procured him a cat, in which he practised in a back-garden for two hours in the afternoon. At the proper time a chair was called; attended an acquaintance, at Table

and Johnson, played on their catcalls short prelude of terror, clamoured vehemently for the prologue, and clapped with great dexterity at the first entrance of the players.

Two scenes they heard without a tempting interruption; but being no longer able to restrain their impatience they then began to exert themselves in groans and hisses, and plied their catcalls with incessant diligence; so that they were soon considered by the audience as disturbers of the house, and for those who sat near them, either provoked the obstruction of their entertainment, or desirous to preserve the author from mortification of seeing his hopes destroyed by children, snatched away their instruments of criticism, and by the sensible vibration of a stick, subdued them instantaneously to decency and silence.

To exhilarate themselves after this vexatious defeat, they retired to a tavern where they recovered their alacrity, and after two hours of obsequious jollification burst out big with enterprise, and perceiving for some occasions to signalize their prowess. They proceeded vigorously through two streets, and with very little opposition dispersed a rabble of drummers less daring than themselves, then rolled two watchmen in the kennel, and broke the windows of a tavern in which the fugitives took shelter. At last he was determined to march up to a row of chairs, and demolish them for standing on the pavement; the chairmen formed a line of battle, and blows were exchanged for a time with equal courage on both sides. At last the assailants were overpowered, and the chairmen, when they knew their captives, brought them home by force.

The young gentleman, next morning, hung his head, and was so mortified at his outrageous and defeat.



struption, nor too manly for restraint. But his levity overcame this salutary sorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of masquerades, taverns, and frolics; blustered when his wig was not combed with exactness; and threatened destruction to a tailor who had mistaken his directions about the pocket.

I knew that he was now rising again above controul, and that this inflation of spirits would burst out into some mischievous absurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention; but one evening, having attended his mother at a visit, he withdrew himself, unsuspected, while the company was engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiousness were soon missed, and his return impatiently expected; supper was delayed, and conversation suspended; every coach that rattled through the street was expected to bring him, and every servant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At last the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preserved from fits by spirits and cordials. The family was dispatched a thousand ways without success, and the house was filled with distraction, till, as we were deliberating what further measures to take, he returned from a potty gaming-table, with his coat torn, and his head broken; without his sword, snuff-box, sleeve-buttons, and watch.

Of this loss or robbery he gave little account; but, instead of sinking into

his former shame, endeavoured to support himself by furliveness and asperity. 'He was not the first that had played away a few trifles, and of what use were birth and fortune if they would not admit some sallies and expences?' His mamma was so much provoked by the cost of this prank, that she would neither palliate nor conceal it; and his father, after some threats of rustication which his fondness would not suffer him to execute, reduced the allowance of his pocket, that he might not be tempted by plenty to profusion. This method would have succeeded in a place where there are no panders to folly and extravagance, but was now likely to have produced pernicious consequences; for we have discovered a treaty with a broker, whose daughter he seems disposed to marry, on condition that he shall be supplied with present money, for which he is to repay thrice the value at the death of his father.

There was now no time to be lost. A domestick consultation was immediately held, and he was doomed to pass two years in the country; but his mother, touched with his tears, declared, that she thought him too much of a man to be any longer confined to his book, and he therefore begins his travels tomorrow under a French governor.

I am, &c.

EUMATHIS.

## Nº CXCVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1752.

MULTA FERUNT ANNI VENIENTES COMMODA SECUM  
MULTA RECEDENTES ADIMUNT.

HOR.

THE BLESSINGS FLOWING IN WITH LIFE'S FULL TIDE,  
DOWN WITH OUR TREASURES OF LIFE DECREASING GLIDE.

FRANCIS.

**B**AXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated several opinions, which, though he thought them evident and incontestable at his first entrance into the world, time and experience disposed him to change.

Whoever reviews the state of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to its decline, and considers what he pursued or dreaded, slighted or esteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reason to imagine such changes of sentiment peculiar to any station or character. Every man, however careless and inat-

tentive, has conviction forced upon him; the lectures of time obtrude themselves upon the most unwilling or dissipated auditor; and, by comparing our past with our present thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot discover when the alteration happened, or by what cause it was produced.

This revolution of sentiments occasions a perpetual contest between the old and young. They who imagine themselves entitled to veneration by the prerogative of longer life, are inclined to

e notions of those whose conduct is peritend with superciliousness attempt, for want of considering the future and the past have differences; that the disproportion is great between expectation and enjoyment, between new possession and satiety; that the truth of many things of age, gives too little pleasure allowed till it is felt; and that the end of life would be increased beyond all human power of endurance, were to enter the world with the opinions as we carry from it.

He naturally indulges those ideas that are in his mind. Hope will predominate in his mind, till it has been suppressed by frequent disappointments. He has not yet discovered how many things continually hovering about us, when he is set free from the shackles of discipline, looks abroad into the world with rapture; he sees an elysian world open before him, so variegated and so stored with pleasure, that his care is rather to accumulate than to shun evil; he stands divided by different forms of delight, and is no other doubt, than which is the follow of those which all lead to the bowers of happiness.

He who has seen only the superficies of the world believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely suspects that splendour conceals any latent sorrows or vexation. He never imagines that here may be greatness without affluence without content, jollity without friendship, and solitude without

He fancies himself permitted to enjoy the blessings of every condition, and is not sensible of its inconveniencies to the idle and ignorant. He is inclined to be so man miserable but by his own fault and seldom looks with much pity at failings or miscarriages, because he thinks them willingly admitted, or easily incurred.

It is impossible, without pity and regret, to hear a youth of generous sentiments and warm imagination, degenerating in the moment of openness and success his designs and expectations; for if long life is possible, he considers all the changes of happiness, and his gratifications for every degree. He is, for a time, to give himself up to frolic and diversion, to range the world in search of pleasure, to de-

light every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleasing levities and solid attainments, his deep reflections, and his sparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the scattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addresses to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in business, to dissipate difficulty, and overpower opposition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatness; and reward all those who countenanced his rise, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At last he will retire in peace and honour; contract his views to domestic pleasures; form the manners of children like himself; observe how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his sons catch ardour from their father's history; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to posterity; and leave the world an example of wisdom and of happiness.

With hopes like these, he falls into life; to little purpose is he told, that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happiness; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or disease; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with applause; that whatever admiration and fondness may promise him, he must marry a wife like the wives of others, with some virtues and some faults, and be as often disgusted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he must expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as resolute as himself; that of his children, some may be deformed, and others vicious; some may disgrace him by their follies, some offend him by their insolence, and some exhaust him by their profusion. He hears all this with obstinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of misery.

Among other pleasing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his contemporaries can spare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himself, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a spy. He therefore considers his

his fame as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick sense of reputation. This it is that gives firmness and constancy, fidelity and disinterestedness; and it is this that kindles resentment for slight injuries, and dictates all the principles of sanguinary honour.

But as time brings him forward into the world, he soon discovers that he only shares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obscurity of the crowd; and that what he does, whether good or bad, soon gives way to new objects of regard. He then easily sets himself free from the anxieties of reputation, and considers praise or censure as a transient

breath, which, while he hears it, is passing away, without any lasting mischief or advantage.

In youth, it is common to measure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any measure but interest, and to lose shame without substituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life, that something is always wanting to happiness. In youth we have warm hopes which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan schemes, and regulate measures; but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

## N° CXCVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1752.

CUIUS VULTURIS HOC ERIT CADAVER?

MART.

SAY, TO WHAT VULTURE'S SHARE THIS CARCASE FALLS?

F. LEWIS.

TO THE RAMBLER:

SIR,  
BEFORE to an order of mankind, considerable at least for their number, to which your notice has never been formally extended, though equally entitled to regard with those triflers who have hitherto supplied you with topics of amusement or instruction. I am, Mr. Rambler, a legacy-hunter; and as every man is willing to think well of the tribe in which his name is registered, you will forgive my vanity if I remind you that the legacy-hunter, however degraded by an ill-compounded appellation in our barbarous language, was known, as I am told, in ancient Rome, by the sonorous titles of Captator and Heredipeta.

My father was an attorney in the country, who married his master's daughter in hopes of a fortune which he did not obtain, having been, as he afterwards discovered, chosen by her only because she had no better offer, and was afraid of service. I was the first offspring of a marriage thus reciprocally fraudulent, and therefore could not be expected to inherit much dignity or generosity, and if I had them not from nature, was not likely ever to attain them; for in the years which I spent at

home, I never heard any reason for action or forbearance, but that we should gain money or lose it; nor was taught any other style of commendation, than that Mr. Sneaker is a warm man, Mr. Gripe has done his business, and needs care for nobody.

My parents, though otherwise not great philosophers, knew the force of early education, and took care that the blank of my understanding should be filled with impressions of the value of money. My mother used, upon all occasions, to inculcate some salutary axioms, such as might incite me to *keep what I had, and get what I could*; she informed me that we were in a world, where *all must catch that catch can*; and as I grew up, stored my memory with deeper observations; restrained me from the usual puerile expences, by remarking that *many a little made a mickle*; and, when I envied the finery of any of my neighbours, told me, that *Brag was a good dog, but Holdfast was a better*.

I was soon sagacious enough to discover that I was not born to great wealth; and, having heard no other name for happiness, was sometimes inclined to repine at my condition. But my mother

always

relieved me, by saying, that as money enough in the family, *was good to be of kin to means*; had nothing to do but to please us, and I might come to hold head with the best squire in the

splendid expectations arose from us to three persons of consequence. My mother's aunt had left on a lady, who, when she died, left her officiousness and fidelity a large legacy. My father had two sons, of whom one had broken his business and run to sea, from whence, in the absence of thirty years, he returned with ten thousand pounds; and the other had lured an heiress out of a family, who dying of her first child, left him her estate, on which he thought any other care than to collect rents, and preserve from poaching game which he could not kill

the hoarders of money were visited by all who had any pretence to wealth, and received presents and compliments from cousins who scarcely tell the degree of their relationship. But we had peculiar advantages encouraged us to hope, that we by degrees supplant our competitors.

My father, by his profession, himself necessary in their affairs; as a sailor and the chambermaid, he let out mortgages and securities, wrote bonds and contracts; and had he himself to the old woman, who shily lent an hundred pounds consulting him, by informing her her debtor was on the point of speedy, and posing to expedition in an execution, that all the others were defrauded.

The squire he was a kind of steward had distinguished himself in the world by his address in raising the rents, and his acuteness in settling the parish free from burthensome taxes, by shifting them off to some remote tenant.

These made frequent attendance; trust soon produced intimacy; these gave a claim to kindness; so had opportunity to practise all of flattery and endearment. My

who could not support the thought of losing any thing, determined that all their fortune should con-

tribute in me; and, in the prosecution of her schemes, took care to inform me that *nothing cost less than good words*, and that it is comfortable to leap into an estate which another has got.

She trained me by these precepts to the utmost docility of obedience, and the closest attention to profit. At an age when other boys are sporting in the fields, or musing in the school, I was contriving some new method of paying my court; inquiring the age of my future benefactors; or considering how I should employ their legacies.

If our eagerness of money could have been satisfied with the possessions of any one of my relations, they might perhaps have been obtained; but as it was impossible to be always present with all three, our competitors were busy to efface any trace of affection which we might have left behind; and since there was not, on any part, such superiority of merit as could enforce a constant and unshaken preference, whoever was the last that flattered or obliged, had, for a time, the ascendancy.

My relations maintained a regular exchange of courtesy, took care to mix no occasion of condolence or congratulation, and that presents at stated times, but had in their hearts not much esteem for one another. The squire looked with contempt upon the squire as a milkop and a landman, who had lived without knowing the points of the compass, or seeing any part of the world beyond the county-town; and whenever they met, would talk of longitude and latitude, and circles and tropicks, would scarcely tell him the hour without some mention of the horizon and meridian; nor show him the map without ostending his ignorance of the situation of other countries.

The squire considered the sailor as a rude uncultivated savage, with little more of human than his form, and diverted himself with his ignorance of all common objects and affairs; when he could persuade him to go into the field, he always exposed him to the sportsman, by sending him to look for game in improper places; and once prevailed upon him to be present at the race, only that he might show the gentleman how a sailor sat upon a horse.

The old gentlewoman thought herself with them both, for she used to visit out but a maid, and she did not know

ney. The others were indeed sufficiently frugal; but the squire could not live without dogs and horses, and the sailor never suffered the day to pass but over a bowl of punch, to which, as he was not critical in the choice of his company, every man was welcome that could roar out a catch, or tell a story.

All these, however, I was to please; an arduous task; but what will not

youth and avarice undertake! I had an unresisting suppleness of temper, and an insatiable wish for riches; I was perpetually intigated by the ambition of my parents, and assisted occasionally by their instructions. What these advantages enabled me to perform, shall be told in the next letter of,

Yours, &c.

CAPTATOR.

## Nº CXCVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1752.

NIL MINI DAS VIVUS, DICIS POST FATA DATURUM,  
SI NON INSANIS, SCIS, MARO, QUID CUPIAM.

MART.

YOU'VE TOLD ME, MARO, WHILST YOU LIVE,  
YOU'D NOT A SINGLE PENNY GIVE,  
BUT THAT WHENE'ER YOU CHANCE TO DIE,  
YOU'D LEAVE A HANDSOME LEGACY:  
YOU MUST BE MAD BEYOND REDRESS,  
IF MY NEXT WISH YOU CANNOT GUESS.

F. LEWIS.

### TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,

**YOU**, who must have observed the inclination which almost every man, however unactive or insignificant, discovers of representing his life as distinguished by extraordinary events, will not wonder that Captator thinks his narrative important enough to be continued. Nothing is more common than for those to tease their companions with their history, who have neither done nor suffered any thing that can excite curiosity, or afford instruction.

As I was taught to flatter with the first essays of speech, and had very early lost every other passion in the desire of money, I began my pursuit with omens of success; for I divided my officiousness so judiciously among my relations, that I was equally the favourite of all. When any of them entered the door, I went to welcome him with raptures; when he went away, I hung down my head, and sometimes intreated to go with him with so much importunity, that I very narrowly escaped a consent which I dreaded in my heart. When at an annual entertainment they were all together, I had a harder task; but plied them so impartially with caresses, that none could charge me with neglect; and when they were wearied with my sound-

ness and civilities, I was always dismissed with money to buy playthings.

Life cannot be kept at a stand; the years of innocence and prattle were soon at an end, and other qualifications were necessary to recommend me to continuance of kindness. It luckily happened that none of my friends had high notions of book-learning. The sailor hated to see tall boys shut up in a school, when they might more properly be seeing the world, and making their fortunes; and was of opinion, that when the first rules of arithmetick were known, all that was necessary to make a man complete might be learned on ship-board. The squire only insisted, that so much scholarship was indispensably necessary, as might confer ability to draw a lease and read the court-hands; and the old chambermaid declared loudly her contempt of books, and her opinion that they only took the head off the main chance.

To unite, as well as we could; all their systems, I was bred at home. Each was taught to believe, that I followed his directions, and I gained likewise, as my mother observed, this advantage, that I was always in the way; for she had known many favourite children sent to schools or academies, and forgotten.

As I grew fatter to be trusted to my own

secretion, I was often dispatched various pretences to visit my relations with directions from my parents ingratiate myself, and drive away hours.

As, from my infancy, considered a sailor as a promising genius, being I liked punch better than wine; took care to improve this propensity by continual enquiries about the navigation, the degree of heat and different climates, the profits of and the dangers of shipwreck. I had the courage of the seamen, and

gained his heart by importuning him with recital of his adventures, and a display of his foreign curiosities. I listened with an appearance of close attention to any tales which I could already repeat, and the close never failed to express a resolution to visit distant countries, and my contempt of the cowards and idlers that spend all their lives in their parish; though I had in reality no other of any thing but money, nor ever the stimulations of curiosity or adventure, but would contentedly have passed the years of Nestor in my rents, and lending upon mort-

gage. As a squire I was able to please with dissimulation, for I really thought it not enough to kill the game and

Some arts of falsehood, however, the *hunger of gold* persuaded me to use, by which, though no other effect was produced, the purity of my virtue was vitiated, and the reverence for the gods gradually destroyed. I sometimes purchased fish, and pretended to have caught them; I hired the country-folk to shew me partridges, and then displayed my uncle intelligence of their haunts; I learned the seats of hares and foxes, and discovered them in the month of a sagacity that raised the wonder of the old sportsmen. One only objection to the advancement of my fortune I could never fully surmount; I was naturally a coward, and was always left shamefully behind, there was a necessity to leap a river, to swim a river, or force the boat to their utmost speed; but as these expedients did not frequently happen, I maintained my honour with sufficient ease, and was never left out of a gaming party.

The old chambermaid was not so certain, nor so easily pleased, for she had

no predominant passion but avarice, and was therefore cold and inaccessible. She had no conception of any virtue in a young man but that of saving his money. When she heard of my exploits in the field, she would shake her head, inquire how much I should be the richer for all my performances, and lament that such sums should be spent upon dogs and horses. If the sailor told her of my inclination to travel, she was sure there was no place like England, and could not imagine why any man that can live in his own country should leave it. This sullen and frigid being I found means however to propitiate by frequent commendations of frugality, and perpetual care to avoid expence.

From the sailor was our first and most considerable expectation; for he was richer than the chambermaid, and older than the squire. He was so awkward and bashful among women, that we concluded him secure from matrimony; and the noisy fondness with which he used to welcome me to his house, made us imagine that he would look out for no other heir, and that we had nothing to do but wait patiently for his death. But in the midst of our triumph, my uncle saluted us one morning with a cry of transport, and clapping his hand hard on my shoulder, told me, I was a happy fellow to have a friend like him in the world, for he came to fit me out for a voyage with one of his old acquaintances. I turned pale and trembled; my father told him, that he believed my constitution not fitted to the sea; and my mother bursting into tears, cried out, that her heart would break if she lost me. All this had no effect; the sailor was wholly insusceptive of the softer passions, and, without regard to tears or arguments, persisted in his resolution to make me a man.

We were obliged to comply in appearance, and preparations were accordingly made. I took leave of my friends with great alacrity, proclaimed the beneficence of my uncle with the highest strains of gratitude, and rejoiced at the opportunity now put into my hands of gratifying my thirst of knowledge. But a week before the day appointed for my departure, I fell sick by my mother's direction, and refused all food but what she privately brought me; whenever my uncle visited me I was lethargick or delirious, but took care in my raving fits

to talk incessantly of travel and merchandize. The room was kept dark; the table was filled with vials and gallipots; my mother was with difficulty persuaded not to endanger her life with nocturnal attendance; my father lamented the loss of the profits of the voyage; and such superfluity of artifices was employed, as perhaps might have discovered the cheat to a man of penetration. But the sailor, unacquainted with subtilties and stratagems, was easily deluded; and as the ship could not stay for my recovery, sold the cargo, and left me to re-establish my health at leisure.

I was sent to regain my flesh in a purer air, lest it should appear never to have been wasted, and in two months returned to deplore my disappointment. My uncle pitied my dejection, and bid me prepare myself against next year, for no land-lubber should touch his money.

A reprieve however was obtained, and perhaps some new stratagem might have succeeded another spring; but my uncle unhappily made amorous advances to my mother's maid, who, to promote so advantageous a match, discovered the secret, with which only she had been in-

trusted. He stormed, and raved, and declaring that he would have heirs of his own, and not give his substance to cheats and cowards, married the girl in two days, and has now four children.

Cowardice is always scorned, and deceit universally detested. I found my friends, if not wholly alienated, at least cooled in their affection; the squire, though he did not wholly discard me, was less fond, and often inquired when I would go to sea. I was obliged to bear his insults, and endeavoured to rekindle his kindness by assiduity and respect; but all my care was vain; he died without a will, and the estate devolved to the legal heir.

Thus has the folly of my parents condemned me to spend in flattery and attendance those years in which I might have been qualified to place myself above hope or fear. I am arrived at manhood without any useful art or generous sentiment; and, if the old woman should likewise at last deceive me, am in danger at once of beggary and ignorance.

I am, &c.

CAPTATOR.

## Nº CXIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1752.

DECOLOR, OBSCURUS, VILIS, NON ILLE REPEXAM  
CESARIEM REGUM, NEC CANDIDA VIRGINIS ORNAT  
COLLA, NEC INSIGNI SPLENDET PER CINGULA MORSU;  
SED NOVA SI NIGRI VIDEAS MIRACULA SAXI,  
TUNC SUPERAT PULCHROS CULTUS, ET QUICQUID EOIS  
INDUS LITTORIBUS RUBRA SCRUTATUR IN ALGA.

CLAUDIANKUS.

OBSCURE, UNPRIS'D, AND DARK, THE MAGNET LIES,  
NOR LURES THE SEARCH OF AVARICIOUS EYES,  
NOR BINDS THE NECK, NOR SPARKLES IN THE HAIR,  
NOR DIGNIFIES THE GREAT, NOR DECKS THE FAIR.  
BUT SEARCH THE WONDERS OF THE DUSKY STONE,  
AND OWN ALL GLORIES OF THE MINE OUTDONE,  
EACH GRACE OF FORM, EACH ORNAMENT OF STATE,  
THAT DECKS THE FAIR, OR DIGNIFIES THE GREAT.

TO THE RAMBLER.

SIR,  
**T**HOUGH you have seldom digressed from moral subjects, I suppose you are not so rigorous or cynical as to deny the value or usefulness of natural philosophy; or to have lived in this age of inquiry and experiment, without any attention to the wonders every day produced by the powers of magne-

tism and the wheels of electricity. At least, I may be allowed to hope that, since nothing is more contrary to moral excellence than envy, you will not refuse to promote the happiness of others, merely because you cannot partake of their enjoyments.

In confidence, therefore, that your ignorance has not made you an enemy to knowledge, I offer you the honour of introducing to the notice of the publick

st, who having long laboured for the benefit of mankind, is not willing, so many of his predecessors, to let his secrets in the grave.

They have signalized themselves by burning their estates in crucibles. I am born to no fortune, and therefore devote my mind and body to devote to science, and the gratitude of posterity attest, that neither mind nor body have been spared. I have sat weeks without sleep by the side of the anvil, to watch the moment of fusion; I have made the first experiment in nineteen diving engines of new construction; I have fallen eleven times under the shock of electricity; twice dislocated my limbs, and fractured my skull, in essaying to mend four times endangered my life by submitting to the transfusion of

the first period of my studies, I lost the powers of my body more than those of my mind, and was not it hopes that same might be purchased by a few broken bones without loss of thinking; but having been restrained by some violent experiments, I was constrained to confine myself to my bed, I passed six and thirty years in the pursuit of the treasures of ancient wisdom, but am at last amply recompensed by my perseverance.

The curiosity of the present race of philosophers having been long exercised by electricity, has been lately transferred to magnetism; the qualities of loadstone have been investigated, if not with much advantage, yet with applause; and as the highest praise is to imitate nature, I hope no one will think the makers of artificial stones celebrated or revered above the elements.

I have for some time employed myself in the same practice, but with deeper study and more extensive views. My contemporaries were touched with the eddies and raising weights, or busy themselves with inclination and variation, I have been examining those qualities of magnetism which may be applied to the accommodation and happiness of common life. I have left to the understanding the care of conducting the sailor through the hazards of the ocean, and reserved to myself the difficult and illustrious province of dissolving the connubial compact from

violation, and setting mankind free for ever from the danger of supposititious children, and the torments of fruitless vigilance and anxious suspicion.

To defraud any man of his due praise is unworthy of a philosopher; I shall therefore openly confess, that I owe the first hint of this inestimable secret to the Rabbi Abraham Ben Hannase, who, in his treatise of precious stones, has left this account of the magnet: *מגנטון*, &c. 'The calamita, or loadstone that attracts iron, produces many bad families in man. Women fly from this stone. If therefore any husband be disturbed with jealousy, and fear lest his wife converses with other men, let him lay this stone upon her while she is asleep. If she be pure, she will, when she wakes, clasp her husband fondly in her arms; but if she be guilty, she will fall out of bed, and run away.'

When first I read this wonderful passage, I could not easily conceive why it had remained hitherto unregarded in such a zealous competition for magnetical fame. It would surely be unjust to suspect that any of the candidates are strangers to the name or works of Rabbi Abraham, or to conclude, from a late edict of the royal society in favour of the English language, that philosophy and literature are no longer to act in concert. Yet, how should a quality so useful escape promulgation but by the obscurity of the language in which it was delivered? Why are footmen and chambermaids paid on every side for keeping secrets which no caution nor expence could secure from the all-penetrating magnet? Or, why are so many witnesses summoned, and so many artifices practised, to discover what so easy an experiment would infallibly reveal?

Full of this perplexity, I read the lines of Abraham to a friend, who advised me not to expose my life by a mad indulgence of the love of fame; he warned me by the fate of Orpheus, that knowledge or genius could give no protection to the invader of female prerogatives; assured me that neither the armour of Achilles, nor the antidote of Mithridates, would be able to preserve me; and counselled me, if I could not live without renown, to attempt the acquisition of universal empire, in which the honour would perhaps be equal, and the danger certainly be less.

I, a solitary student, pretend not to much



much knowledge of the world, but am unwilling to think it so generally corrupt, as that a scheme for the detection of incontinence should bring any danger upon its inventor. My friend has indeed told me, that all the women will be my enemies, and that however I flatter myself with hopes of defence from the men, I shall certainly find myself deserted in the hour of danger. Of the young men, said he, some will be afraid of sharing the disgrace of their mothers, and some the danger of their mistresses; of those who are married, part are already convinced of the falsehood of their wives, and part shut their eyes to avoid conviction; few ever sought for virtue in marriage, and therefore few will try whether they have found it. Almost every man is careless or timorous, and to trust is easier and safer than to examine.

These observations discouraged me till I began to consider what reception I was likely to find among the ladies, whom I have reviewed under the three classes of maids, wives, and widows, and cannot but hope that I may obtain some countenance among them. The single ladies I suppose universally ready to patronize my method, by which connubial wickedness may be detected, since no woman marries with a previous design to be unfaithful to her husband. And to keep them steady in my cause, I promise never to sell one of my magnets to a man who steals a girl from school; marries a woman forty years younger than himself; or employs the authority of parents to obtain a wife without her own consent.

Among the married ladies, notwithstanding the insinuations of slander, I yet resolve to believe, that the greater part are my friends, and am at least convinced, that they who demand the test, and appear on my side, will supply, by their spirit, the deficiency of their numbers, and that their enemies will shrink and quake at the sight of a magnet, as the slaves of Scythia fled from the scourge.

The widows will be confederated in my favour by their curiosity, if not by

their virtue; for it may be observed, that women who have outlived their husbands, always think themselves entitled to superintend the conduct of young wives; and as they are themselves in no danger from this magnetick trial, I shall expect them to be eminently and unanimously zealous in recommending it.

With these hopes I shall, in a short time, offer to sale magnets armed with a particular metallick composition, which concentrates their virtue, and determines their agency. It is known that the efficacy of the magnet, in common operations, depends much upon its armature, and it cannot be imagined that a stone, naked or cased only in the common manner, will discover the virtues ascribed to it by Rabbi Abraham. The secret of this metal I shall carefully conceal, and therefore am not afraid of imitators, nor shall trouble the offices with solicitation for a patent.

I shall sell them of different sizes, and various degrees of strength. I have some of a bulk proper to be hung at the bed's head, as scare-crows, and some so small that they may be easily concealed. Some I have ground into oval forms to be hung at watches; and some, for the curious, I have set in wedding-rings, that ladies may never want an attestation of their innocence. Some I can produce so sluggish and inert, that they will not act before the third failure; and others so vigorous and animated, that they exert their influence against unlawful wishes, if they have been willingly and deliberately indulged. As it is my practice honestly to tell my customers the properties of my magnets, I can judge by their choice of the delicacy of their sentiments. Many have been contented to spare cost by purchasing only the lowest degree of efficacy, and all have started with terror from those which operate upon the thoughts. One young lady only fitted on a ring of the strongest energy, and declared that she scorned to separate her wishes from her acts, or allow herself to think what she was forbidden to practise. I am, &c.

HERMETICUS.

N<sup>o</sup> CC. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1752.

NEMO PETIT MODICIS QUÆ MITTEBANTUR AMICIS  
 A SENECA, QUÆ PISO BONUS, QUÆ COTTA & LEBAT  
 LARGIRI, NEMPE ET TITULIS ET FASCIBUS OLIM  
 MAJOR HABEBATUR DONANDI GLORIA; SOLUM  
 PUSCUM UT COENES CIVILITER; HOC FACE, ET ESTO  
 ESTO, UT NUNC MULTI, DIVES TIBI, PAUPER AMICIS.

JUV.

NO MAN EXPECTS (FOR WHO SO MUCH A SOT  
 WHO HAS THE TIMES HE LIVES IN SO FORGOT ?)  
 WHAT SENECA, WHAT PISO US'D TO SEND,  
 TO RAISE, OR TO SUPPORT A SINKING FRIEND.  
 THOSE GODLIKE MEN, TO WANTING VIRTUE KIND,  
 BOUNTY WELL PLAC'D, PREFERRED, AND WELL DESIGN'D,  
 TO ALL THEIR TITLES, ALL THAT HEIGHT OF POW'R,  
 WHICH TURNS THE BRAINS OF FOOLS, AND FOOLS ALONE ADORE.  
 WHEN YOUR POOR CLIENT IS CONDEMN'D T' ATTEND,  
 'TIS ALL WE ASK, RECEIVE HIM AS A FRIEND:  
 DESCEND TO THIS, AND THEN WE ASK NO MORE;  
 RICH TO YOURSELF, TO ALL BESIDE BE POOR.

BOWLES.

TO THE RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

MUCH is the tenderness or infirmity  
 of many minds, that when any af-  
 fliction oppresses them, they have imme-  
 diate recourse to lamentation and com-  
 plaint, which, though it can only be  
 allowed reasonable when evils admit of  
 remedy, and then only when addressed  
 those from whom the remedy is ex-  
 pected, yet seems even in hopeless and  
 unavailing distresses to be natural, since  
 it is by whom it is not indulged, im-  
 agine that they give a proof of extraordi-  
 nary fortitude by suppressing it.

I am one of those who, with the  
 echo of Cervantes, leave to higher  
 characters the merit of suffering in si-  
 lence, and give vent without scruple to  
 sorrow that swells in my heart. It  
 therefore to me a severe aggravation  
 a calamity, when it is such as in the  
 common opinion will not justify the  
 liberty of exclamation, or support the  
 animosity of vocal grief. Yet many  
 instances are incident to a man of delicacy,  
 which the unfeeling world cannot be  
 persuaded to pity, and which, when they  
 are separated from their peculiar and  
 personal circumstances, will never be  
 considered as important enough to claim  
 attention, or deserve redress.

Of this kind will appear to gross and  
 vulgar apprehensions, the miseries which  
 endured in a morning visit to Prospero,  
 now lately raised to wealth by a lucky

project, and too much intoxicated by  
 sudden elevation, or too little polished  
 by thought and conversation, to enjoy  
 his present fortune with elegance and  
 decency.

We set out in the world together; and  
 for a long time mutually assisted each  
 other in our exigencies, as either hap-  
 pened to have money or influence be-  
 yond his immediate necessities. You  
 know that nothing generally endears  
 men so much as participation of dangers  
 and misfortunes; I therefore always con-  
 sidered Prospero as united with me in the  
 strongest league of kindness, and ima-  
 gined that our friendship was only to be  
 broken by the hand of death. I felt at  
 his sudden shoot of success an honest and  
 disinterested joy; but as I want no part  
 of his superfluities, am not willing to  
 descend from that equality in which we  
 hitherto have lived.

Our intimacy was regarded by me as  
 a dispensation from ceremonial visits;  
 and it was so long before I saw him at  
 his new house, that he gently complain-  
 ed of my neglect, and obliged me to  
 come on a day appointed. I kept my  
 promise, but found that the impatience  
 of my friend arose not from any desire  
 to communicate his happiness, but to en-  
 joy his superiority.

When I told my name at the door, the  
 footman went to see if his master was at  
 home, and, by the tardiness of his re-  
 turn, gave me reason to suspect that  
 time

time was taken to deliberate. He then informed me, that Prospero desired my company, and showed the staircase carefully secured by mats from the pollution of my feet. The best apartments were ostentatiously set open, that I might have a distant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach; and my old friend receiving me with all the insolence of condescension at the top of the stairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfasted when he had not great company.

On the floor where we sat lay a carpet covered with a cloth, of which Prospero ordered his servant to lift up a corner, that I might contemplate the brightness of the colours, and the elegance of the texture, and asked me whether I had ever seen any thing so fine before. I did not gratify his folly with any outcries of admiration, but coldly bade the footman let down the cloth.

We then sat down, and I began to hope that pride was gluttied with perfection, when Prospero desired that I would give the servant leave to adjust the cover of my chair, which was slipped a little aside to show the damask; he informed me that he had bespoke ordinary chairs for common use, but had been disappointed by his tradesmen. I put the chair aside with my foot, and drew another so hastily, that I was entreated not to rumple the carpet.

Breakfast was at last set, and as I was not willing to indulge the peevishness that began to seize me, I commended the tea; Prospero then told me, that another time I should taste his finest sort, but that he had only a very small quantity remaining, and reserved it for those whom he thought himself obliged to treat with particular respect.

While we were conversing upon such subjects as imagination happened to suggest, he frequently digressed into directions to the servant that waited, or made a slight enquiry after the jeweller or silversmith; and once, as I was pursuing an argument with some degree of earnestness, he started from his posture of attention, and ordered, that if Lord Lofly called on him that morning, he should be shewn into the best parlour.

My patience was not yet wholly subdued. I was willing to promote his satisfaction, and therefore observed, that the figures on the china were eminently

pretty. Prospero had now an opportunity of calling for his Dresden china, 'Which,' says he, 'I always associate with my chased tea-kettle.' The cups were brought; I once resolved not to have looked upon them, but my curiosity prevailed. When I had examined them a little, Prospero desired me to set them down, for they who were accustomed only to common dishes, seldom handled china with much care. You will, I hope, commend my philosophy, when I tell you that I did not dash his baubles to the ground.

He was now so much elevated with his own greatness, that he thought some humility necessary to avert the glance of envy, and therefore told me, with an air of soft composure, that I was not to estimate life by external appearance, that all these shining acquisitions had added little to his happiness, that he still remembered with pleasure the days in which he and I were upon the level, and had often, in the moment of reflection, been doubtful, whether he should lose much by changing his condition for mine.

I began now to be afraid lest his pride should, by silence and submission, be emboldened to insults that could not easily be borne, and therefore coolly considered, how I should repress it without such bitterness of reproach as I was yet unwilling to use. But he interrupted my meditation, by asking leave to be dressed, and told me, that he had promised to attend some ladies in the park, and, if I was going the same way, would take me in his chariot. I had no inclination to any other favours, and therefore left him without any intention of seeing him again, unless some misfortune should restore his understanding.

I am, &c. ASPER.

Though I am not wholly insensible of the provocations which my correspondent has received, I cannot altogether commend the keenness of his resentment, nor encourage him to persist in his resolution of breaking off all commerce with his old acquaintance. One of the golden precepts of Pythagoras directs, that *a friend should not be hated for little faults*; and surely, he upon whom nothing worse can be charged, than that he mats his stairs, and covers his carpet, and sets out his finery to show before those whom he does not admit to

t, has yet committed nothing that  
ld exclude him from common de-  
of kindness. Such improprieties  
proceed rather from stupidity than  
ce. Those who thus shine only to  
le, are influenced merely by custom  
example, and neither examine nor  
pualified to examine, the motives  
eir own practice, or to state the  
limits between elegance and osti-  
tion. They are often innocent of  
ain which their vanity produces,  
insult others when they have no  
e purpose than to please them-  
s.

He that too much refines his delicacy  
will always endanger his quiet. Of  
those with whom nature and virtue  
oblige us to converse, some are igno-  
rant of the arts of pleasing, and offend  
when they design to carefs; some are  
negligent, and gratify themselves with-  
out regard to the quiet of another; some  
perhaps are malicious, and feel no  
greater satisfaction in prosperity, than  
that of raising envy and trampling in-  
feriority. But whatever be the motive  
of insult, it is always best to overlook  
it, for folly scarcely can deserve resent-  
ment, and malice is punished by neglect.

N° CCI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1752.

—SANCTUS HABERI  
PROMISSIQUE TENAX DICTIS FACTISQUE MERERIS?  
AGNOSCO PROCEREM.

JUV.

CONVINCE THE WORLD THAT YOU'RE DEVOUT AND TRUE,  
BE JUST IN ALL YOU SAY, AND ALL YOU DO;  
WHATEVER BE YOUR BIRTH, YOU'RE SURE TO BE  
A PEER OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE TO ME.

STEPNEY.

BYLE has observed, that the ex-  
cellency of manufactures, and the  
ty of labour, would be much pro-  
d, if the various expedients and  
ivances which lie concealed in pri-  
hands were by reciprocal commu-  
nions made generally known; for  
are few operations that are not  
rmed by one or other with some pe-  
r advantages, which though singly  
tle importance, would by con-  
ion and concurrence open new in-  
o knowledge, and give new pow-  
diligence.

here are, in like manner, several  
excellencies distributed among the  
ent classes of a community. It  
said by Cujacius, that he never read  
than one book, by which he was  
nstructed; and he that shall enquire  
virtue with ardour and attention,  
seldom find a man by whose exam-  
r sentiments he may not be im-  
ed.

very profession has some essential  
appropriate virtue, without which  
can be no hope of honour or suc-  
and which, as it is more or less  
raised, confers within it's sphere of

activity different degrees of merit and  
reputation. As the astrologers range  
the subdivisions of mankind under the  
planets which they suppose to influence  
their lives, the moralist may distribute  
them according to the virtues which  
they necessarily practise, and consider  
them as distinguished by prudence or  
fortitude, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence  
settled by time and place, that men may  
be heard boasting in one street of that  
which they would anxiously conceal in  
another. The grounds of scorn and  
esteem, the topicks of praise and satire,  
are varied according to the several vir-  
tues or vices which the course of life has  
disposed men to admire or abhor; but  
he who is solicitous for his own im-  
provement must not be limited by local  
reputation, but select from every tribe  
of mortals their characteristic virtues,  
and constellate in himself the scattered  
graces which shine single in other men.

The chief praise to which a trader  
aspires is that of punctuality, or an ex-  
act and rigorous observance of com-  
mercial engagements; nor is there any  
vice of which he so much dreads the im-  
putation,

putation, as of negligence and instability. This is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which many seem to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatness or attention of wit, scarcely requisite among men of gaiety and spirit, and sold at it's highest rate when it is sacrificed to a frolick or a jest.

Every man has daily occasion to remark what vexations arise from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have so long disdained the restraints of truth, that promises and appointments have lost their cogency, and both parties neglect their stipulations, because each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is first admitted in small affairs, and strengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by custom, ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himself bound by his word in cases of property or danger, though he allows himself to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tolerable, if it could be restrained to the play-house, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is sufficiently troublesome, and darkens those moments with expectation, suspense, and resentment, which are set aside for pleasure, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that suffers the slightest breach in his morality, can seldom tell what shall enter it, or how wide it shall be made; when a passage is open, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down opposition, and by slow degrees deluges the heart.

Aliger entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extensive views, and untainted principles. His curiosity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of conversation; his elegance of address and fertility of ideas gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at least he found the general kindness of reception always shown to a young man whose birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly destroyed his privileges. Aliger was pleased

with this general smile of mankind, and was industrious to preserve it by compliance and officiousness, but did not suffer his desire of pleasing to vitiate his integrity. It was his established maxim, that a promise is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once suffered himself to be drawn away from a festal engagement by the opportunity of another company.

He spent the evening, as is usual in the rudiments of vice, in perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his disappointed friends in the morning with confusion and excuses. His companions, not accustomed to such scrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneasiness, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the same experiment upon another society, and found them equally ready to consider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickness and gaiety, till by degrees he began to think himself at liberty to follow the last invitation, and was no longer shocked at the turpitude of falsehood. He made no difficulty to promise his presence at distant places, and if listlessness happened to creep upon him, would sit at home with great tranquillity; and has often sunk to sleep in a chair, while he held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

It was so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he soon dismissed his attention as an useless incumbrance, and resigned himself to carelessness and dissipation, without any regard to the future or the past, or any other motive of action than the impulse of a sudden desire, or the attraction of immediate pleasure. The absent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others had no influence upon his conduct. He was in speculation completely just, but never kept his promise to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived those friends whom he undertook to patronize or assist; he was prudent, but suffered his affairs to be embarrassed for want of regulating his accounts at stated times. He courted a young lady, and when the settlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to sign them. He resolved to travel, and sent his chests on shipboard, but delayed to follow them till he lost his passage. He

moned as an evidence in a cause of great importance, and loitered on till the trial was past. It is that when he had, with great exertion, formed an interest in a borough, a potent contrived, by some agents, knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

Benignity draws him into the vision of a thousand crimes, which his kind or civil would escape. Courtesy invites application; his fees produce dependence; he has pockets filled with petitions, which he spends some time to deliver and enfold his table covered with letters pressed, with which he purposed to

comply; but time slips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or busy; his friends lose their opportunities, and charge upon him their miscarriages and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to Aliger. They whose activity of imagination is often shifting the scenes of expectation, are frequently subject to such sallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, destroy the value of their friendship, obstruct the efficacy of their virtues, and set them below the meanest of those that persist in their resolutions, execute what they design, and perform what they have promised.

## Nº CCII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1752.

Πρὸς ἅπαντα θεῖλος ἐστὶν ὁ πῶνός τεράγματα,  
καὶ πάντας αὐτῷ καταφρονεῖν ὑπολαμβάνει.  
Ὁ δὲ μετρίως πρᾶτται περισκέλις-τερον  
Ἄπαντα τ' ἀπαιρία, Δαμωρία, φέρεται.

CALLIMACHUS.

FROM NO AFFLICTION IS THE POOR EXEMPT;  
HE THINKS EACH EYE SURVEYS HIM WITH CONTEMPT,  
UNMANLY POVERTY SUBDUES THE HEART,  
CANKERS EACH WOUND, AND SHARPENS EV'RY DART.

F. LEWIS.

AMONG those who have endeavoured to promote learning, and by judgment, it has been long customary to complain of the abuse of it, which are often admitted to significances so different, that, instead of giving the understanding as vehicles of knowledge, they produce error, confusion, and perplexity, because what intended in one sense is received in another.

This ambiguity sometimes embarrasses the most solemn controversies, and obscures the demonstrations of science, it is well to be expected to infest the various periods of declaimers, whose use is often only to amuse with falsehood, and change the colours of truth; or the musical compositions of poets, whose style is professedly figurative, and whose art is imagined to consist in distorting words from their natural meaning.

There are few words of which the reader believes himself better to know the import than of *poverty*; yet whoever is either the poet or philosopher, and such an account of the con-

dition expressed by that term as his experience or observation will not easily discover to be true. Instead of the meanness, distress, complaint, anxiety, and dependence, which have hitherto been combined in his ideas of poverty, he will read of content, innocence, and cheerfulness, of health and safety, tranquillity and freedom; of pleasures not known but to men unincumbered with possessions; and of sleep that sheds his balsamick anodynes only on the cottage. Such are the blessings to be obtained by the resignation of riches, that kings might descend from their thrones, and generals retire from a triumph, only to slumber undisturbed in the elysium of poverty.

If these authors do not deceive us, nothing can be more absurd than that perpetual contest for wealth which keeps the world in commotion; nor any complaints more justly censured than those which proceed from want of the gifts of fortune, which we are taught by the great masters of moral wisdom to consider as golden shackles, by which the wearer is at once disabled and adorned.

as luscious poisons which may for a time please the palate, but soon betray their malignity by languor and by pain.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physic, and secure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature, what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artificers and attendants, of flatterers and spies.

But it will be found, upon a nearer view, that they who extol the happiness of poverty, do not mean the same state with those who deplore it's miseries. Poets have their imaginations filled with ideas of magnificence; and being accustomed to contemplate the downfall of empires, or to contrive forms of lamentations for monarchs in distress, rank all the classes of mankind in a state of poverty, who make no approaches to the dignity of crowns. To be poor, in the epick language, is only not to command the wealth of nations, nor to have fleets and armies in pay.

Vanity has perhaps contributed to this impropriety of style. He that wishes to become a philosopher at a cheap rate, easily gratifies his ambition by submitting to poverty when he does not feel it, and by boasting his contempt of riches, when he has already more than he enjoys. He who would show the extent of his views, and grandeur of his conceptions, or discover his acquaintance with splendor and magnificence, may talk like Cowley of an humble station and quiet obscurity, of the paucity of nature's wants, and the inconveniences of superfluity, and at last, like him, limit his desires to five hundred pounds a year; a fortune indeed not exuberant when we compare it with the expences of pride and luxury, but to which it little becomes a philosopher to affix the name of poverty, since no man can, with any propriety, be termed poor who does not see the greater part of mankind richer than himself.

As little is the general condition of human life understood by the panegyrist and historians, who amuse us with accounts of the poverty of heroes and sages. Riches are of no value in themselves, their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unless by narrow understandings, which confound the means with the end, but for the sake of power, in-

fluence, and esteem; or by some of less elevated and refined sentiments, as necessary to sensual enjoyment.

The pleasures of luxury, many have, without uncommon virtue, been able to despise, even when affluence and idleness have concurred to tempt them; and therefore he who feels nothing from indigence but the want of gratifications which he could not in any other condition make consistent with innocence, has given no proof of eminent patience. Esteem and influence every man desires, but they are equally pleasing and equally valuable, by whatever means they are obtained; and whoever has found the art of securing them without the help of money, ought, in reality, to be accounted rich, since he has all that riches can purchase to a wise man. Cincinnatus, though he lived upon a few acres, cultivated by his own hand, was sufficiently removed from all the evils generally comprehended under the name of poverty, when his reputation was such, that the voice of his country called him from his farm to take absolute command into his hand; nor was Diogenes much mortified by his residence in a tub, where he was honoured with the visit of Alexander the Great.

The same fallacy has conciliated veneration to the religious orders. When we behold a man abdicating the hope of terrestrial possessions, and precluding himself by an irrevocable vow from the pursuit and acquisition of all that his fellow-beings consider as worthy of wishes and endeavours, we are immediately struck with the purity, abstraction, and firmness of his mind, and regard him as wholly employed in securing the interests of futurity, and devoid of any other care than to gain at whatever price the surest passage to eternal rest.

Yet what can the votary be justly said to have lost of his present happiness? If he resides in a convent, he converses only with men whose condition is the same with his own; he has from the munificence of the founder all the necessaries of life, and is safe from that *destitution* which Hooker declares to be *such an impediment to virtue, as, till it be removed, suffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care*. All temptations to envy and competition are shut out from his retreat; he is not pained with the sight of unattainable dignity, nor insulted with the blas-

of insolence, or the smile of forced liability. If he wanders abroad, the city of his character amply compensates all other distinctions, he is seldom but with reverence, nor heard but submission.

has been remarked, that death, though often defied in the field, seldom

fails to terrify when it approaches the bed of sickness in its natural horror; so poverty may easily be endured, while associated with dignity and reputation, but will always be shunned and dreaded when it is accompanied with ignominy and contempt.

## Nº CCIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1752.

CUM VOLET ILLA DIES, QUÆ NIL NISI CORPORIS HUIUS  
JUS HABET, INCERTI SPATIUM MIHI FINIAT, &VI.

OVID.

COME, SOON OR LATE, DEATH'S UNDETERMIN'D DAY,  
THIS MORTAL BEING ONLY CAN DECAY.

WELSTED.

seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity. The present is seldom able to fill desire, imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has so often detected the foolishness of hope, and the inconsequence of teaching himself to expect that a thousand accidents may preclude, when time has abated the confidence which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour, then, to find entertainment in the recollection of life, and to repose upon real, and certain experience. This is perhaps one reason, among many, why we delight in narratives.

It so full is the world of calamity, every source of pleasure is polluted, every retirement of tranquillity disordered. When time has supplied us with events sufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with so many disasters, that we shrink from their remembrance, dread their intrusion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that pursue us with torture.

Man past the middle point of life sits down to feast upon the pleasures of youth without finding the banquet varied by the cup of sorrow; he revives lucky accidents, and pleases in extravagancies; many days of harmless frolic, or nights of honest festivity, perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in scenes of action, and acted with affairs of difficulty and vicissitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the

nobler pleasure of looking back upon distress firmly supported, dangers resolutely encountered, and opposition artfully defeated. Æneas properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a storm they have landed on an unknown and desolate country, with the hope that their miseries will be at some distant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

But this felicity is almost always abated by the reflection, that they with whom we should be most pleased to share it are now in the grave. A few years make such havock in human generations, that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleasures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprise recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the close of the relation, to pay a sigh to the names of those that contributed to his success; he that passes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has his remembrance stored with remarks and repartees of wits, whose sprightliness and merriment are now lost in perpetual silence; the trader, whose industry has supplied the want of inheritance, repines in solitary plenty at the absence of companions with whom he had planned out amusements for his latter years; and the scholar, whose merit, after a long series of efforts, raises him from obscurity, looks round in vain from



from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whose applause or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among Martial's requisites to happiness is, *Rer non paria labore, sed relictis*—an estate not gained by industry, but left by inheritance. It is necessary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the close of life, will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happiness has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, because we cannot compare the difference between want and possession, or at least can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increase of self-esteem; what we acquire by bravery or science, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at last when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happiness from the time to come. In youth we have nothing past to entertain us, and in age we derive little from retrospect but hopeless sorrow. Yet the future likewise has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we see to be not far distant. The loss of our friends and companions impresses hourly upon us the necessity of our own departure: we know that the schemes of man are quickly at an end, that we must soon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, shall be driven awhile, by hope or fear, about the surface of the earth, and then like us be lost in the shades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material existence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and almost every man indulges his imagination with something which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: some amule themselves with entails and settlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the dissipation of the fortunes which it has been their business to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of distant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced posterity.

They whose souls are so chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a state in which they shall look upon them with less solicitude, are seldom attentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and therefore may be called to reconsider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wise man's wish, has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to so small a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little interest in the question. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or measure of renown. The necessary business of life, the immediate pleasures or pains of every condition, leave us not leisure beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our present welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of some that must be thrust into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by losing sight of those which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and disappears for ever; and if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time is able to suppress; all those that engage our thoughts, or diversify our conversation, are every moment hastening to obscurity, as new favourites are adopted by fashion.

It is not therefore from this world that any ray of comfort can proceed to cheer the gloom of the last hour. But futurity has still its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease, and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire and earnestly pursue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

## IV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1752.

IMO TAM DIVES HABUIT FAVENTES,  
RASTINUM UT POSSIT SIBI POLLICERI.

SENeca.

IF HEAVEN'S PROTECTION WHO CAN BE  
SO CONFIDENT TO UTTER THIS—  
'O-MORROW I WILL SPEND IN BLISS?

F. LEWIS.

Lord of Ethiopia, to the ins of the world: to the sons ion, humility and fear; and ters of *Sorrow*, content and the twenty-seventh year of oke Seged, the monarch of s, the distributor of the wa-Nile: 'At length, Seged, re at an end; thou hast relisaffection, thou hast sup-ellion, thou hast pacified the of thy courtiers, thou hast ir from thy confines, and rtresses in the lands of thy All who have offended thee, thy presence, and wherever is heard, it is obeyed. Thy surrounded by armies, nu- the locusts of the summer, es as the blasts of pestilence. azines are stored with ammu-y treasuries overflow with the conquered kingdoms. Plenty on thy fields, and opulence thy cities. Thy nod is as quake that shakes the moun- thy smile as the dawn of day. In thy hand is the of thousands, and thy health th of millions. Thy palace is l by the song of praise, and thy med by the breath of benedic- thy subjects gaze upon thy , and think of danger or more. Why, Seged, wilt partake the blessings thou be- Why shouldst thou only for-joice in this general felicity? ould thy face be clouded with hen the meanest of those who sovereign gives the day to and the night to peace? At Seged, reflect and be wise. he gift of conquest but safety, riches collected but to pur- pinest?

ordered the house of plea-

sure, built in an island of the Lake Dam-bea, to be prepared for his reception. 'I will retire,' says he, 'for ten days, from tumult and care, from counsels and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied.'

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hasted to the palace of Dambea, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads it's colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be sated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth it's surface before them: their passage was cheered with music, and their hearts dilated with expecta-

Seged

Seged landing here with his hand of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artifices of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were hurried, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. 'Such,' said Seged, sighing, 'is the longest day of human existence: before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end.'

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all disposition to enjoy the evening; and after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with a dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court,

and hower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation, but obtained only forced jests, and laborious laughter; and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his comparisons from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber, to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harassed by visionary miseries; but before this resolution could be completed, half the day had elapsed: he felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being whose quiver





interrupted by vapours of the  
Having been first disturbed by  
he afterwards grieved that a  
ould disturb him. He at last  
d, that his terrors and grief  
ally vain, and that to lose the

present in lamenting the past was vo-  
luntarily to protract a melancholy vision.  
The third day was now declining, and  
Seged again resolved to be happy on the  
morrow.

Nº CCV. TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1752

—VOLAT AMBIGUIS  
MOBILIS ALIS HORA, NEC ULLI  
PARSTAT VELOX FORTUNA FIDEM.

SENECA:

ON PICKLE WINGS THE MINUTTE WASTES,  
AND FORTUNE'S FAVOURS NEVER LAST.

F. LEWIS.

On the fourth morning Seged rose  
fresh, refreshed with sleep, vigorous  
th, and eager with expectation.  
He dined in the garden, attended by the  
id ladies of his court, and seeing  
about him but airy cheer—  
began to say to his heart—  
'My shall be a day of pleasure.'  
He played upon the water, the  
bled in the groves, and the gales  
among the branches. He roved  
k to walk as chance directed  
sometimes listened to the songs,  
mingled with the dancers,  
let loose his imagination in  
merriment, and sometimes  
ave reflections, and sententious  
and feasted on the admiration  
h they were received.  
The day rolled on, without any  
of vexation, or intrusion of  
y thoughts. All that beheld  
t gladness from his looks, and  
happiness conferred by him—  
his heart with satisfaction: but  
sed three hours in this harm-  
y, he was alarmed on a sud-  
universal scream among the  
and turning back, saw the  
nly flying in confusion. A  
codile had risen out of the  
was ranging the garden in  
or hunger. Seged beheld  
dignation, as a disturber of  
and chased him back into the  
could not persuade his retinue  
free their hearts from the  
ch had seized upon them.  
fles included themselves in the  
t could yet scarcely believe  
in safety. Every attention

was fixed upon the late danger and  
escape, and no mind was any longer at  
leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment  
than to contemplate the innumerable  
casualties which lie in ambush on every  
side to intercept the happiness of man,  
and break in upon the hour of delight  
and tranquillity. He had, however,  
the consolation of thinking, that he had  
not been now disappointed by his own  
fault, and that the accident which had  
blasted the hopes of the day might easily  
be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure  
of the next morning, he resolved to re-  
peal his penal edicts, since he had already  
found that discontent and melancholy  
were not to be frightened away by the  
threats of authority, and that pleasure  
would only reside where she was ex-  
empted from controul. He therefore  
invited all the companions of his retreat  
to unbounded pleantry, by proposing  
prizes for those who should, on the fol-  
lowing day, distinguish themselves by  
any festive performances; the tables of  
the antechamber were covered with gold  
and pearls, and robes and garlands de-  
creed the rewards of those who could  
refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye  
immediately sparkled, and every tongue  
was busied in celebrating the bounty and  
magnificence of the emperor. But when  
Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon  
entertainment from universal emulation,  
he found that any passion too strongly  
agitated puts an end to that tranquillity  
which is necessary to mirth, and that the  
mind that is to be moved by the gentle  
ventilations

ventilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration: and Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for considering himself as obliged to distribute with exact justice the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking that on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had intitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. 'Behold here,' said Seged, 'the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others.' He then retired to meditate, and while the courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased in his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffu-

ed a general complacency through the whole court, and the emperor, that he had at last found the obtaining an interval of felicity as he was roving in this carelessly with equal carelessness, he one of his courtiers in a closet murmuring alone: 'What a Seged above us, that we should fear and obey him; a man whatever he may have formed, his luxury now shew the same weakness with out. This charge affected him the it was uttered by one whom he always observed among the most his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but that what was spoken without it to be heard was to be considered thought, and was perhaps but a sudden burst of casual and temporary emotion, he invented some decent to send him away, that his retreat not be tainted with the breath of and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening only with tranquillity, but though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this cheered the beginning of the day, and nothing happened to the pleasure of Seged, till looking under a tree of the same kind passed the night after his defeat kingdom of Goiana. The on his loss, his dishonour, miseries which his subjects from the invader, filled him with grief. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace with his usual pleasures, when tranquillity was again disturbed by losses which the late contest for the crown had produced, and which, he vainly tried to pacify them by peace he was forced to silence by commotion.

On the eighth morning Seged awakened early by an unusual noise in the apartments, and enquiring it was told that the Princess Bal seized with sickness. He consulting the physicians, found that little hope of her recovery. In an end of jollity: all his thoughts now upon his daughter, who died on the tenth day.

such were the days which Seged of Etopia had appropriated to a short respite from the fatigues of war and cares of government. This narra-

tive he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say—'This day shall be a day of happiness.'

## Nº CCVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1752.

—PROPOSITI NONDUM PUDET, ATQUE EADEM EST MENS,  
UT BONA SUMMA PUTES, ALIENA VIVERE QUADRA.

JUV.

BUT HARDEN'D BY AFFRONTS, AND STILL THE SAME,  
LOST TO ALL SENSE OF HONOUR AND OF FAME,  
THOU YET CAN'ST LOVE TO HAUNT THE GREAT MAN'S BOARD,  
AND THINK NO SUPPER GOOD BUT WITH A LORD.

BOWLES.

**W**HEN Diogenes was once asked what kind of wine he liked best, answered—'That which is drunk at the cost of others.'

Though the character of Diogenes never excited any general zeal of imitation, there are many who resemble him in his taste of wine; many who are gals, though not abstemious; whose retires, though too powerful for reason, are kept under restraint by avarice; to whom all delicacies lose their savor when they cannot be obtained at their own expence.

Nothing produces more singularity of manners and inconstancy of life, than conflict of opposite vices in the same mind. He that uniformly pursues any pose, whether good or bad, has a fixed principle of action; and as he always finds associates who are tracing the same way, is countenanced by example, and sheltered in the multitude; but a man actuated at once by contrary desires, must move in a direction peculiar to himself, and suffer that each which we are naturally inclined to bestow on those who deviate from the rest of the world, even without ending whether they are worse or better. Yet this conflict of desires sometimes induces wonderful efforts. To riot in fetched dishes, or surfeit with unassorted variety, and yet practise the rigid economy, is surely an art which may justly draw the eyes of mankind upon them whose industry or judgment has enabled them to attain it. To him, indeed, who is content to break open the chests, or mortgage the manors of his ancestors, that he may hire ministers of excess at the highest

price, gluttony is an easy science; yet we often hear the votaries of luxury boasting of the elegance which they owe to the taste of others, relating with rapture the succession of dishes with which their cooks and caterers supply them, and expecting their share of praise with the discoverers of arts and the civilizers of nations. But to shorten the way to convivial happiness, by eating without cost, is a secret hitherto in few hands, but certainly deserves the curiosity of those whose principal enjoyment is their dinner, and who see the sun rise with no other hope than that they shall fill their bellies before it sets.

Of them that have within my knowledge attempted this scheme of happiness, the greater part have been immediately obliged to desist; and some, whom their first attempts flattered with success, were reduced by degrees to a few tables, from which they were at last chased to make way for others; and having long habituated themselves to superfluous plenty, growled away their latter years in discontented competence.

None enter the regions of luxury with higher expectations than men of wit, who imagine that they shall never want a welcome to that company whose ideas they can enlarge, or whose imaginations they can elevate, and believe themselves able to pay for their wine with the mirth which it qualifies them to produce. Full of this opinion, they crowd with little invitation, wherever the smell of a feast allures them, but are seldom encouraged to repeat their visits, being dreaded by the pert as rivals, and hated by the dull as disturbers of the company.



No man has been so happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houses as Gulofulus, who after thirty years of continual revelry, has now established, by uncontroverted prescription, his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whose presence they who aspire to the praise of a sumptuous table are careful to procure on a day of importance, by sending the invitation a fortnight before.

Gulofulus entered the world without any eminent degree of merit; but was careful to frequent houses where persons of rank resorted. By being often seen, he became in time known; and from sitting in the same room, was suffered to mix in idle conversation, or assisted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amusement was not readily to be had. From the coffee-house he was sometimes taken away to dinner; and as no man refuses the acquaintance of him whom he sees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had been met at a few tables, he with less difficulty found the way to more, till at last he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feast, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himself no inclination to retire from a life of so much pleasure, and therefore very seriously considered how he might continue it. Great qualities, or uncommon accomplishments, he did not find necessary; for he had already seen that merit rather enforces respect than attracts fondness; and as he thought no folly greater than that of losing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himself, that he had none of that disgusting excellence which impresses awe upon greatness, and condemns its possessors to the society of those who are wise or brave, and indigent as themselves.

Gulofulus having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation, had no opinion in philosophy or politics, and was not in danger of injuring his interest by dogmatical positions, or violent contradiction. If a dispute arose, he took care to listen with earnest attention; and when either speaker grew vehement and loud, turned towards him with eager quickness, and uttered a short phrase of admiration, as if sur-

prised by such cogency of argument as he had never known before. By this silent concession, he generally preserved in either controvertist such a conviction of his own superiority, as inclined him rather to pity than irritate his adversary, and prevented those outrages which are sometimes produced by the rage of defeat, or petulance of triumph.

Gulofulus was never embarrassed but when he was required to declare his sentiments before he had been able to discover to which side the matter of the house inclined, for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of those that invited him.

It will sometimes happen that the insolence of wealth breaks into contemptuousness, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and Gulofulus seldom fails of being singled out on such emergencies, as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be safely tried. Sometimes his lordship finds himself inclined to exhibit a specimen of railery for the diversion of his guest, and Gulofulus always supplies him with a subject of merriment. But he has learned to consider rudeness and indignities as familiarities that entitle him to greater freedom: he comforts himself, that those who treat and insult him pay for their laughter, and that he keeps his money while they enjoy their jest.

His chief policy consists in selecting some dish from every course, and recommending it to the company, with an air so decisive, that no one ventures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feast a kind of dictatorial authority; his taste becomes the standard of pickles and seasoning, and he is venerated by the professors of epicurism, as the only man who understands the niceties of cookery.

Whenever a new sauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary system, he procures the earliest intelligence, and the most authentic receipt; and by communicating his knowledge under proper injunctions of secrecy, gains a right of tasting his own dish whenever it is prepared, that he may tell whether his directions have been fully understood.

By this method of life Gulofulus has so impressed on his imagination the dignity of feasting, that he has no other topic of talk, or subject of medita-

calendar is a bill of fare; the year by successive dainties; only common places of his meals; and if you ask at time an event happened, whether he heard it after of turbot or venison. He deems, that those who value upon sense, learning, or pi-

ety, speak of him with contempt; but he considers them as wretches envious or ignorant, who do not know his happiness, or wish to supplant him; and declares to his friends, that he is fully satisfied with his own conduct, since he has fed every day on twenty dishes, and yet doubled his estate.

## CCVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1752.

SOLVE SENESCENTEM MATURE SANUS EQUUM, NE  
PECCET AD EXTREMUM RIDENDUS.

HOR.

THE VOICE OF REASON CRIES WITH WINNING FORCE,  
LOOSE FROM THE RAPID CAR YOUR AGED HORSE,  
LEST, IN THE RACE DERIDED, LEFT BEHIND,  
HE DRAG HIS JADED LIMBS AND BURST HIS WIND.

FRANCIS.

the emptiness of human endeavour, that we are always in the present. Attainment is by neglect, and possession by the malicious remark of epigrammatist on marriage applied to every other course of life; two days of happiness are the last.

Amusements are more pleasing than which the mind is concerting for a new undertaking. From that which awakens the fancy, till actual execution, all is imagination and progress, triumph and success. Every hour brings additions to the scheme, suggests some expedient to secure success, or disconcerts the advantages not hitherto seen. While preparations and materials accumulated, the day passes through elysian pleasures and the heart dances to the pipe.

the pleasure of projecting, content themselves with a vision of visionary schemes, and their allotted time in the calm of contriving what they expect or hope to execute.

not able to feast their imagination on pure ideas, advance somewhat to the grossness of action, diligence collect whatever is necessary to their design, and, after a series of searches and consultations, end away by death, as they

stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to shew him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are compelled to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies; yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man

obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual refuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change; if he has made his way by assiduity to publick employment, he talks among his friends of the delight of retreat; if by the necessity of solitary application he is secluded from the world, he listens with a beating heart to distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves to take hereafter his fill of diversions, or display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendent in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower add to it's growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained it's maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Thus unreasonable impatience of discontent may be partly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress those more whose toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which is now considered as within reach, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be withheld.

In some of the noblest compositions of wit, the conclusion falls below the vigour and spirit of the first books; and as a genius is not to be degraded by the

imputation of human failings, the cause of this declension is commonly sought in the structure of the work, and plausible reasons are given why in the defective part less ornament was necessary, or less could be admitted. But, perhaps, the author would have confessed, that his fancy was tired, and his perseverance broken; that he knew his design to be unfinished, but that, when he saw the end so near, he could no longer refuse to be at rest.

Against the infillations of this frigid opiate, the heart should be secured by all the considerations which once concurred to kindle the ardour of enterprize. Whatever motive first incited action, has still greater force to stimulate perseverance; since he that might have lain still at first in blameless obscurity, cannot afterwards desist but with infamy and reproach. He whom a doubtful promise of distant good could encourage to set difficulties at defiance, ought not to remit his vigour, when he has almost obtained his recompence. To faint or loiter, when only the last efforts are required, is to steer the ship through tempests, and abandon it to the winds in sight of land; it is to break the ground and scatter the seed, and at last to neglect the harvest.

The masters of rhetorick direct, that the most forcible arguments be produced in the latter part of an oration, lest they should be effaced or perplexed by supervenient images. This precept may be justly extended to the series of life: nothing is ended with honour, which does not conclude better than it began. It is not sufficient to maintain the first vigour; for excellence loses it's effect upon the mind by custom, as light after a time ceases to dazzle. Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produced it, and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.

We not only are most sensible of the last impressions, but such is the unwillingness of mankind to admit transcendent merit, that, though it be difficult to obliterate the reproach of miscarriages by any subsequent atchievement, however illustrious, yet the reputation raised by a long train of success may be finally ruined by a single failure; for weakness or error will be always remembered by that malice and envy which it gratifies.

For the prevention of that disgrace,  
which

hassitude and negligence may bring it upon the greatest performances, necessary to proportion carefully our art to our strength. If the design prizes many parts, equally essential, therefore not to be separated, the time for caution is before we enter; the powers of the mind must be impartially estimated, and it must be remembered, that not to complete a plan, is not to have begun it; and nothing is done, while any thing is left.

It, if the task consists in the repetition of single acts, no one of which detracts its efficacy from the rest, it may be tempted with less scruple, because

there is always opportunity to retreat with honour. The danger is only, lest we expect from the world the indulgence with which most are disposed to treat themselves; and in the hour of listlessness imagine, that the diligence of one day will atone for the idleness of another, and that applause begun by approbation will be continued by habit.

He that is himself weary will soon weary the publick. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infect the stage till a general hiss commands him to depart.

## Nº CCVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1752.

Ἡράκλειτος ἔγώ· τί μοι ὦ κα' τῶ ἔλκετ' ἄμυστοι;  
Οὐχ' ὕμιν ἐπέσταν, τοῖς δέ μ' ἐπισταμένοις·  
Εἰς ἡμῶν ἀνθρώπων τρισμύριοι· οἱ δ' ἀναριθμοί·  
Οἰδῆς· ταύτ' αὖδ' αὖ καὶ παρὰ Περσέφονη·

DIOG. LAERT.

BE GONE, YE BLOCKHEADS, HERACLITUS CRIES;  
AND LEAVE MY LABOURS TO THE LEARN'D AND WISE;  
BY WIT, BY KNOWLEDGE, STUDIOUS TO BE READ,  
I SCORN THE MULTITUDE, ALIVE OR DEAD.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has now concluded the labours of the Rambler. Having supported, for two years, the anxious employment of a perpetual writer, and multiplied my essays in several volumes, I have now determined to quit it.

The reasons of this resolution it is of little importance to declare, since justice is unnecessary when no objection is made. I am far from supposing, that the cessation of my performances will attract any inquiry, for I have never been a favourite of the publick, nor a favourite of the press, in the progress of my writing, I have been animated by the desires of the liberal, the caresses of the great, or the praises of the eminent.

I have no design to gratify pride by a commendation, or malice by lamentation; I think it reasonable to complain of it from those whose regard I never expected. If I have not been distinguished by the distributors of literary honours, I have seldom descended to the favour which is obtained. I have seen the meteors of fashion rise and fall,

without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. I have never complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the topick of the day; I have rarely exemplified my assertions by living characters; in my papers, no man could look for censures of his enemies, or praises of himself; and they only were expected to pursue them, whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity.

To some, however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others for assistance. The number of my friends was never great, but they have been such as would not suffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I did not feel much dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be soon dispatched. I can restore to all my correspondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loss of some pieces, to which particular honours have been paid.

The parts from which I claim no other

other praise than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the second letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-seventh, and the hundredth papers,\* and the second letter in the hundred and seventh.

Having thus deprived myself of many excuses which candour might have admitted for the inequality of my compositions, being no longer able to allege the necessity of gratifying correspondents, the importunity with which publication was solicited, or obstinacy with which correction was rejected, I must remain accountable for all my faults, and submit, without subterfuge, to the censures of criticism, which, however, I shall not endeavour to soften by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The supplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and, though greatness has sometimes sheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dulness. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at last violate it by the confession of terrors which I do not feel: having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of dedication.

The seeming vanity with which I have sometimes spoken of myself, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of those who have published essays before me, and by the privilege which every nameless writer has been hitherto allowed. 'A mask,' says Castiglione, 'confers a right of acting and speaking with less restraint, even when the wearer happens to be known.' He that is discovered without his own consent, may claim some indulgence, and cannot be rigorously called to justify those sallies or frolics which his disguise must prove him desirous to conceal.

But I have been cautious lest this offence should be frequently or grossly committed; for, as one of the philosophers directs us to live with a friend, as with one that is some time to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous author to write, as if he expected to be hereafter known.

I am willing to flatter myself with hopes, that, by collecting these papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either shame or repentance. That all

are happily imagined, or accurately polished, that the same sentiments have not sometimes recurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: he will labour on a barren topic, till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of it's construction, and something to the harmony of it's cadence. When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarized the terms of philosophy by applying them to popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; for I believe that whoever knows the English tongue in it's present extent, will be able to express his thoughts without further help from other nations.

As it has been my principal design to inculcate wisdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found, of which the highest excellence is harmless merriment; but scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain, that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been too seldom relieved, and that he is driven by the sternness of the Rambler's philosophy to more cheerful and airy companions.

Next to the excursions of fancy are the disquisitions of criticism, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the subordinate and instrumental arts. Arbitrary decision and general exclamations I have carefully avoided, by asserting nothing without a reason, and establishing all my principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been so tedious of novelty or surprise,

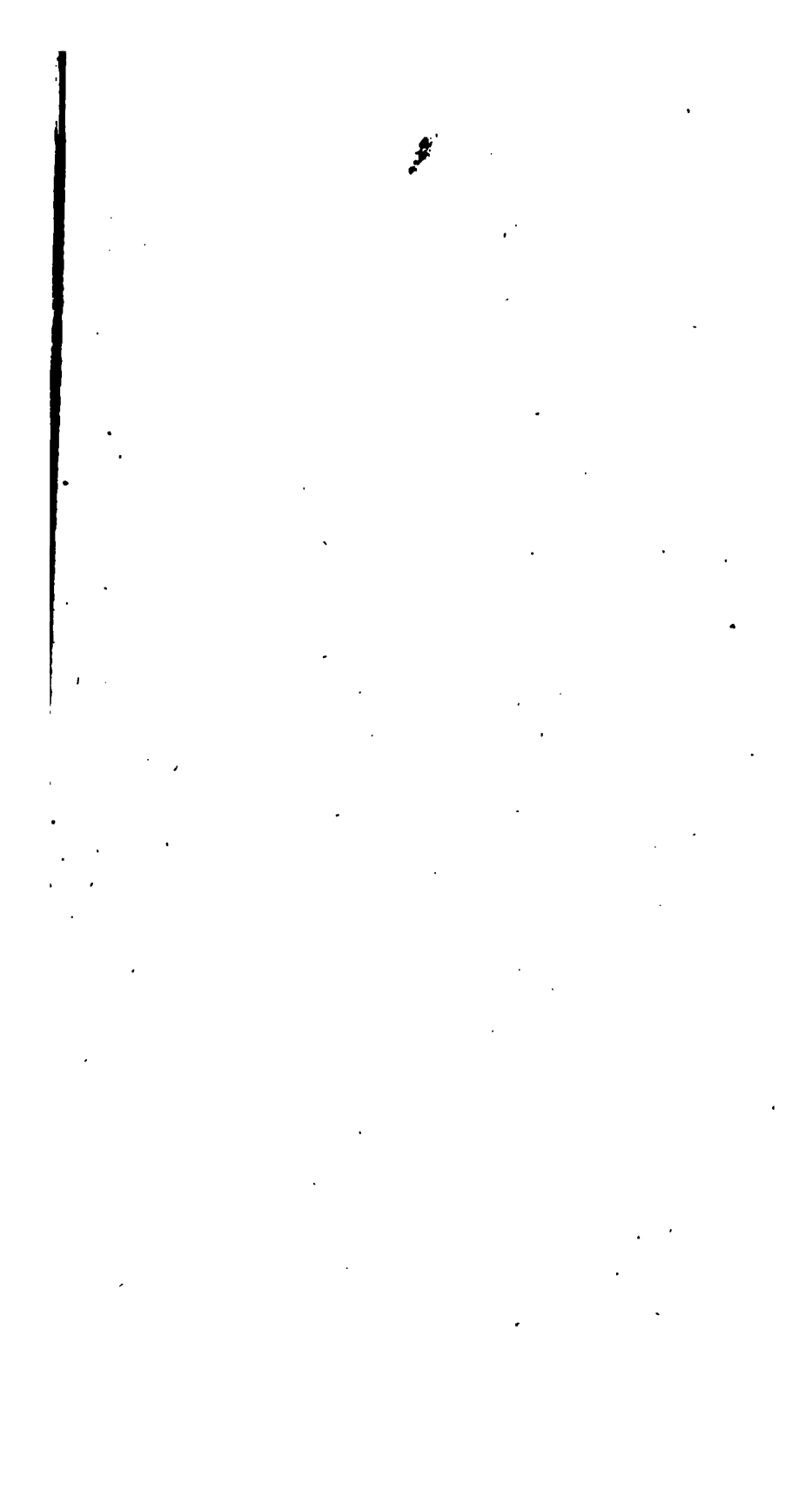
t wholly from all resemblance; which writers deservedly frequently commit, that they may the occasion requires, either abhorrence. Some enlarge be allowed to declamation, exaggeration to burlesque; but viate further from reality, they is useful, because their lessons of application. The mind of is carried away from the con- n of his own manners; he finds no likeness to the phantom m; and though he laughs or not reformed. I says professedly serious, if I able to execute my own in-

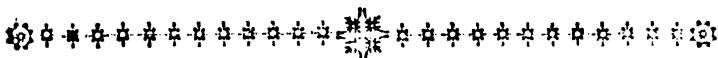
tentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Αἰτῶν ἐν μακάρων ἀρταΐῃσιν ἀμοιβήν.

Celestial pow'rs! that piety regard,  
From you my labours wait their last reward,

F I N I S.





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THE



HARRISON'S EDITION.



L E T T E R S

FROM A

ERSIAN IN ENGLAND,

TO HIS

FRIEND AT ISPAHAN.

BY GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

NON ITA CERTANDI CUPIDUS, QUAM PROPTER AMOREM  
QUOD TE IMITARI AVEO——

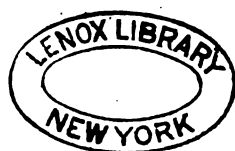


L O N D O N :

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MDCCCLXXXV.

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## TO THE BOOKSELLER.

SIR,

I Need not acquaint you by what accident these Letters were put into my hands, and what pains I have taken in translating them; I will only say that, having been long a scholar to the late most learned Mr. Dadichy, interpreter of the Oriental languages, I have acquired skill enough in the Persian tongue to be able to give the sense of them pretty justly; though I must acknowledge my translation far inferior to the Eastern sublimity of the original, which no English expression can come up to, and which no English reader would admire.

I am aware that some people may suspect that the character of a Persian is *fictionous*, as many such counterfeits have appeared both in France and England. But whoever reads them with attention will be convinced, that they are certainly the work of a perfect stranger. The observations are so *foreign* and *out of the way*, such *remote hints* and *imperfect notions* are taken up, *our present happy condition* is in all respects *so ill understood*, that it is hardly possible any Englishman should be the author.

Yet as there is a pleasure in knowing how things *here* affect a foreigner, though his conceptions of them be ever so extravagant, I think you may venture to expose them to the eyes of the world; the rather, because it is plain the man who wrote them is a lover of liberty, and must be supposed more impartial than our countrymen when they speak of their own admired customs and favourite opinions.

I have nothing further to add, but that it is a *great pity* they are not recommended to the publick by a dedication to *some great man about the court*, who would have patronized them *for the freedom with which they are written*: but the translator not having the honour to be acquainted with any body *there*, they must want that inestimable advantage, and trust entirely to the candour of the reader.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

PERSIAN







# PERSIAN LETTERS.

## LETTER I.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

YOU knowest, my dearest Mirza, he reasons that moved me to your country, and visit England; that myself, in a great measure, the fruit of it. The relations we received from friend Usbec, of those parts of which he had seen, raised in us a desire to know the rest, and early *this famous island*, of which, having been there himself, he could but imperfect accounts.

By persuasion we determined to go *hither*; but when we were just about to set out, the sublime orders of our master detained thee at the foot of his sacred throne.

Willing as I was to go alone, I was deterred by thy importunities, and was obliged to live single among strangers, and to give no faith, that I might not gratify thy thirst of know-

ledge. My voyage was prosperous; and I found your country well worthy our curiosity. The recommendations given me by some English he knew at once to be a great advantage to me; and I took such pains to learn the lan-

guage, that I am already more capable of conversation than a great many foreigners I meet with here, who have resided much longer in this country, especially the French, who seem to value themselves upon speaking no tongue but their own.

I shall apply myself principally to study *the English government*, so different from that of Persia, and of which Usbec has conceived at a distance so great an idea.

Whatever in the manners of this people appears to me to be *singular and fantastical*, I will also give thee some account of; and, if I may judge by what I have seen already, this is a subject which will not easily be exhausted.

Communicate my letters to Usbec, and he will explain such difficulties to thee as may happen to occur; but if any thing should seem to you both to be *unaccountable*, do not therefore immediately conclude it *false*; for the *habits and reasonings* of men are so very different, that what appears the excess of *folly* in one country, may in another be esteemed the highest *wisdom*.

## LETTER II.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

The first objects of a stranger's curiosity are the public spectacles. I was carried last night to one they call by which is a concert of music

brought from Italy, and in every respect *foreign* to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the resplendent palace of our emperor,

peror, and as full of handsome women as his seraglio: they had no eunuchs among them, but there was one who sung upon the stage, and by the luxurious tenderness of his airs, seemed fitter to make them wanton than keep them chaste.

Instead of the habit proper to such creatures, he wore a suit of armour, and called himself Julius Cæsar.

I asked who Julius Cæsar was, and whether he had been famous for *singing*.

They told me, he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to express my admiration at seeing him so properly represented, when I heard two ladies who sat nigh me, cry out as it were in an ecstasy—'O that dear creature! *I am dying for love of him.*'

At the same time I heard a gentleman say aloud, that both the musick and singers were detestable.

'You must not mind him,' said my friend, 'he is of the *other party*, and comes here only as a *spy*.'

'How,' said I, 'have you parties in musick?'—'Yes,' replied he; 'it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our senses and understanding, but to hear, and see, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged.'

'I hope,' said I, 'that a stranger may be neutral in these divisions; and, to say the truth, your musick is very far from inflaming me to a spirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me asleep. Ours in Persia sets us all a dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this.'

'Do but *fancy it moving*,' returned my friend, 'and you will soon be *moved* as much as others: it is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains; we have most of us learnt it in our turns.'

### LETTER III.

SÉLIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was this morning present at a diversion extremely different from the opera, of which I have given thee a description, and they tell me it is peculiar to this country. The spectators were placed in galleries of an open circus; below them was an area filled, not with eunuchs and musicians, but with bulls and bears, and dogs and fighting-men. The pleasure was to see the animals worry and gore one another, and the men give and receive many wounds, which the delighted beholders rewarded with showers of money, greater or less in proportion as the combatants were more or less hurt. I had some compassion for the poor beasts, which were forcibly incensed against each other; but the *human brutes*, who, unexcited by any rage or sense of injury, could spill the blood of others, and lose their own, seemed to me to deserve no pity. However, I looked upon it as a proof of the martial genius of this people, and imagined I could discover in that ferocity a spirit of freedom. A Frenchman who sat near me was much offended at the barbarity of the sight, and reproached my friend who brought me thither with the sanguinary disposition of the English, in delighting in such spectacles. My

friend agreed with him in general, and allowed that it ought not to be encouraged in a civilized state: but a gentleman who was placed just above them cast a very sour look at both, and did not seem at all of their opinion. He was dressed in a short black wig, had his boots on, and held in his hand a long whip, which, when the fellow fought stoutly, he would crack very loud by way of approbation. One would have thought by his aspect that he had fought some prizes himself, or at least that he had received a good part of his education in this place. His discourse was as rough as his figure, but did not appear to me to want sense. 'I suppose, Sir,' said he to my friend, 'that you have been bred at court, and therefore I am not surprized that you do not relish the *Bear-garden*: but let me tell you, that if more people came hither, and fewer loitered in the drawing-room, it would not be worse for Old England: we are indeed a *civilized state*, as you are pleased to call it; but I could wish, upon certain occasions, we were not quite so *civil*. This gentleness and effeminacy in our manners will soften us by degrees into slaves, and we shall grow to hate fighting in earnest when we do not love to

in jest. You fine gentlemen are  
e taste of modern Rome, squeak-  
muchs and corruption; but I am  
at of ancient Rome, gladiators  
liberty. And as for the barbari-  
ich the foreigner there upbraids  
ith, I can tell him of a French  
whom their nation is very proud

‘ of, that acted much more *barbarous-  
ly*; for he shed the blood of millions  
‘ of his subjects out of downright wan-  
‘ tonness, and butchered his innocent  
‘ neighbours without any cause of quar-  
‘ rel, only to have the glory of being  
‘ esteemed *the greatest prize-fighter in*  
‘ Europe.’

## LETTER IV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

the law of England, that when  
debtor is insolvent, his creditors  
put him up in prison, and keep  
ere if they please for all his life,  
he pays the whole of what he

My curiosity led me the other  
one of those prisons: my heart is  
ivy with the remembrance of the

I saw there. Among the va-  
rieties of their undoing, some are  
extraordinary a kind, that I can-  
not relating them to thee. One of

owners, who carried in his looks  
a settled melancholy, told me he  
was master of an easy fortune, and  
lived happily a good while, till he  
acquainted with a lawyer, who

showing over some old writings of his  
unluckily discovered certain  
instruments that gave him a right to an  
the possession of one of his

ours: upon which he was per-  
mitted to go to law; and, after prosecut-  
ing for twenty years with a vexa-  
tion that almost turned his brain,  
he the lawyer's fortune, reduced  
his neighbour to beggary, and had no  
gained his cause, but his credi-  
tors on both estates, and sent  
enjoy his victory in a gaol.

condemned informed me that he was a  
man and born to a considerable estate;  
being covetous to improve it, had  
married a very rich heiress, who was so  
gentle in her expences, and

so many ways of *doing credit* to  
him and her husband, that the quick-  
ness of him from his new house near the  
to the lodgings in which I found  
‘ Why did not you divorce her,’  
to him, ‘ when you found that  
extravagance would be your ruin?’  
he, Sir! replied he, ‘ I should  
been a happy man if I could have  
at her with a gallant; I might

‘ then have got rid of her by law: but,  
‘ to my sorrow, she was virtuous as well  
‘ as ugly; her only passions were equi-  
‘ page and gaming.’ I was infinitely  
surprized that a man should wish to find  
his wife an adulteress, or that he should  
be obliged to keep her to his undoing  
only because she was not one.

Another said he was a gentleman of  
a good family, and having a mind to  
rise in the state, spent so much money  
to purchase a seat in parliament, that  
though he succeeded pretty well in his  
views at court, the salary did not pay  
the debt; and being unable to get him-  
self chose again at the next election, he  
lost his place and his liberty both to-  
gether.

The next that I spoke to was reputed  
the best scholar in Europe; he under-  
stood the Oriental languages, and talked  
to me in very good Arabick.

I asked how it was possible that so  
learned a man should be in want, and  
whether all the books he had read could  
not keep him out of gaol. ‘ Sir,’ said  
he, ‘ those books are the very things  
‘ that brought me hither. Would to  
‘ God I had been bred a cobbler! I should  
‘ then have possessed some useful know-  
‘ ledge, and might have kept my fa-  
‘ mily from starving: but the world  
‘ which I read of, and that I lived in,  
‘ were so very different, that I was un-  
‘ done by the force of speculation.’

There was another who had been  
bred to merchandize; but, being of too  
lively an imagination for the dulness of  
trade, he applied himself to poetry, and  
neglecting his other business, was soon  
reduced to the state I saw him in: but he  
assured me he should not be long there;  
for his lucky confinement having given  
him more leisure for study, he had quit-  
ted poetry, and taken to the mathema-  
tics,

sicks, by the means of which he had found out the longitude, and expected to obtain a great reward which the government promised to the discoverer. I perceived he was not in his perfect senses, and pitied such an odd sort of phrenzy; but my compassion was infinitely greater for some unhappy people who were shut up in that miserable place, by having lost their fortunes in the publick funds, or in private projects, of which this age and country have been very fruitful, and which, under the fallacious notion of great advantage, drew in the unwary to their destruction. I asked in what *dungeon*

they were confined, who had been the undoers of these wretched men? but, to my great surprize, was informed that the *contrivers* of such wicked projects had less reason than most men in England to be afraid of a gaol. 'Good Heaven!' said I, 'can it be possible that, in a country governed by law, the innocent who are cheated out of all should be put in prison, and the villains who cheat them left at liberty?' With this reflection I ended my enquiries, and wished myself safe out of a land where such a mockery of justice is carried on.

## LETTER V.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was the other day in a house where I saw a sight very strange to a Persian; there was a number of tables in the room, round which were placed several sets of men and women: they seemed wonderfully intent upon some bits of *painted paper* which they held in their hands. I imagined at first that they were performing some magical ceremony, and that the figures I saw traced on the bits of paper were a mystical talisman or charm: what more confirmed me in this belief was the grimaces and distortions of their countenances, much like those of our magicians in the act of conjuring. But enquiring of the gentleman that introduced me, I was told they were at *play*, and that *this* was the favourite diversion of both sexes.

'We have quite *another* way of diverting ourselves with the women in Persia,' answered I. 'But I see no signs of mirth among them: if they are merry, why don't they laugh or sing, or jump about? If I may judge of their hearts by their looks, half of these *revellers* are ready to hang themselves!'—'That may be,' said my friend; 'for very likely they are losing more than they are worth.'—'How!' said I, 'do you call that *play*?'—'Yes,' replied he, 'they never are thoroughly pleased unless their whole fortunes are at stake: those *cards* you see them hold are to decide whether he who is now a *man of quality* shall be a *beggar*, or another

who is now a *beggar*, and has but just enough to furnish out one night's play, shall be a *man of quality*.'

'The *last*,' said I, 'is in the right; for he ventures nothing: but what excuse can be thought on for the *former*? Are the nobility in England so indifferent to wealth and honour, to expose them without the least necessity? I must believe that they are generally *sure of winning*, and that those they play with *have the odds against them*.'

'If the chance was only *equal*,' answered he, 'it would be tolerable; but their adversaries engage them at *great advantage*, and are too wise to leave any thing to Fortune.'

'This comes,' said I, 'of your being allowed the use of wine. If these gentlemen and ladies were not quite *intoxicated* with that cursed liquor, they could not possibly act so absurdly. But why does not the government take care of them when they are in that condition? Methinks the fellows that *rob* them in this manner should be brought to justice.'

'Alas,' answered he, '*these cheats* are an innocent sort of people; they only prey upon the *vices* and *luxury* of a few *particulars*: but there are others who raise estates by the *miseries* and *ruin* of their country; who gain not with their *own* money, but with that of the *publick*, and securely *play away* the substance of the *orphan* and the

*sidon, of the husbandman and the* 'and it is no scandal to see *gamesters*  
*r. Till justice is done upon these,* 'live like gentlemen,' where *flock-job-*  
*others have a right to impunity;* 'bers live like princes.'

# LETTER VI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

YOU wouldst be astonished to hear some women in this country of love; their discourses about it refined as their notions of Paradise and they exclude the pleasure of fables out of both. But however good they may be in the world to with such visionary joys, it is my opinion, that the nicest of them all, if they were to enjoy her paradise here, would find it a Mahometan one. I had lately conversation on this subject with one of the *Platonicks*, for that is the title of the effect: in answer to all her pretty sayings, I told her the following tale of a fair lady who was a *Platonick* like herself.

## THE LOVES OF LUDOVICO AND HONORIA.

THE city of Genoa has been always esteemed above any town in Europe for refinement of it's gallantry. It is common there for a gentleman to take himself the humble servant of a young woman, and wait upon her to a publick place for twenty years together, without ever seeing her in private, being entitled to any greater favours than a kind look or a touch of her fair hand. Of all this sighing tribe, the most admired, the most constant, and the most respectful, was Signor Ludovico. His mistress, Honoria Grimaldi, only daughter to a senator of that name, the greatest beauty of the age in which she lived, and at the same time coyest and most reserved. So great her nicety in the point of love, although she could not be insensible to the addresses of Signor Ludovico, yet she could not bring herself to consent to marrying her lover, which, she was admitting him to freedoms enough inconsistent with the respect that after requires. In vain did he tell her the violence of his passion for her; she answered, that her's for him was no less violent; but it was his mind she loved, and could enjoy that without

going to bed to him. Ludovico was ready to despair at these discourses of his mistress: he could not but admire such fine sentiments, yet he wished she had not been quite so perfect. He wrote her a very melancholy letter, and she returned him one in verse full of sublime expressions about love, but not a word that tended to satisfy the poor man's impatience. At last he applied himself to her father; and, to engage him to make use of his authority, offered to take Honoria without a portion. The father, who was a plain man, was mightily pleased with this proposal, and made no difficulty to promise him success. Accordingly he very roundly told his daughter, that she must be married the next day, or go to a nunnery. This dilemma startled her very much. In spite of all her repugnance to the marriage bed, she found something about her still more averse to the idea of a cloister. An absolute separation from Ludovico was what she could not bear: it was even worse than an absolute conjunction. In this distress she did not know what to do: she turned over above a hundred romances to search for precedents; and, after many struggles with herself, resolved to surrender upon terms. She therefore told her lover that she consented to be his wife, provided she might be so by degrees; and that, after the ceremony was over, he would not pretend at once to all the rights and privileges of a husband, but allow her modesty leisure to make a gradual and decent retreat. Ludovico did not like such a capitulation; but, rather than not have her, he was content to pay this last compliment to her caprice. They were married, and at the end of the first month he was very happy to find himself arrived at the full enjoyment of her lips.

While he was thus gaining ground inch by inch, his father died, and left him a great estate in the island of Corsica. His presence was necessary there; but he could not think of parting from Honoria. They

They em'arked together; and Ludovico had good hopes, that he should not only take possession of his estate, but of his wife, too, at his arrival. Whether it was, that Venus, who is said to be born out of the sea, was more powerful there than at land, or from the freedom which is usual aboard a ship, it is sure, that, during the voyage, he was indulged in greater liberties than ever he had presumed to take before: nay, it is confidently asserted, that they were such liberties as have a natural and irresistible tendency to overcome all scruples whatsoever. But, while he was sailing on with a fair wind, and almost in the port, Fortune, who took a pleasure to persecute him, brought an African corsair in their way, that quickly put an end to their dalliance, by making them his slaves.

Who can express the affliction and despair of this loving couple, at so sudden and ill-timed a captivity! Ludovico saw himself deprived of his virgin- bride, on the very point of obtaining all his wishes; and Honoria had reason to apprehend, that she was fallen into rougher hands than his, and such as no considerations could restrain. But the martyrdom she looked for in that instant was unexpectedly deferred till they came to Tunis. The corsair, seeing her so beautiful, thought her a mistress worthy of his prince; and to him he presented her at their landing, in spite of her own and her husband's tears.—O unfortunate end of all her pure and heroic sentiments! Was it for this that her favours were so long, and so obstinately denied to the tender Ludovico, to have them ravished in a moment by a rude barbarian, who did not so much as thank her for them? But let us leave her in the seraglio of the Dey, and see what became of Ludovico after this cruel separation.

The corsair finding him unfit for any labour, made use of him to teach his children musick, in which he was perfectly well skilled. This service would not have been very painful, if it had not been for the remembrance of Honoria, and the thought of the brutalities she was exposed to: these were always in his head night and day, and he imagined that she had by this time killed herself rather than submit to so gross a violation. But while he was thus tormenting himself for one woman, he

gave equal uneasiness to another. His master's wife saw him often from her window, and fell violently in love with him. The African ladies are utter strangers to delicacy and refinement. She made no scruple to acquaint him with her desires, and sent her favourite slave to introduce him by night into her chamber. Ludovico would fain have been excused, being ashamed to commit such an infidelity to his dear Honoria; but the slave informed him, that if he hoped to live an hour, he must comply with her lady's inclinations; for that is a Frick refusal of that kind were always revenged with sword or poison. No constancy could be strong enough to resist so terrible a menace: he therefore went to the rendezvous at the time appointed, where he found a mistress infinitely more complying than his fantastical Italian. But in the midst of their endearments they heard the corsair at the door of his wife's apartment. Upon the alarm of his coming, the frightened lover made the best of his way out of the window; which, not being very high, he had the good fortune to get off unhurt. The corsair did not see him; but, by the confusion his wife was in, he suspected that somebody had been with her. His jealousy directed him to Ludovico; and though he had no other proof than bare suspicion, he was determined to punish him severely, and at the same time secure himself for the future. He therefore gave orders to his eunuchs to put him in the same condition with themselves, which inhuman command was performed with a Turkish rigour far more desperate and complex than any such thing had been ever practised in Italy. But the change this operation wrought upon him so improved his voice, that he became the finest singer in all Africa. His reputation was so great, that the Dey of Tunis sent to beg him of his master, and preferred him to a place in his own seraglio. He had now a free access to his Honoria, and an opportunity of contriving her escape. To that end he secretly hired a ship to be ready to carry them off, and did not doubt but he should find her very willing to accompany his flight. It was not long before he saw her, and you may imagine the excess of her joy, at so strange and agreeable a surprise.

'Can it be possible,' cried she, 'can it be possible that I see you in this place!'

O my



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'dear Ludovico! I shall expire in the embrace of your embraces. But by magick could you get in, and deliver me from the vigilance of my tyrant and guards?'

'Your habit will inform you,' answered she, 'in a softer tone of voice than she had been used to. 'I am now happy in the which I have sustained, since it furnishes me with the means of your deliverance.'

'Trust yourself to me, my dear Maria, and I will take you out of the power of this barbarian, who has so much regard to your delicacy. You may be happier with me than you was before, as I shall not trouble you with *coarse solicitations* which gave you much uneasiness. We will live with the purity of angels, and leave sensuous enjoyments to the vulgar, who have no relish for higher pleasures.'

'How!' said Honoria, 'are you really no man?'—'No,' replied he; 'but I have often heard you say, that your love was only to my mind; and that, *Alas*, assure you, is still the same.'—'Alas,' said she, 'I am sorry mine is altered; but, since my being here, I am turned Mahometan, and my religion will not suffer me to run away with an unbeliever. My new husband has taught me certain doctrines unknown to me before, in the practice of which I am resolved to live and die. Adieu! I tell thee, my conscience will not permit me to have a longer conversation with such an infidel.'

Thus ended the loves of Ludovico and Honoria.

## LETTER VII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I received thy answers to my letter with a pleasure which I cannot express at from my friends and rendered greater than thou canst believe: I find thee very important to be informed of the government policy of this country, which I did to send thee some account of: though I have been diligent in my studies, and lost no time since my arrival, I am unable to answer thee in that thou demandest of me, otherwise than by acknowledging my ignorance,

for instance, been often asked what the English parliament is a check on the king's authority; and yet I am informed, that the only way to get a seat at court, is to gain a seat in parliament.

The house of commons is the representative of the nation; nevertheless there are great *corruptions* which send no doubt, and many hamlets almost situated that have a right of sending. Several members have never been electors, and several are electors in the *parliament* who were rejected by the people. All the electors swear to tell their voices, yet many of the votes are undone by the expence of *treachery*. This whole affair is shrouded in deep mystery and inexplicable difficulties.

Thou askest if *commerce* be as flourishing as formerly. Some whom I have consulted on that head say, it is now in it's meridian; and there is really an appearance of it's being so, for luxury is prodigiously increased, and it is hard to imagine how it can be supported without an inexhaustible trade: but *others* pretend, that *this very luxury* is a proof of it's decline; and they add, that the *frauds and villainies* in all the trading companies are so many inward poisons, which, if not speedily expelled, will destroy it entirely in a little time.

Thou wouldst know if *property* be so safely guarded as is generally believed. It is certain that the whole power of a king of England cannot force an acre of land from the weakest of his subjects; but a *knawish attorney* will take away his whole estate by those very *laws* which were designed for it's security. Nay, if I am not misinformed, even those who are chosen by the people to be the great guardians of property, have sometimes taken more from them in one session of parliament, for the most useless expences, than the most absolute monarch could venture to raise upon the most urgent occasions.

These, Mirza, are the *contradictions* that perplex me. My judgment is bewildered in uncertainty; I doubt my own observations, and distrust the relations

tions of others. More time and better information may, perhaps, clear them up to me; till then, modesty forbids me to impose my conjectures upon thee, af-

ter the manner of Christian travellers, whose prompt decisions are the effect rather of folly than penetration.

## LETTER VIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

AS I now understand English pretty well, I went last night with some friends to see a play. The principal character was a young fellow; who, in the space of three or four hours that the action lasted, cuckolded two or three husbands, and debauches as many virgins. I had heard that the English theatre was famous for killing people upon the stage, but this author was more for *propagating* than *destroying*.

There were a great many ladies at the representation of this modest performance; and though they sometimes hid their faces with their fans, (I suppose for fear of shewing that they did not

blush) yet in general they seemed to be much delighted with the *fine gentleman's* heroical exploits. 'I must confess,' said I, 'this entertainment is far more *natural* than the opera; and I do not wonder that the ladies are *moved* at it:' but if in Persia we allowed our women to be present at such spectacles as these, what would signify our bolts, our bars, our eunuchs? Though we should double our jealousy and care, they would soon get the better of all restraint, and put in practice those lessons of the stage which it is so much pleasanter to ACT than to BEHOLD.

## LETTER IX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

A Friend carried me lately to an assembly of the *beau monde*, which is a meeting of men and women of the first fashion. The crowd was so very great, that the two sexes promiscuously pressed one another in a manner that seemed very extraordinary to Oriental eyes. I observed a young man and a beautiful young woman sitting in a window together, and whispering one another with so much earnestness, that neither the great noise in the room, nor number of passers who rubbed by them continually, gave them the least disturbance: they looked at one another with the most animated tenderness; the lady especially had in her eyes such a mixture of *sensibility* and *desire*, that I expected every moment to see them *withdraw*, in order to satisfy their mutual impatience, in a manner that even the *European liberty* would not admit of in so public a place. I made my friend take notice of them, and asked him *how long they had been married?* He smiled at my *mistake*, and told me, they were not

married; that the *lady*, indeed, had been married about a year and a half to a man that stood at a little distance; but that the *gentleman* was an unmarried man of quality, who made it his business to corrupt other men's wives. That he had begun the winter with this lady; and that this was her *first affair* of that sort, her husband and she having married for *love*.

As I had heard of many employed in the same manner, and could not perceive that they did any thing else, I asked my friend if there was any *feminary*, any *public foundation*, for educating young men of quality to this *profession*; and whether they could carry on the business without frequent interruptions from the respective husbands. 'I will explain the whole matter to you,' says he. 'There is indeed no public foundation or academy for this purpose; but it depends upon the private care of their several parents, who, if I may use the expression, *negatively* breed them up to this business, by making them en-

fit for *any other*; for, lest should be diverted from the of *gallantry* by a dull ap- to *graver* studies, they give very superficial tincture of but take care to instruct roughly in the more shewish education, such as musick, dancing, &c. by which when they come to be men, rally prefer the gay and easy ion of the fair-sex, and are ved by them. As for the hus- ey are the people in the world them the least disturbance; e contrary, generally live in st intimacy with those who m the *favour of cuckoldom*. iage contract being here per- ough the causes of it are of ation, the most sensible men us of having some assistance : the *burdensome perpetuity*. ice, every man marries ei- money, or for love. In the the money becomes his own the wife does; so that, hav- what *he wanted* from her,

‘ he is very willing she should have  
‘ what *she wanted* from *any body* rather  
‘ than from him. He is quiet at home,  
‘ and fears no *reproaches*.

‘ In the latter case, *the beauty* he  
‘ married soon grows familiar by unin-  
‘ terrupted possession: his own greediness  
‘ surfeited him; he is ashamed of his  
‘ disgust, or at least of his indifference,  
‘ after all the transports of his first de-  
‘ fire; and gladly accepts terms of do-  
‘ mestick peace through the *mediation*  
‘ of a lover.

‘ There are, indeed, some excep-  
‘ tions: some husbands, who, prefer-  
‘ ring an old mistaken point of honour  
‘ to real peace and quiet at home, dis-  
‘ turb their wives pleasures; but they  
‘ are very few, and are very ill looked  
‘ upon.’

I thanked my friend for explaining to me so extraordinary a piece of *domestick economy*; but could not help telling him, that, in my mind, *our Persian method* was more reasonable, of having *several wives* under the care of *one eunuch*; rather than *one wife* under the care of *several lovers*.

## LETTER X.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

ave often read together, and nired the little history of the s, related by our country- ‘, with a spirit peculiar to . Unequal as I am to the f so excellent an author, I t, in a continuation of that ew thee by what steps, and hat changes, the original ociety is overturned, and ecome wicked and more a state of government, than hen left in a state of nature.

ATION OF THE HISTORY  
HE TROGLODYTES.

oglodtyes were so affected he virtue of the good old fufed the crown which they at they determined to re- ut a king. The love of the

publick was so strong in every particular, that there was no need of authority to enforce obedience. The law of nature and uncorrupted reason was engraven on their hearts; by that alone they governed all their actions, and on that alone they established all their happiness. But the most perfect felicity of mortal men is subject to continual disturbance. Those *barbarians*, whom they had defeated some time before, stirred up by a desire of revenge, invaded them again with greater forces. They fell upon them unawares, carried off their flocks and herds, burnt their houses, and led their women captive: every thing was in confusion, and the want of order made them incapable of defence. They soon found the necessity of uniting under a single chief. As the danger required vigour and alacrity, they pitched upon a young man of distinguished

c Montesquieu's Persian Letters from Paris. Vol. I. Letter XI to XIV.

courage, and placed him at their head. He led them on with so much spirit and good conduct, that he soon forced the enemy to retire, and recovered all the spoil.

The Troglodytes strewed flowers in his way; and, to reward the service he had done them, presented him with the most beautiful of the virgins he had delivered from captivity. But, animated by his fortune, and unwilling to part with his command, he advised them to make themselves amends for the losses they had sustained, by carrying the war into the enemy's country; which, he said, would not be able to resist their victorious arms. Desirous to punish those wicked men, they very gladly came into his proposal. But an old Troglodyte, standing up in the assembly, endeavoured to persuade them to gentler councils. 'The goodness of God,' said he, 'O my countrymen! has given us strength to repulse our enemies, and they have paid very dearly for molesting us. What more do you desire from your victory than peace and security to yourselves, repentance and shame to your invaders? It is proposed to invade them in your turn, and you are told it will be easy to subdue them. But to what end would you subdue them, when they are no

'longer in a condition to hurt you? Do you desire to tyrannize over them? Have a care that, in learning to be tyrants, you do not also learn to be slaves. If you know how to value liberty as you ought, you will not deprive others of it; who, though unjust, are men like yourselves, and should not be oppressed.'

This wise remonstrance was not heeded, in the temper the people was then in. The sight of the desolations that had been caused by the late irruption, made them resolve on a violent revenge. Besides, they were now grown fond of war, and the young men especially were eager of a new occasion to signalize their valour. Greater powers were therefore given to the general; and the event was answerable to his promises, for in a short time he subdued all the nations that had joined in the league against the Troglodytes. The merit of this success so endeared him to that grateful people, that, in the heat and riot of their joy, they unanimously chose him for their king, without prescribing any bounds to his authority. They were too innocent to suspect any abuse of such a generous trust; and thought that, when virtue was on the throne, the most absolute government was the best.

## LETTER XI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE first act of the new king was to dispose of the conquered lands. One share of them, by general consent, he allotted to himself, and the rest he divided among those who were companions of his victory. Distinction of rank and inequality of condition were then first introduced among the Troglodytes: some grew rich, and immediately comparison made others poor. From this single root sprung up a thousand mischiefs; pride, envy, avarice, discontent, deceit, and violence. Unheard-of disorders were committed; nor was any regard paid to the decisions of ancient custom, or the dictates of natural justice. Particulars could no longer be allowed to judge of right; it became necessary to determine it by stated laws. The whole

nation applied to the prince to make those laws, and take care of their execution. But the prince, unequal alone to such a difficult task, was obliged to have recourse to the oldest and wisest of his subjects for assistance. He had not yet so forgot himself, by being seated on a new-erected throne, as to imagine that he was become all-sufficient, or that he was placed there to govern by his caprice. It was therefore his greatest care how to supply his own defects by the counsels of those who were most famed for their knowledge and abilities.

Thus a senate was formed, which, with the king, composed the legislature; and thus the people freely bound themselves, by consenting to such regulations as the king and senate should decree.

LETTER

## LETTER XII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

The institution of laws among the Troglodytes was attended with a terrible ill effect, that they began every thing was right which was lly declared to be a crime. It as if the natural obligations to ere destroyed, by the foreign e of human authority; and vice shunned as a real evil, but grew ought a forbidden good.

Troglodyte said to himself—' I made advantage of the simplif my neighbour, to over-reach n a bargain: he may reproach rhaps, but he cannot punish me; e law allows me to rob him with vn consent.'

her was asked by his friend for of money, which he had lent e years before.

ve you any thing to shew for it?' d he.

rd was implored to remit part of nt's rent, because the man, by able misfortunes, was become or. 'Do not you see,' replied at he has still enough to main-is family? By starving them he ind money to pay me, and the equires him so to do.'

the hearts of the Troglodytes rdened. But a greater mischief ued; the laws, in their first firm-re few and plain, so that any ld easily understand them, and own cause without an advocate. inconveniences were found to

flow from this: the rules were too general and loose; too much was left to the equity of the judge; and many particular cases seemed to remain undetermined and unprovided for. It was therefore proposed, in the great council of the nation, to specify all those several exceptions; to tie the judges down to certain forms; to explain, correct, add to, and reserve, whatsoever might seem capable of any doubtful or different interpretations. While the matter was yet in deliberation, a wise old senator spoke thus.

'You are endeavouring, O Troglodytes, to amend what is defective in your laws; but know that, by multiplying laws, you will certainly multiply defects. Every new explanation will produce a new objection, and at last the very principles will be lost on which they were originally formed. Mankind may be governed, and well governed, under any laws that are fixed by ancient use: besides their being known and understood, they have a sanctity attending them which commands obedience; but every variation, as it discovers a weakness in them, so it lessens the respect by which alone they can be effectually maintained. If subtleties and distinctions are admitted to constitute right, they will equally be made use of to evade it; and if justice is turned into a science, injustice will soon be made a trade.'

## LETTER XIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

the old man foretold, it came to pass. The laws were *explained* *traditions*, and *digested* into 1. Men could no longer tell as their right, and what was not. Troglodytes undertook to find or all the rest: but they were doing it out of pure benevo-

lence; their opinions were sold at no little price; and, how false soever they might prove, in the event of the cause, the money was never to be returned: nay, the longer the dispute could be protracted, the more the parties concerned were to pay. This point being once well established, causes that before were dispatched in half

half an hour, now lasted half a century. There were three courts placed one above another: on the door of the lowest was writ, '*Law*;' on that of the second, '*Equity*;' and on the highest, '*Common Sense*.' These courts had no connection with one another, and a quite different method of proceeding. No man could go to the last without passing through one of the former; and the journey was so tedious, that very few could support the fatigue or

the expence. But there was one particular, more strange than all the rest. It was very seldom that a man could read a word of the parchment by which he held his estate; and they made their wills in a language which neither they nor their heirs could understand.

Such were the refinements of the Troglodytes, when they had quitted the simplicity of nature; and so bewildered were they in the labyrinth of their own laying out.

## LETTER XIV.

SÉLIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE religion of the Troglodytes had been hitherto as simple as their manners. They loved God as the author of their happiness; they feared him as the avenger of injustice; and they sought to please him by doing good. But their morals being corrupted, their religion could not long continue pure: superstition found means to introduce itself, and completed their depravation. Their first king, who had been a conqueror, and a law-giver, died, after a long reign, extremely regretted and revered by his subjects. His son succeeded, not by any claim of hereditary right, but the free election of the people, who loved a family that had done them so many services. As he was sensible that he owed his crown to their veneration for the memory of his father, he endeavoured to carry that veneration as high as possible. He built a tomb for him, which he planted round with laurels, and caused verses to be solemnly recited in praise of his achievements. When he perceived that these honours were well received in the opinion of the publick, he thought he might venture to go farther. He got it to be proposed in the senate, that the dead monarch should be deified, after the example of many nations round about them, who had paid the same compliment to their kings. The senators were become too good courtiers, not to give into so agreeable a piece of flattery, especially as their own honour was concerned in raising the character of their founder; and the people, seduced by their gratitude, thought that those virtues, which had rendered him the protector and father of his

country, very justly entitled him to a subordinate share of divinity.

It is not to be conceived how many evils this alteration produced.

Then first the Troglodytes were made to believe that their God was to be gained by rich donations, or that his glory was concerned in the worldly pomp and power of his priests. 'A temple,' said those priests, 'is like a court; you must gain the favour of the ministers, or your petitions will not be received.' As the people remembered that their new deity had once been a king, this doctrine seemed plausible enough, and the priests grew absolute on the strength of it. They procured for themselves excessive wealth, exemptions from all publick burdens, and almost a total independence upon the civil authority. That the comparison between the temple and the court might hold the better, a great number of ceremonies were invented, and a magnificence of dress was added to them as essential to holiness. The women came warmly into this, and were still more zealous than the men in their attachment to the exterior part of devotion. By degrees the *invisible God*, whom their fathers had worshipped alone, was wholly forgot; and all the vows of the people were paid to the idol, whose superstitious worship was better adapted to human passions, and to the gain of the priests. Expiations, lustrations, sacrifices, processions, and pilgrimages, made up the whole of religion. Thus the piety of the Troglodytes was turned aside from reality to form: and it was no longer a consequence, that a very religious man was a very *honest* man.

LETTER

## LETTER XV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

my last letter I told thee how much the Troglodytes were depraved in notions, and in their manners, from idolatry. By the arts of the priests their corruption encreased every and *virtue*, instead of being at was overturned by *religion itself*. common for a Troglodyte to say— 'I will plunder my neighbour or the lick: for the anger of our God will be appeased by an offering made of the spoil.'

Another quieted his conscience in this manner: 'I am, indeed, a very great sinner, and have injured my benefactor; I am a constant attender on all processions, and have crawled thrice round the temple upon my knees.' A third confessed to a priest, that he had defrauded his ward of an estate. The half of it to our order,' said the priest, 'and we will freely endow with the rest.'

The mischief did not stop even here. From sanctifying trifles, they proceeded to quarrel about them: and the peace of the society was disturbed, in which impertinence should be

preferred. This was the work of the priests, who took upon them to declare what was most agreeable to their god; and declared it differently, as it happened that their passions or interests required. But how slight soever the foundation was, a dispute of this nature never failed to be warmly carried on. Nobody concerned himself about the morals of another; but every man's opinions were enquired into with the utmost rigour: and woe to those who held any that were disliked by the ruling party; for though neither side could tell the reason why they differed, the difference was never to be forgiven. An aged Troglodyte endeavoured to put a stop to this pious fury, by representing to them, that their ancestors, who were better men, had no disputes about religion; but served their God in the only unity required by him, an unity of affection. All the poor man got by this admonition was, to be called an atheist by all the contending sects; and, after suffering a thousand persecutions, compelled to take refuge in another land.

## LETTER - XVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE court had a deeper interest in the establishment of the idolatrous worship among the Troglodytes, than it first attended to, or foreseen. Every nature of their office particularly attached them to the crown. They were servants of a deified king: and it was a very great stretch of their function to deify the living monarch also. Accordingly they preached to all the people, with an extraordinary warmth, that the family then reigning were *divine*; that they held the crown, by the will of the society, but by the ordinance of nature; that to resist the pleasure, was resisting God; and every man enjoyed his life and liberty by their grace, and at their dis-

In consequence of these doc-

trines, his *sacred majesty* did just what he thought fit. He was of a martial genius, and had a strong ambition to enlarge his territories. To this end he raised a mighty army, and fell upon his neighbours without a quarrel.

The Troglodytes lost their blood, and spent their substance, to make their prince triumphant in a war which could not possibly turn to their advantage; for the power and pride of their tyrant increased with his success. His temper, too, became fiercer and more severe, by being accustom'd to slaughter and devastation; so that his government grew odious to his subjects. Yet the dazzling glory of his victories, and the divinity they were taught to find about him, kept them in awe, and supported his authority,



authority. But Providence would not suffer him any longer to vex mankind: he perished, with a great part of his army, by the united valour of many nations, who had allied themselves against his encroachments. Content with having punished the aggressor and author of the war, they immediately

offered a peace to the Troglodytes, upon condition, that all should be restored which had been taken from them in the former wars. That nation, humbled by their defeat, very willingly parted with their conquests to purchase their repose.

## LETTER XVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

**U**NDER their third king, who succeeded to his father upon a new notion of hereditary and divine right, the spirit of the government was wholly changed. He was young, and of a temper much addicted to ease and pleasure; yet bred up with high conceits of kingly power, and a royal disregard to his people's good. There was a mixture of bigotry in his disposition, which gave the priests a great advantage over him; and as his predecessor had governed by them, they now governed by him. The people, too, in imitation of their prince, soon contracted another character; they began to polish and soften all their manners. The young Troglodytes were sent to travel into Persia; they came back with new dresses, new refinements, new follies, and new vices. Like a plague imported from a foreign country, luxury spread itself from these travellers over all the nation. A thousand wants were created every day, which nature neither suggested nor could supply. A thousand un-

easinesses were felt, which were as unnatural as the pleasures that occasioned them. When the minds of the Troglodytes were thus relaxed, their bodies became weak. They now complained that the summer was too hot, and the winter too cold. They lost the use of their limbs, and were carried about on the shoulders of their slaves. The women brought their children with more pain, and even thought themselves too delicate to nurse them: they lost their beauty much sooner than before, and vainly strove to repair it by the help of art. Then first physicians were called in from foreign lands, to contend with a variety of new distempers, which intemperance produced: they came; and the only advantage was, that those who had learned to live at a great expence, now found the secret of dying at a greater.

Such was the condition of the Troglodytes, when, by the benefit of a lasting peace, they tasted the sweets of plenty, and grew *polite*.

## LETTER XVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

**T**HE ancient Troglodytes were too busy in the duties and cares of society, to employ much of their thoughts in speculation. They were skilful in mechanics and agriculture, the only sciences for which they had any use.

Experience taught them the properties of many medicinal herbs, roots, and plants, with which they cured the few ailments that they were subject to in their serene and temperate life.

At their leisure they amused themselves with music and poetry, and sung the

praises of the Divine Being, the beauties of nature, the virtues of their countrymen, and their own loves. They drew a wonderful force of imagination in great number of fables which they invented, under most of which was concealed some moral sentiment; but for history, they contented themselves with some short accounts of publick transactions, drawn from the memory of the oldest men among them, and wrote without any art; having no party disputes, no seditions, no plots, no in-

s of state, to record. The alteration of their government and manners effected a change also in this respect. At many people withdrew themselves entirely from the offices of life, became a burden to their family and country, under a notion of study and meditation. One set of them very truly undertook to explain all the secrets of nature, and account for her actions. Another left nature quite alone, and fell to reason about immaterial substances and the properties of spirits. A third professed to teach reason and rule; and invented arguments to support common sense\*. These philosophers (for so they stiled themselves) sought to be known from all manner of a certain air made up of bashfulness and presumption. To distinguish themselves from the vulgar, they forgot to say, or do one common thing like other men.

They rendered their behaviour very absurd, and they were conscious of it, which reason they came little in company: yet in private their pride led to such a pitch, that they imagined they were arrived at the very top of human merit, and looked down with contempt on the greatest generals and servants of the state. Among these speculations that this modern sort of philosophizing produced, there were two more pernicious than the rest,

and which greatly contributed to the corruption and ruin of the people. One was, that vice and virtue were in themselves indifferent things, and depended only on the laws of every country: the other, that there was neither reward nor punishment after this life. It has already been observed how many defects the Troglodytes found in their laws, and how many quibbles were invented to elude them. But still there was some restraint upon their actions, while a sense of guilt was attended with remorse, and the apprehension of suffering in another state. But by these two doctrines men were left at perfect liberty to sin out of the reach of the law; and virtue was deprived of glory here, or the hopes of recompence hereafter. There was a third notion, less impious indeed, but of very ill consequence to society, which placed all goodness and religion in a *recluse and contemplative way of life*.

The effect of this was, to draw off many of the best and worthiest men from the service of the publick, and administration of the commonwealth, at a time when their labours were most wanted to put a stop to the general corruption. It is hard to say, which was most destructive; an opinion that, like the former, emboldened vice; or such a one as rendered virtue impotent and useless to mankind.

## LETTER XIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

WHILE the principles of the people were thus depraved, and understandings taken off from their proper objects, the court became the seat of immorality, and every kind of

Though flattery had been always busy there, yet the former kings, were frequently at war, had been used to a certain military freedom; and were not wanting men about them who had courage to tell them truth; but the flattery of the present set of courtiers took from them all spirit as

well as virtue; and they were as ready to suffer the basest things, as to act the most unjust. The king, wholly devoted to his pleasures, thought it sufficient for him to wear the crown, without troubling himself with any of the cares and duties belonging to it. The whole exercise and power of the government was lodged in the hands of a grand vizir, the first of that title which the Troglodytes had ever known. It seemed very strange to them at the beginning to see the royalty transferred to

This passage is not to be understood as designing any reflection upon men of true learning, but as a censure of the different kinds of *false learning*; such as the subtilties of metaphysics and logick, and the natural philosophy of Descartes and others, who presume to explain and account for all things by *systems* drawn out of their own imagination.

their fellow subject, and many thought it was debasing it too much. The priests themselves were at a loss how to make out that this sort of monarchy was divine; however, they found at last that the grand vizir was a god by office, though not by birth. If this distinction did not satisfy the people, the court and the priests were not much concerned about it. But a prime minister was not the only novelty these times produced.

The Troglodytes had always been remarkable for the manner in which they used their women. They had a greater esteem for them than any other of the eastern nations: they admitted them to a constant share in their conversation, and even entrusted them with their private affairs; but they never suspected that they had a genius for public business; and that not only their own families, but the state itself, might be governed by their direction. They were now convinced of their mistake. Several ladies appeared together at the helm: the king's mistress, the mistress of the vizir, two or three mistresses of the vizir's favourite officers, joined in

a political confederacy, and managed all matters as they pleased. Their lovers gave nothing, and acted nothing but by their recommendation and advice. Sometimes, indeed, they differed among themselves, which occasioned great confusions in the state; but, by the pacific labours of good subjects and the king's intercession, such unhappy divisions were composed, and business went quietly on again. If there was any defect in the politics of these female rulers, it was, that they could never comprehend any other point or purpose in the art of government but so much *profit to themselves*.

The history of the Troglodytes has recorded some of their wise and witty sayings.

One of them was told that, by the great decay of trade, the principal bank of the city would be broke. 'What care I?' said she; 'I have laid my money out in land.'

Another was warned, that if better measures were not taken, the Troglodytes threatened to revolt. 'I am glad to hear it,' replied she; 'for if we beat them, there will some rich confiscations fall to me.'

## LETTER XX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

**PAINFUL** experience had, by this time, taught the Troglodytes what their fathers were too happy to suspect, that human nature was not perfect enough to be trusted with *unlimited power*: they saw an evident necessity of restraining that which had been given to their kings, as well for the dignity of the crown itself, as for the good of the commonwealth.

The whole nation unanimously concurred in this resolution, and that unanimity could not be resisted: they therefore considered by what means to reform their government, and did it with equal vigour and moderation. It was decreed that the crown should be preserved to the prince then reigning, out of respect to the family he was of; but that he should wear it under certain limitations which divided his authority with the senate.

To prevent the mischiefs that might arise from evil ministers, and the too great power of any favourite, they de-

clared, that the ministers of the king were the servants of the people, and could not be protected by the court, if they were found disloyal to the nation.

Under these wise regulations the shattered state recovered itself again; their affairs were managed with more discretion, and many public grievances were redressed. They thought that, in limiting their monarchy, they had cut the root of all their evils, and flattered themselves with a permanent felicity. But they quickly discovered that this new system was not without its inconveniences. Very favourable opportunities were sometimes lost by the unavoidable slowness of their councils, and it was often necessary to trust men people with the secret of public business than could be relied on with security. There were many evils, which the nature of their government taught them to connive at, and which grew as it were out of the very root of it. The abuse of liberty was *incurable*, it

many points, from liberty itself, and degenerated into a shameful licentiousness. But the principal mischief attending on this change, was the division of the senate into parties. Different judgments, different interests and passions, were perpetually clashing with one another, and by the unequal motion of it's wheels the whole machine went but heavily along.

Yet one advantage arose from this disorder, that the people were kept

alert, and upon their guard. The animosities and emulation of particulars secured the commonwealth; as, in a *se- raglio*, the honour of the husband is preserved by the malice of the eunuchs, and mutual jealousies of the women.

Upon the whole, the Troglodytes might have been happy in the liberty they had gained, if the same publick spirit which established, could have continued to maintain it.

## LETTER XXI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON:

**T**HERE was in the senate a certain man of great natural cunning and penetration, factious, enterprizing, versed in business, and, above all, very knowing in the disposition of the times in which he lived. This man came secretly to the king, and entertained him with the following discourse.

'I perceive, Sir, you are very much cast down with the bounds that have been set to your authority; but perhaps you have not lost so much as you imagine. The people are very proud of their own work, and look with great satisfaction on the outside of their new-erected government; but those who can see the inside too, find every thing too rotten and superficial to last very long.

'The two things in nature the most repugnant and inconsistent with each other, are the love of liberty, and the love of money: the last is so strong among your subjects, that it is impossible the former can subsist. I say, Sir, they are not HONEST enough to be FREE. Look round the nation, and see whether their manners agree with their constitution. Is there a virtue which

'want does not disgrace, or a vice which riches cannot dignify? Has not luxury infected all degrees of men amongst them? Which way is that luxury to be supported? It must necessarily create a dependence which will soon put an end to this dream of liberty. Have you a mind to fix your power on a sure and lasting basis? Fix it on the vices of mankind: set up private interest against publick; apply to the wants and vanities of particulars; shew those who lead the people, that they may better find their account in betraying than defending them. This, Sir, is a short plan of such a conduct as would make you really superior to all restraint, without breaking in upon those *nominal securities*, which the Troglodytes are more attached to a great deal than they are to the things themselves. If you please to trust the management to me, I shall not be afraid of being obnoxious to the *spirit of liberty*, for in a little while I will extinguish every spark of it; nor of being liable to the *justice* of the nation, for my *crime* itself shall be my *protection*.

## LETTER XXII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

**T**HERE is a very pretty, fair-complexioned girl, who lodges in a house over-against me. She was always staring at me from her window, and seemed to solicit my regards by a

thousand little airs that I cannot describe, but which touched me still more than all her beauty: at last I became so enamoured of her, that I resolved to demand her in marriage. Accordingly, I

went to visit her in form, and was received by her mother, a widow gentlewoman, who desired very civilly to know my business.

'Madam,' said I, 'I have a garden at Ispahan adorned with the finest flowers in the east; I have the Persian jasmine, the Indian rose, the violet of Media, and the tulip of Candahar; but I have lately beheld an English lily more fair than all these, and far more sweet, which I desire to transplant into my garden. This lily, Madam, is now in your possession; and I come a suppliant to you, that I may obtain it.'

The old lady, not conceiving what I meant, began to assure me very faithfully that I was mistaken, for she had neither lily nor rose belonging to her.

'The lily,' returned I, 'is your lovely daughter, whom I come to ask of you for my wife.'

'What do you propose to settle on her?' replied she. 'That is the first point to be considered.'

'I will do by her very handsomely,' answered I; 'I will settle upon her—two black eunuchs, an expert old midwife, and six or seven very adroit female slaves.'

'Two blacks,' answered she, 'are well enough; but I should think two French footmen would be genteeler.'

'However, Sir, we will not quarrel about her equipage. The question is, what provision you think of making.'

'Do not trouble yourself about that,' returned I; 'she shall have meat enough, I warrant you; plenty of rice, and the best sherbet in all Persia.'

'Do not tell me of rice and sherbet,' said the old woman; 'I ask what jointure you will give her?'

This word stopped me short, for I did

not know what a jointure signified. At last she explained herself by demanding of me how her daughter was to live if I should die.

'I have an Indian wife,' answered I, 'that intends to burn herself as soon as I expire; but I would not recommend that method to your daughter.'

'How!' said she; 'you are married then already!'—'Yes,' said I; 'in Persia we are allowed to take as many women as we can keep: and some, I am sure, of the most fashionable men in England, do the same, only leaving out the ceremony.'

'It is a very wicked practice,' answered she; 'but since it is your religion so to do, and that my daughter's fortune is too small to get a husband among Christians, I am not much averse to give her to you upon reasonable terms, because I am told you are very rich.'

She had scarce spoke these words, when my little mistress, who had been listening to our discourse behind the screen, came out from her concealment, and told her mother, that if so many women were to live together, she was sure there would be no peace in the family, and therefore she desired her to insist on a good pin-money, (that is to say, as the term was explained to me, a great independent allowance) in case her husband and she should disagree.

'What,' said I, 'young lady, do you think already of separating your interests from mine? And must I be obliged to pay my wife for living with me, as much as I should for living well?'

'No, by Hali! I will never wed a woman who is so determined to rebel against her husband, that she articles for it in the very contract of her marriage!'

## LETTER XXIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is at London a native of Aleppo, who has resided here some years as a private agent for some merchants of that city, and passes for a Jew; they call him Zabulon, but his true name is Abdullah, the son of Abderamen. He has revealed himself to me, and I have contracted a great intimacy with him.

There never was an honest, more friendly, or more valuable man: but he is as much a bigot to all the eastern notions, and as much a stranger to every thing in England, as he was the first hour of his arrival. For my part, Mirza, I set out with a resolution to give up my hereditary prejudices, and

nind to bear different opinions, ly to suffer different climates. I may say so, I began my trad- while before I went abroad, 3, enquiring, and reasoning, manners and institutions of tries. I had lived long enough ke of an arbitrary government misery of it, and value liberty: come into an island where that happily established, and where am to know it by it's effects. rza, is the study that I pursue; nands the utmost attention I In absolute monarchies all n the character of the prince, ministers; and when that is

known, you have little more to learn: but in mixed governments the machine is more complex, and it requires a nicer observation to understand how the springs of it are disposed, or how they mutually check and assist each other.

When I talk to Abdallah on this subject, he tells me it is not worth my while to trouble myself about it; for that any form of government is good if it be well administered. But the question is, which is *most likely* to be well administered; that is, which has *best* secured itself, by wholesome provisions and restraints, against the danger of a *bad administration*.

## LETTER XXIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

was walking in the fields near city the other morning, a dis- dier, somewhat in years, im- y charity; and, to excite my n, bared his bosom, on which scars of many wounds all re- the service of his country. I ieved his wants; and, being o inform myself of every thing, discourse with him on the war e had served. He told me he pient at the taking of ten or ng towns, and had a share in r and glory of almost as many 'How then,' said I, 'comes 's that thou art laid aside? Thy is indeed in it's decline, but wasted; and I should think that ice would well supply the loss h.'—'Alas! Sir,' answered he, a good heart, and tolerable but I want three inches more ire: I am brave and able e- thank God, but not quite hand- ough for a soldier.' then didst thou serve so long?

returned I. 'In Flanders, Sir,' said he, 'there were some thousands of such ill- looking fellows, who did very well in a day of battle, but would make no figure at a review. Besides, I have no vote for any county, city, or bo- rough, in England; and therefore could not hope for preferment in the army were I ever so well made.' This last objection appeared to me very odd; but of all the novelties I have met with in Europe, none ever surprized me so much, as that a qualification for military service should be supposed to consist in stung looks and a certain degree of tallness, more than experienced courage and hardy strength.

If women were to raise and employ troops, I should not, indeed, much wonder at such a choice: but God grant our invincible Sultan an army of veteran soldiers, though there were not a man among them above five feet high, or a face that would not frighten an enemy with the very looks of it!

## LETTER XXV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

RE is a set of people in this ntry, whose activity is more an the idleness of a monk. like those troublesome dreams en agitate and perplex us in but leave no impression be-

hind them when we wake. I have sent thee an epitaph made for one of those men of business, who ended his life and labours not long ago.

'Here lies ———, who lived three- score and ten years in a continual hurry. He

‘ He had the honour of sitting in six parliaments, of being chairman in twenty-five committees, and of making three hundred and fifty speeches. He attended constantly twice a week at the levees of twelve different ministers of state; and writ for and against them one thousand papers. He composed fifty new projects for the better government of the church and state. He left behind

‘ him memoirs of his own life in five volumes in folio.

‘ Reader, if thou shouldst be moved to drop a tear for the loss of so CONSIDERABLE A PERSON, it will be a SINGULAR favour to the deceased; for nobody else concerns himself about it, or remembers that such a man was ever born.’

## LETTER XXVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Went with my friend the other day to a great hall, where all the courts of law were sitting together. ‘ Behold,’ said he, ‘ the temple of *justice*, the sanctuary of privilege and right, which our mightiest monarchs have not been able to violate with impunity. Behold the lowest of our commons contending here with the highest of our nobles, unawed by their dignity or power. See those venerable sages on the bench, whose ears are deaf to solicitation, and their hands untainted with corruption. See also those twelve men, whom we call the *jury*, the great bulwark of our property and freedom. But then cast your eyes on those men in black that swarm on every side: these are the priests of the temple, who, like most other priests, have turned their ministry into a trade; they have perplexed, confounded, and encumbered law, in order to make themselves more necessary, and to drain the purses of the people.’ — ‘ I have heard,’ said I, ‘ that the laws of England are wisely framed and impartially administered.’ — ‘ The old Gothic pile we are now in,’ replied my friend, ‘ will give you a just idea of their *structure*: the

‘ foundations of it are deep and very lasting; it has stood many ages, and with good repairs may stand many more; but the architecture is loaded with a multiplicity of idle and useless parts: when you examine it critically, many faults and imperfections will appear; yet upon the whole it has a mighty awful air, and strikes you with reverence. Then as to the administration of our laws, the difference between us and other countries is little more than this, that there they sell justice in the *gross*, and here we sell it *by retail*. In Persia the cadi passes sentence for a round sum of money; in England the judge indeed takes nothing; but the attorney, the advocate, every officer and retainer on the court, raise treble that sum upon the client. The condition of justice is like that of many women of quality; they themselves are above being bought, but every *servant* about them must be *seduced*, or there is no getting at them. The disinterested spirit of the lady is of no advantage to the suitor; he is undone by the rapine of her dependants.’

## LETTER XXVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Told thee, in my last letter, a conversation I had with my friend upon the practice of law in this country. ‘ What is peculiar to us,’ continued he, ‘ in judicial proceedings, is, that no *discretionary power* is lodged either in the judge or the jury; but they are to direct and determine altogether by the *letter of the law*.

‘ In France, and other parts of Europe, the judge is trusted with such a

‘ power to vary from the law in certain points, according to the dictates of his conscience, and the reason of the case. But in England, conscience, reason, right, and justice, are confined to the words of the law, and the established meaning thereof. No doubt this is productive of many hardships; particulars must often suffer by it; yet in the main it is a wholesome restraint, and beneficial to liberty; for it is generally

## PERSIAN LETTERS.

erally found, that in other coun-  
s, where they are not so strictly tied  
on, the judge's conscience is apt to  
depend too much on the king's, and  
the rule of equity is a very uncertain  
affair, which passion, prejudice, or  
error, can easily change.

These latter times have, indeed, a  
good deal departed from the ancient  
methods of judicature in matters of  
operty, by encouraging applications  
to the *Chancery*, which is a court of  
equity, where he who presides in it  
sits alone, without any jury, and  
with a much greater latitude than  
other courts: but whether more evil  
in good does not attend on this  
office, may well be questioned. Thus  
much is certain, that causes are not  
settled by it, though one might have  
expected that *advantage* from it at  
least.—'I have been told,' said I,  
that whatever time they may take in  
passing through *that court*, they have  
yet a further journey to make before  
they come to a final decision.—'It  
is true,' replied he, 'they may be  
tried from thence by an appeal to  
the House of Lords, who judge in the  
last resort. And if the constitution had  
not lodged there a judicature superior  
to that of the *chancellor*, so much of the  
operty of the subject would entirely  
depend upon his opinion, that the par-

liament would have reason to pre-  
tend their claim to a right which  
was demanded in the reign of Edward  
the first of *nominating this officer themselves*.  
'When an appeal,' said I, 'is  
made to the lords, by what rules  
does the judge? If by no other than  
the natural equity, I can then undertake  
that every lord who has common  
sense may be supposed to be capable of  
being a judicature: but if they proceed  
according to the rules of the courts below, ac-  
cording to principles, usages,  
and determinations established there,  
it is a *science* of which few are capable,  
and in that sense they cannot be  
said to be *born*. Two or three, at most, in  
the body, would then have common  
knowledge for the performing of  
which the constitution of England  
depends from *all*. And when *so* many  
are to judge, their being too much  
interested in affection or interest, at some  
times of time; at others, their being  
too much united; might, I should  
think, have very bad consequences. But  
if the chancellor himself should  
be the *only lord in the house*  
possessed of *that knowledge* to  
decide, where would be then the  
appealing from his decrees?'  
To this my friend answered no  
more, and I thought that his silence was  
an explanation.

## • LETTER XXVIII.

SEELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISTAHAN.

FROM LO

A French gentleman was boasting the  
other day, in a company where I  
was, of the academies founded by the  
king for the support and reward of  
arts and sciences.

You have a pleasant way,' said he,  
here in England, of encouraging a  
man of wit. When he is dead, you  
build him a fine tomb, and lay him  
among your kings; but while he is  
alive, he is as ill received at court, as  
if he came with a petition against the  
ministry. Would not the money you  
are laid out upon the monuments of  
two or three of your poets, have been  
better bestowed in giving them bread  
when they were living, and wanted  
it?—'This might have been former-  
ly the case,' replied the Englishman;  
but it is not so now. A man of true  
merit is at present so much favoured  
by the publick, which is the best of all

patrons, his works are so  
bought up, and such regard is  
paid him every way, that he has no  
need to depend upon a court for prote-  
ction or subsistence.

And, let me add, that the  
honours which are paid to a deceased  
wit have something in them  
generous and disinterested than  
the flattery bestowed on slavish terms  
the price of continual panegyric.  
'We have a *very great poet* now  
who may boast of one glory;  
no member of the French acad-  
emy pretend; viz. that he never  
praised any man *in power*; but has  
immortal praises upon *the few*  
fear of offending men *in power*  
they had lived in France under  
the same circumstances, no po-  
et would have dared to praise



## LETTER XXIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

**T**HERE is a *Christian* doctor, who at my first arrival here took the trouble to visit me very often, with no other view, as I could find, but merely to make a *Christian* of me; in which design he has been single hitherto, such a zeal being very much out of fashion.

But, what is most extraordinary, I was told the other day, that his *preference in the church* had been lately *stopped* at the instance of the *musli* of this city, on a supposition of his being turned Mahometan, and that all the proof brought against him was the commerce he formerly had with me.

When I heard this, I waited on the *musli*, and offered to testify that the doctor was a Christian, as far as I could judge by all I saw of him, during the

time of our acquaintance: but he refused to admit my testimony in this case, because, as he said, I was myself a *misheliever*; and insisted on the doctor's supposed *apostacy*, as an undoubted fact, which *shocked* him beyond measure.

'If he is a *Musliman*,' said I, 'he must be *circumcised*: there is a *visible mark* of orthodoxy in our religion; but I should be glad to know what is the *visible mark* of yours. If it be *meekness*, or *charity*, or *justice*, or *temperance*, or *piety*, all these are most *conspicuous* in the doctor: but I find that none of these can *prove* him to be a *Christian*. What, therefore, is the *characteristic* of his *accuser*? And how do they *prove* themselves to be *Christians*?'

## LETTER XXX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

**T**HE principles and practice of toleration prevail very strongly in this country: I myself have felt the effects of it very much to my advantage. The better sort of people are no more offended at the difference of my faith from theirs, than at the difference of my dress: the mob, indeed, seem surprized at me for both, and cannot comprehend how it is possible to make such mistakes, but they rather contemn than hate me for them; and I have yet been affronted by nobody but a drunken priest, who denounced damnation against me, for refusing to pledge him, *to the prosperity of the Church of England*, in a liquor forbidden by our law.

This has not always been the temper

of the English. They have formerly waged war against Mahometans, only because they were so; they have kindled fires against heretics, though what was heresy in one age has been orthodoxy in another; nay, they have involved their country in all the miseries of civil discord, upon points of no greater moment than whether a table ought to be placed in the middle of the church, or at one end of it.

I must own to thee, Mirza, there is nothing I abhor so much as persecution: it seems to me no less ridiculous in its principles, than dreadful in its effects. One would think, that the great diversity of opinions among mankind should incline men a little to suspect that their

\* It is supposed this letter alludes to the objections made to the promotion of the late Doctor Rundle. [Dr. Thomas Rundle, prebendary of Durham, and archdeacon of Wilts, being recommended to the king by Lord Chancellor Talbot, to whom he was chaplain, for the bishoprick of Gloucester, on the death of Bishop Sydall, his appointment was strenuously opposed by Bishop Gibson, from a notion of the doctor's being a deist. In consequence of this opposition, the Lord Chancellor was at length induced to withdraw his recommendation; Dr. Benson was promoted to the English bishoprick, and Dr. Rundle to the bishoprick of Derry in Ireland. He died April 14. 1743.]

may possibly be wrong, especially as it puts not very essential; but to all others with rage and violence, of pity or persuasion, is such a of pride and folly as can scarce be ated for from enthusiasm itself. I read in a Spanish author of a cer- adman who rambled about Spain word and lance; and whomsoever r with in his way, he required to wledge and believe, that his mis- ulcinea del Toboso was the hand- woman in the world. It was in or the other to reply, that he had wledge at all of Dulcinea, or had icular fancy to another woman; adman made no allowances for nce or prejudice, but instantly ed him down, and never left beat- m till he promised to maintain the ions of the said lady above all als. Such has been the conduct y priests and priest-rid princes in ating their *spiritual inclinations*: ad his several Dulcinea, and re- that every body should admire much as himself; but as this was sily brought about, the contro- was determined by force of arms: ough it happened that all admired ne, they would even quarrel about sion of her cloaths, and most

bloody battles have been fought to de- cide which colour became her best. Alas, Mirza! how absurd is all this! The beauty of true religion is sufficiently shewn by it's proper lustre; it needs no knight-errant to combat for it; nor is any thing so contrary to the nature of affection as constraint. Whoever is compelled to profess a faith without con- viction, though it was but indifferent to him before, must grow to think it odious; as men who are forced to marry where they do not approve, soon change dislike into aversion. I will end this subject with putting thee in mind of a ceremony which is celebrated once a year by the common people of Persia, in honour of our prophet Ali. There are two bulls brought forth before the crowd, the strongest of which is called Ali, and the weaker Omar: they are made to fight, and as Ali is very sure to get the better, the spectators go away highly satisfied with this happy decision of the dispute between us and the heret- ical Turks.

Just in this light I regard all religious wars. Whether the combatants are two bulls or two bishops, the case is exactly the same, and the determination just as absurd.

## LETTER XXXI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

HERE is nothing more astonish- ing to a Mussulman than many alars relating to the state of matri- as it is managed in Europe: our e of it is so totally different, that hardly think it possible for men or suffer such things as happen here lay.

Following story, which was given a true one, will set this in a very ight: I wish thou may'st find it as ining as I am sure thou wilt find

the reign of Charles the First, of England, lived two gentle- whose true names I will conceal the feigned ones of Acasto and ius. They were neighbours, tates lay together, and they had dship for each other, which had up from their earliest youth. sto had an only son, whom we will

call Polydore; and Septimius an only daughter, named Emilia. Though the boy was but fourteen years old, and the girl but twelve, the parents were so desirous of contracting an alliance between their families, and of uniting the two border- ing estates, that they married them be- fore either was of age to consummate the marriage, or even to understand the na- ture of their contract. As soon as the ceremony was performed, they sent the young gentleman abroad, to finish his education.

After four years, which he had spent in France and Italy, he was recalled by the news of his father's death, which made it necessary for him to return to England.

Emilia, who was now about sixteen, began to think he had been absent long enough, and received him with a great deal of satisfaction. She had heard a  
E. fine

fine character of him from those who knew him in his travels; and when she saw him, his person was so improved, that she thought herself the happiest of women in being his wife.

But his sentiments for her were very different.

There was in his temper a spirit of contradiction, which could not bear to have a wife imposed upon him. He complained, that his father had taken advantage of his tender age, to draw him into an engagement in which his judgment could possibly have no part. He confessed that he had no objections to the person or character of Emilia; but insisted on a liberty of choice, and declared that he looked upon his marriage to be forced and null. In short, he absolutely refused to consummate, in spite of all the endeavours of their friends, and the conjugal affection of the poor young lady, who did her utmost to vanquish his aversion. When she found that all her kindness was thrown away, the natural pride of her sex made her desire to be separated from him, and she joined with him in a petition for a divorce. The first parliament of the year *forty* was then sitting: the affair was brought before them, and it was believed that a divorce would have easily been obtained at their mutual demand. But the bishops opposed it with great violence, as a breach of the law of God, which they said would admit of no divorce, but in cases of adultery. They were answered, that the marriage was not *complete*; and that the ceremonious part, which was all that had passed between them, might as properly be dispensed with by the legislature, as any other form of law: that the young gentleman's aversion was *invincible*, and inconsistent with the obligation laid upon him; that therefore it would not well become the fathers of the church to put him under a manifest temptation of committing adultery; and that nothing could be imagined more unjust, than to condemn the lady to perpetual virginity, under the notion of a marriage, which, it was plain, was a mere illusion. These arguments seemed convincing to all the world except the bishops; but they persisted in their *usual unanimity*, and were so powerful by the *favour of the court*, that they carried their point in the House of Lords; and the unfortunate Polydore and Emilia were declared to be one flesh,

though no union had ever been between them, either in body or in mind. The husband immediately paid back his wife's portion to her father; and firmly resolved that from that time forwards he would never see her more. His natural obstinacy was irritated by the constraint that was put upon him; and he took a pride to shew the world that there was no power, ecclesiastical or civil, which could oblige him to act like a married man against his inclination. The poor lady retired to a seat of her father's in the country, and endeavoured, by long absence from her husband, to forget that he had ever pleased or offended her. Two years afterwards the civil war broke out between the king and parliament. Polydore was so enraged against the bishops for obstructing his divorce, that it determined him in the chusing of his party, and made him take up arms against the king. Septimius, the father of Emilia, was as zealous a royalist, to which his hatred of Polydore contributed as much as any thing; for it was hardly possible that two such bitter enemies should be of the same side. In the course of the war, the king being worsted, the estates of many of his party were confiscated; and Septimius having been one of the most active, was also one of those that suffered most. He was compelled to retire into France with what he could save out of the wreck of his estate; and carried with him his daughter, who was quite abandoned by her husband and his family.

In the mean while, the army of the parliament began to form itself into different factions. Cromwell, at the head of the Independents, acquired by degrees such an influence, that the Presbyterians were no longer a match for him: Polydore, who was devoted to that sect, threw up his commission in discontent; and, happily for his reputation, had no share in those violent proceedings, which ended in the destruction of the king, and the ancient constitution.

He continued quite unactive for some years; but at last growing weary of a life that agreed so ill with his vivacity, he determined to go and serve in the Low Countries under the great Prince of Condé, who, in the year 1654, commanded the armies of Spain against his country. Two reasons inclined Polydore to this party; first, the desire he had to learn his trade under a general of so great reputation; and, secondly, because

Cromwell

Cromwell had refused to enter into an alliance with that prince, though most agreeable to the interests of England. He found his highness employed in besieging Arras, and was received by him with high marks of esteem. During the siege he often signalized his courage, and supported the opinion that was spread all over Europe of the valour of the parliament officers. But the Marshal Turenne, with La Ferté and Hocquincourt, having attacked the besiegers in their lines, relieved Arras, and would have destroyed the Spanish army if the Prince of Condé had not saved it by a retreat, which was one of the greatest actions of his life. In this battle, Polydore was taken prisoner, and sent to Paris with many other Spanish officers, to continue there till they should be ransomed or exchanged. In the journey, he contracted a great intimacy with the Count d'Aguilar, brigadier under the Count de Fuensaldagna, and one of the first gentlemen in Spain. As they travelled together several days, they very naturally acquainted one another with the principal incidents of their lives. Polydore related to Aguilar the whole story of his marriage with Emilia, and declaimed with great heat against the folly of tying two people thus together, who wished nothing so much as to be loose.

'No doubt,' said the count, 'it is most absurd; but, to say the truth, I find nothing very reasonable in the whole affair of marriage as we have made it. I do not know what it may be to other men, but to me it seems horribly unnatural to be confined to any single woman, let her be ever so agreeable.'

'If I had chosen a woman freely,' answered Polydore, 'I could be always constant to her with pleasure; but to have a companion for life forced upon me, I had rather row in the galleys than submit to it.'

'You are mistaken, my dear Polydore,' replied the count, 'in fancying it so easy to be constant even to a wife of one's own choosing. I have had some experience of that kind, and know that the first choice is only good till we have made a second.'

'To prove this to you, I need only give you the history of my amours. That you may not think I am telling you a romance, I will begin where romances always end, with the article

of my marriage. I was married at four and twenty to a lady, whom I chose for her beauty and good sense, without troubling myself about her fortune, which was but small. The three or four first years that we lived together, was the happiest period of my life: I preserved all the ardour of a lover, with the freedom and tenderness of a husband. She loved me still more fondly than I did her; and if I had not left her till she gave me occasion, I believe I should have been constant to this day. But I was not able to hold out any longer: all her charms were become so familiar to me, that they could not make the least impression; and I went regularly to her bed, as I did to supper, with an appetite quite palled by too much plenty. In this dull way I drudged on for a tedious twelvemonth, till the sight of a relation of my wife's, who came opportunely to lodge in my own house, roused me out of my lethargy. She was a beautiful creature of eighteen, just taken out of a convent to be married. She knew nothing of the world, but had a natural quickness that went farther than experience. However, as there was something a little awkward in her exterior carriage, the Countess d'Aguilar thought it proper to keep her with her for some time before her marriage, till she had instructed her how to behave herself in public. I thought my instructions might be of use to her as well as my wife's, to teach her how to behave herself in private; and had the good fortune to make them more agreeable.

'She liked me better and better every lesson; and in proportion as her passion increased for me, she conceived a stronger aversion for the man who was designed to be her husband: and indeed she had no great reason to be fond of him, for he was a peevish, stupid, bigotted old fellow, who did nothing day or night but pray and scold. Her friends pressed the conclusion of her marriage; and, as unwilling as she was to come into it, she could not resist their importunities. Yet, to comfort me, she very fairly let me know, that she would give her virginity to me in spite of all their teeth; and moreover, that I should have it on the wedding night. I presented to her the improbability of

her performing *such* a promise at *such* a time; but she bid me trust to her management, and I should be satisfied.

The wedding night came; and when the company was retired, the bridegroom was surprized to see the bride dissolved in tears. He begged to know the cause of her affliction; but she would not tell him, except he swore that, when he knew it, he would do his utmost to remove it.

The poor man, in the vehemence of his love, assured her that he would do any thing to make her easy, that was not contrary to the *honour of a cavalier*, or the *injunctions of our holy mother church*.

"No," said she, "the thing I require of you will recommend you extremely to the *church*, as it is only to give me leave to accomplish a vow I made to the Blessed Virgin, in a fit of sickness, when my life was in great danger."

"Heaven forbid, my pretty child," replied the Don, "that I should hinder you from performing a sacred vow, to the hazard of your soul!"

"Well then," said she, "I will own to you that, in my fright, I vowed, that if I could but get well again, and live to be married, I would consecrate my wedding night to the Blessed Virgin, by passing it in the bed of my waiting-woman the virtuous Isabella. And this very morning, while I slept, our Lady appeared to me in a dream, and threatened me with another fit of sickness if I did not keep my word."

"If it be so," replied the husband, "there is no doubt but the *Virgin* must be served before me; and so, my dear, I wish you a good night."

Now you must know, that the virtuous Isabella was trusted with all the secrets of her mistress, and had gone between us through the whole course of our amour.

Accordingly, Madam went to bed to her waiting-woman, who had taken care to inform me of this design, and concealed me in a closet within her chamber; from whence, as soon as every body was asleep, I was admitted to the place of Isabella, and received the full acquittance of a promise I little expected to see performed.

The singularity of this adventure so

delighted me, that I could not help, in the vanity of my heart, discovering it to the Duke de l'Infantada, the most intimate of my friends. He was very thankful for the confidence I reposed in him; and, to reward me for it, betrayed it instantly to my wife, whom, it seems, he had long made love to without success. As he thought that the greatest obstacle to his desires was her fondness for me, he hoped to remove it by convincing her of my falseness; but though the news of it had like to have broke her heart, it was not able to change it.

She reproached me in a manner that made my fault appear much more inexcusable. "I might complain," said she, "of the affront you have done my honour in debauching my relation; but, alas! I am only sensible to the injury you have done my love. You are grown weary of me; and I know it is impossible to regain your heart, since the single reason of your dislike must still continue, which is, that I am your wife. If any part of my behaviour had offended you, I might have changed it to your satisfaction; but this is a fault which, in spite of all my care, will grow worse every day." I endeavoured to pacify her by assurances of my future fidelity; and, really, I was so affected by her behaviour, that I seriously meant to keep my word. But our inclinations are very little in our power: my resolution soon yielded to the charms of the Countess Altamira, one of the handsomest women about the court, but the vainest, the most interested, and the most abandoned. She made it a point of honour to seduce me, out of a desire to mortify my wife, with whom she had quarrelled upon some female competition of precedence or dress.

Her avarice was equal to her pride, and she made me pay dearly for her favours, though her husband was one of the richest men in Spain. I hardly ever went to her without a present of some kind or other; and my fortune began to suffer by my expence: yet I was so bewitched to her, that, though I heartily despised her, I could not help loving her to madness.

One day, when I came to see her after an absence that had raised my desires to the highest pitch, she receiv-

ed me with a fullness and ill-humour that tortured me beyond expression. I conjured her to acquaint me with the cause of it; and she told me, that the last time she was at court, she had seen the Countess d'Aguilar with a diamond-necklace on, which I had given her the day before: that my making such presents to another woman, in the midst of our intrigue, was an insult she was determined not to bear; and that, since I was grown so fond a husband, she could not but make a conscience of disturbing our conjugal felicity.

I offered her any satisfaction she would ask; and the malicious devil had the impudence to tell me, that nothing could satisfy her, but my taking away that necklace from my wife, and giving it her. I entreated her to accept of another of twice it's value; but she replied, that her honour was concerned; and in short she would have that, and that alone. Overcome with her importunities, I went home, and stole it for her; but made her promise me solemnly to be very cautious that my wife should never see it in her possession.

About three days after, word was brought me, that the Countess d'Aguilar had fainted away in the antichamber of the queen, and was gone home in great disorder to her mother's the Countess of Pacheco.

I went immediately thither in such a fright, as convinced me I loved her better than I thought I did: but imagine my confusion, when she informed me, that she had fainted at the sight of her own diamonds on the neck of the Countess Altamiral. She added, that it was no mystery to her, nor to any body else, how that lady came by them; and that, to save herself the mortification of any more such publick affronts, she would no longer live with me as my wife, but leave me at full liberty to please myself, as my licentious inclination should direct.

I used my utmost eloquence to prevail on her to come home to me again; but she remained inflexible, and said no more to all my protestations, but that if her past conduct had not been able to fix my heart, she despaired of doing it for the future.

After living without her half a year, I was ordered to my regiment in Flan-

ders, and was very glad of an occasion to leave Madrid, where the regret of her separation was such a pain to me, that it entirely sunk my spirits. Since my arrival in the army, I have writ to her three or four letters, but she disdained to make me any answer; and I have reason to believe, that her high spirit has by this time got the better of her love.

For my part, I endeavour to amuse myself the best I can with other women: and I desire, my dear Polydore, that we may be always reciprocal confidants of every intrigue that we engage in during our stay in France.

Polydore thanked him, and assured him that, on his part, he should meet with no reserve. When they came to Paris, his first care was to enquire what was become of Septimius and Emilia, whom he had heard no account of for many years. He was informed, that Septimius was dead, and his daughter gone from Paris. His curiosity made him write to his friends in England, to ask if she was there. They answered him, that every body believed she was dead in France, having received no news of her a great while. Polydore was mightily pleased with this account, and fancied himself very happy in being a widower, though he had given himself no trouble to support the character of a husband. The two friends had not resided long at Paris before they were exchanged for some French officers who were taken prisoners by the Prince of Condé. They returned to the army; but the season not permitting them to come to any action, they agreed to pass the winter at Brussels, in the court of the archduke. They had not been there above a month, before Aguilar acquainted his English friend that he had begun an intrigue with a French lady, who lived in a very retired manner, which he believed was owing to her circumstances; that he had seen her two or three times, by means of a woman at whose house she lodged, whose good offices he had secured by a handsome bribe. He added, that he would carry Polydore to see her the next visit that he made. Accordingly, they went together to Mademoiselle Daincourt, for that was the name of Aguilar's new mistress. At their coming in, Daincourt seemed much surprized, changed colour, and was not able to speak a word.

word. The count, alarmed at her disorder, suspected some lover had been with her; and told her, with an air of discontent, that he was sorry he came at to wrong a time. She endeavoured to shake off her confusion, and replied, that he was always very welcome; but that the gentleman he brought with him had so much resemblance of a brother of hers, who was killed in Flanders, that at first sight she could not help being struck with it in the manner they had seen. She added, that if the gentleman was as like her brother in mind, as he was in form, she should be mightily pleased with his acquaintance. She spoke this with such an air of sincerity, that the count began to think his jealousy was without foundation.

After some general discourse, she applied to Polydore, and asked him how long he had been engaged in the Spanish service; with many other more particular enquiries, which seemed to intimate a desire to know him better. Polydore was very glad of it, in hopes to serve his friend; and the count, who had no suspicions on that side, did his utmost to engage them in a friendship which he imagined would turn to his advantage.

At night, when the two gentlemen went home together, Aguilar asked his companion, what he thought of Dalincourt's person and understanding. 'Better of the last than the first,' answered he, 'though both are certainly agreeable. I cannot help thinking,' continued he, 'that her person is not quite new to me; but I cannot recollect where I met with her, except it was at Paris when I was there a boy.' — 'You will do well to improve your acquaintance now,' replied the count; 'and, to give you an opportunity of doing it, I will send you there tomorrow, to make my excuses for being obliged to hunt with the archduke, instead of waiting upon her, as I intended. I know my dear Polydore will employ all his wit and eloquence to set his friend's passion in the best light; and while he is with her, I shall have less uneasiness in being away.' Polydore promised him all the services he could do him; but said, he wished he had got a mistress too, to make the party even.

The next day he went to her, and said a great deal in praise of Aguilar, to discover what she thought of him.

She answered him with terms of a cold esteem, but nothing that gave him the least encouragement to believe she was in love. He then endeavoured to persuade her of the violence of the count's passion for her; but she assured him, that this was the only subject she did not care to hear him talk of. He returned to his friend, quite discouraged at her manner of proceeding, and told him there was nothing to be hoped for. The count shewed him a letter he had just received from his confidente, the lady of the house; which advised him not to think of gaining Dalincourt by a timorous respect; but to offer her at once a handsome settlement, which the straits of her fortune would make her listen to much more kindly than she did to his fine speeches.

'This indeed may do something,' said Polydore; 'for I found, by her discourse, that she had been reduced, by a series of misfortunes, to a condition very much beneath her birth.' In conclusion, they agreed to make a trial, whether she was to be bought or not; and Polydore was made the bearer of a letter which contained a very liberal proposal. She read it, looked at Polydore some time without saying a word, and at last burst out into a flood of tears.

'I thought,' said she, recovering her voice, 'that it had not been in the power of my ill destiny to make me more unhappy; but I now find that my misfortunes have sunk me lower than I ever was aware of; since two gentlemen, whose esteem I wished to gain, think so meanly of me, as to imagine me a proper person to receive such a letter. But know, Sir, that I am as much a stranger to infamy, as I am to happiness; and have a spirit superior to all the wrongs that your insolent sex can put upon me. Had not you disgraced yourself by the scandalous employment of endeavouring to seduce me with a dirty bribe, I should have been happy in seeing you often here; but must now desire you to trouble me no more, and to tell your friend, as my answer to his letter, that I would sooner give myself to a footman, than sell myself to a prince.'

Polydore was infinitely struck with this reception: every word she uttered pierced him to the heart; and he looked upon her as a miracle of virtue, such as

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is essential to gather relevant information and data. This can be done through research, consultation with experts, or by analyzing existing resources.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to analyze it and identify the key factors that influence the outcome. This often involves breaking down the problem into smaller, more manageable parts.

4. After analysis, a plan or strategy should be developed to address the problem. This plan should outline the steps to be taken, the resources needed, and the expected outcomes.

5. The final step is to implement the plan and monitor the progress. This involves executing the tasks outlined in the plan and regularly checking in to ensure that the project is on track.

6. Finally, once the project is complete, it is important to evaluate the results and learn from the experience. This can help to improve future projects and ensure that the same mistakes are not repeated.

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Plate II.

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we never had any notion of before. He returned to the count in great confusion, and acquainted him with the ill success of his commission. Aguilar, more in love with her than ever, writ a most submissive letter to beg her pardon, but she instantly sent it back unopened. When he found all his courtship was ineffectual, he left Brussels in despair, and retired to a villa of one of his friends, where he resolved to stay till the opening of the campaign. In the mean while, Polydore, who continued still at Brussels, was in a situation little easier than his friend. Mademoiselle Dalincourt took up all his thoughts; he repeated to himself a thousand times the last words he heard her speak, and admired the spirit that appeared in them to a degree of adoration.

Not being able to bear her absence any longer, he sent to beg that he might see her once again, upon a business wholly relating to himself. She admitted him, and began the conversation, by strictly forbidding him to name the count in any thing he had to say to her. 'I have no inclination to name him,' replied he; 'for I would willingly forget that I ever knew him. I am sensible that I wrong him, in declaring to you, that I love you more than life; yet, as his passion is quite destitute of hope, why should not I solicit you for a heart to which he has no pretensions? But, be my conduct right or not in regard to him, to you, Madam, it shall ever be most honourable. I come to offer you my whole fortune upon such terms as your virtue need not blush at. I am a widower, and free to marry whom I please; my estate is sufficient for us both, and I am happy to think it in my power to raise you to that rank which you were born to. This, Madam, is the only reparation by which I can atone for the affront I did your character; and, if you refuse to accept of it, my despair will be equal to my love.'

The lady answered him, with blushes, that she was highly sensible of the sentiments he expressed for her; that she liked his person, and admired his understanding; but that, to her misfortune, she was married already; and therefore could say nothing to his proposal. 'Good Heaven,' cried Polydore, 'you are married! And who then is your

husband?'—'The most unworthy of mankind,' answered she; 'one who has abandoned me to the malice of my fortune, and does not know at this time what is become of me, nor troubles himself about it.'—'He is indeed unworthy,' replied the lover, 'who is possessed of such a treasure, and can neglect it. But, Madam, employ me in your revenge: command my sword to pierce the monster's heart, and tear it from his bosom!'—'No,' said she; 'your safety is more dear to me than the desire of revenge. All I ask of you is, to swear that you will never be like that husband; but continue to love me equally when you know me better: upon this condition, I will grant you all the favours which my duty will allow; and, perhaps, your future conduct may prevail upon me to throw off all restraint.'

The happy Polydore swore every thing she desired, and she permitted him to see her when he pleased; but, being informed by him of the treachery of her friend at whose house she lodged, they agreed to make their appointments at another place.

They continued this commerce for some time without any interruption, till the Count d'Aguilar had notice of it from his confidante, who perceived it in spite of all their caution.

Never was rage equal to his at this discovery. He wrote to Polydore, reproaching him with his breach of friendship in the bitterest terms, and required him to meet him with his sword, behind the walls of a nunnery that was situated about two leagues out of Brussels. Polydore accepted of the challenge, and met him at the place appointed: he attempted to justify himself; but the count had not the patience to hear him out; they fought with great fury a good while, till the fortune of Polydore prevailed, and the count fainted away with the loss of blood from two or three wounds which he had received. The other seeing him fall, thought him dead, and made off with the utmost precipitation.

Just at that instant came by a coach and six, which was driving towards the nunnery: a lady who was in it seeing a gentleman lying weltering in his blood, stopped her coach, and went to try if she could assist him. At the sight

of

of the face, she fetched a scream, and fell upon the body in a swoon. Her servants concluding it to be some one she was much concerned for, carried them both into the nunnery, where the lady soon came to herself, and the count also began to shew signs of life, his spirits being agitated by the motion. He was immediately put to bed, and a surgeon sent for, who declared his wounds to be dangerous, but not mortal. While they continued uncertain of his cure, the lady who brought him into the nunnery waited constantly day and night at his bedside, and nursed him with a care that would not yield to a moment of repose. As her face was always covered with a veil, he took her to be one of the nuns, and was astonished at a charity so officious. When he grew better, his curiosity increased, and he ardently pressed her to let him know to whom he owed such great obligations. 'Are you a nun, Madam?' said he: 'I hope you are not; for it would afflict me infinitely if I was never to see you more, after leaving a house where you have done me so many favours.'—'The lady for whom you fought,' answered she, 'will make you soon forget the loss of me; and, though I am not a nun, you will never see me out of the limits of these walls.' 'How, Madam!' said he, 'was you not *out* of them when you found me on the ground, and saved my life?' 'Yes,' replied she; 'I was returning from a visit to a convent in the town: but I will take care not to stir from hence while you are at Brussels, because you are the only man in the world I would avoid.'

This speech so surprized him, that for some time he was not able to make her any answer. At last he told her, that her actions and her words entirely disagreed, and that he could not think himself so hateful to her as she said, when he reflected how kindly she had used him.

'These riddles shall be cleared to you,' answered she, 'when you are perfectly recovered: till then content yourself with knowing that I cannot hate you, but am as much determined to avoid you as if I could.'

Thus ended a conversation which left the count in a perplexity not to be described.

He saw her no more for a few days;

but when she heard that his strength was quite returned, she came to him one morning, and spoke thus:

'If you will know who she is that was so afflicted when your life was in danger; that nursed you so carefully in your illness; and is resolved to quit you for ever when you are well; think of your former gallantries at Madrid, of your present passion for a mistress that despises you, and your ingratitude to a wife that always loved you; think of all this, and you will not wonder any longer at my actions or my words. Yes, Aguilar, I am that wife, whose fate it is to be acquainted with all your infidelities, and to smart for all your follies.'

As she said this, she lifted up her veil, and shewed the astonished count a well known face, which he little expected to have seen in Flanders. All the passions that can agitate the heart of man, shame, remorse, love, gratitude, invaded his in that moment. He threw himself at her feet, and with many tears implored her to forgive him.

She raised him, and assured him of her pardon; nay more, of her affection: 'But my person,' said she, 'I am determined shall be ever separated from you. I have had too many proofs of your inconstancy to hope that any obligations can engage you: you will never be faithful to me alone, and I disdain to share you with another. It is happiness enough for me that I have been the instrument of preserving your life, though you risked it for the sake of another woman; and all the return I ask of you is, to think of me sometimes with kindness, but never to attempt to see me more.'

Aguilar was on the rack to hear her talk in so resolute a stile; but he flattered himself it was owing to her jealousy of Mademoiselle Dalincourt. Being impatient to make her easy on that head, he dispatched one of his servants with a letter to acquaint that lady with his recovery. He begged her earnestly to come to him at the *nunnery*; and, if possible, to bring her lover with her. Polydore had absconded a few days, till he heard that the count was out of danger; after which he continued very publicly his addresses to Dalincourt.

While the messenger was bringing them to the nunnery, Aguilar demanded

of his wife by what accident she came into Flanders.

'You know,' said she, 'that after my discovery of your amour with the Countess Altamira, I retired to my mother's house, and remained there till your departure for the army.'

'Soon afterwards I had the misfortune to lose my mother; and what particularly aggravated my grief, was the knowledge that her concern at your ill usage of me had hastened her death.'

'These afflictions made Madrid so uneasy to me, that I could not bear to stay in it any longer. Luckily, about that time I received a letter from my cousin Eugenia Donna de Montallegre, a religious of this house, to inform me of her being elected abbess; it instantly occurred to me that no place could be more proper for my retreat than a monastery, of which she was the head: so, as soon as I could settle my affairs, I left Spain, and put myself into a pension under the government of Donna Eugenia; in which manner I have lived ever since.'

She had scarce finished this account, when they were interrupted by the arrival of Polydore and Dalinacourt. Madame d'Augilar changed colour at the sight of her; but her husband embracing Polydore, assured him that he no longer looked upon him as a rival, but was glad to resign his mistress to a friend who so well deserved her. Then he related to him the manner in which his wife had tended and preserved him; and expressed so much gratitude, so much love, that if any thing could have shaken her resolution, this would certainly have done it. Mademoiselle Dalinacourt formed much affection at this relation, and told the countess she was infinitely concerned that she had been the innocent cause of her husband's danger; but that she hoped this accident would be a means of making them happy for the future, and put an end to his infidelity, and her resentment.

'My happiness too,' added she, 'is now at stake; and I have need of your friendship to support me in a discovery which I tremble to begin, but which, in justice to my honour, I am obliged to delay no longer.'

At these words she knelt down, and taking hold of Polydore's hand,—'Behold,' said she, 'my dear husband, in

that Dalinacourt, whom you have sworn to love eternally, behold your wife Emilia; that Emilia whom you left a bride and a virgin at sixteen; whom you imagined dead, and who will not live a moment if you refuse to acknowledge and receive her!

'You cannot now complain that I am a wife imposed upon you: you chuse me freely out of pure inclination; our parents had nothing to do in it; love only engaged us; and from love alone I desire to possess you. This is my claim; and if you are willing to allow it, I am blessed to the height of all my wishes.'

Polydore gazed on her with a silent admiration; he examined every feature over and over; then throwing his arms round her neck, and almost stifling her with kisses—'Are you really Emilia?' cried he; 'and have I confirmed my former marriage by a *new choice*, by a *choice* which I never will depart from, and which makes me the happiest of men? O my angel, what wonders do you tell me! How is it possible that I find you here at Brussels, when I thought you in your grave? Explain all this to me; and let me know how much I wronged you formerly, that I may try to repair it all by my future conduct.'

Count Augilar and his Lady joining with him in a desire to know her history, she related it as follows.

#### THE HISTORY OF POLYDORE AND EMILIA.

YOU may remember, Polydore, that as soon as we were parted, I went to live in the country with my father, being ashamed to appear in publick after the affront your capricious aversion had put upon me.

My pride was deeply wounded, but, with shame I own it, my love was the passion that restored me. I was bred up to consider you as my husband; I had learned to love you from a child; and your person was so wonderfully agreeable, that I could not look upon you with indifference. Nay, such was my partiality in your favour, that I could not help admiring you for your part in restoring the freedom of your choice, and justified you in my heart for a proceeding which openly I was obliged

to disapprove. In this wretched state of mind I remained some years, till the unfortunate event of the civil war deprived my father of his estate, and drove him out to seek refuge in a foreign country. We settled at Paris, where, with three or four thousand pounds, which we found means to carry off, part in money, and the rest of it in jewels, we maintained ourselves well enough in a private way, which pleased my melancholy better than any other. In this retreat, where we saw no company, but two or three French women that lodged in the house with us, I amused myself with learning the French tongue, which I had some knowledge of before I came to France; and by speaking nothing else for three or four years, I became so very perfect in it, that it was difficult to discover by my accent that I was not born at Paris. I mention this, because it has since been of use to me, in making me pass more easily upon you for the French woman I personated. The third year of our residence at Paris, my father became acquainted with a widow-lady, the true Madame Dalincourt, whose name has since made me full amends for many injuries I have to charge her with in the sequel of my story. This woman was a native of Brabant, but married a French gentleman, who dying young, left her in very narrow circumstances. She had a sister much younger than herself, but not so handsome, who had lived with her at Paris.

My father was at that time near three-score, and the widow turned of forty; yet her charms were still powerful enough to engage him in a passion for her, which nothing but dotage could excuse. It went so far, that she drew him in to marry her, and to settle upon her three thousand pounds, leaving me no more than the worth of my own jewels, which scarce amounted to a thousand. But her avarice was not satisfied with all this. There was a French nobleman who had long courted me for a mistress, and not finding me so complying as he wished, thought the best way was to buy me of my mother-in-law, whom he knew to be capable of such a bargain. He offered her a present of two thousand crowns to introduce him by night to my apartment. The wicked creature accepted of his bribe; and, taking her opportunity when my father was gone into the country, brought him late one

night into my chamber, where she imagined he would find me fast asleep. But it happened that I and Mademoiselle du Fresne, the sister of Dalincourt, had been engaged in reading a romance, which kept us up beyond our usual hour; and as her room was on the other side of the house, not to disturb the family in passing through, she went to bed to me. The romance ran so strongly in my head, that I could not sleep for thinking of it; and, perceiving that the moon shone very brightly, I got up, slipped on a night-gown, and went out to take a walk in a little garden that lay contiguous to my chamber. I had not been there above half an hour, before I heard Du Fresne call out for help; and, coming in to her assistance, saw my lover struggling with her at such advantage, that I was almost afraid I came too late. I joined my cries to her's, and the noise we made so alarmed the marquis, that he thought it best to retire as soon as possible; especially when he discovered his mistake, and that my infamous mother-in-law had put him to bed to her own ugly sister instead of me.

But, to be revenged of her for what he took to be a design of imposing upon him, he revealed to us the part she had in this affair; and bid me tell her, that he did not think the enjoyment of Mademoiselle Du Fresne worth a quarter of the money he had given her. After making this confession, he went off; and was hardly got safe out of the house, when two or three of our servants came in to us, to know what was the matter. The story soon reached my father's ears; and I was so angry at my stepmother for her intention against my honour, that in the heat of my passion I told him all that the marquis had revealed; and Du Fresne confirmed it; which imprudence we had both reason to repent of. My father was so shocked and afflicted at it, that it threw him into a fever which proved mortal. He was no sooner dead, but his loving widow turned her sister and me out of doors, and it was with great difficulty that I carried off my money and necessary apparel. In this distress, which was the greatest I ever knew, Du Fresne proposed to me to go with her to Brussels, where she had an old aunt whom she expected something from, and that would be willing to receive us. I gladly accepted her proposal, my spirit being too high to re-

turn to England in the condition I was reduced to. When we came to Brussels, we found that her aunt was dead, but had left her the best part of what she had, which amounted to a reasonable subsistence. We agreed that I should board with her under the name of Mademoiselle Dalincourt, and pretend I was a relation of her former brother-in-law; she not caring to say any thing of the last alliance, which had been attended with such ill consequences to us both. Upon this foot I lived with her very quietly, till the Count d' Aguilar found me out; and, by corrupting my mercenary friend, obtained more frequent access to me than I desired.

You remember the disorder I was in when he brought you first to see me: I knew you instantly; for my love had traced your image too strongly in my mind to be effaced by any length of time; whereas your indifference quickly made you lose all memory of me, and the alteration of almost fifteen years had changed my person entirely from what it was when you saw me last. I thought I should have died with the surprise; and was going, as soon as I could speak, to discover myself to you; but perceiving that you did not remember me, I checked myself, and invented a pretence to cover my confusion. It struck me, that I might possibly make some advantage of the disguise in which you saw me; at least, I was sure of the satisfaction of conversing with you freely, and knowing what had happened to you since our parting. When you came to me again as the confidant of the Count d' Aguilar, it was no small revenge and pleasure to me, to see you ignorantly helping another man to debauch your own wife; and I could have found in my heart to have let you succeed in your friendly mediation, as a punishment for the injuries you had done me: but my virtue soon rejected that temptation, and I thought of nothing but how to gain your esteem.

When you brought me the base proposal of Count Aguilar, it appeared to me such a mark of your contempt, that I fully resolved not to see you any more. But when you expressed a repentance of that fault, and declared a respectful passion for me, even to the offering me marriage, I yielded to the

dictates of my love, and admitted you to all freedoms but one; that I told you your future conduct might obtain; and I believe (said she blushing) you will hardly now have the same reluctance to accept it as you had formerly. But though I had thus engaged you by your promise, and still more by your inclination, my happiness was far from being fixed. While the name of Emilia was concealed, I could not tell how the knowledge of it might affect you. It was still in your power to make me miserable, by being angry with my innocent deceit; but since you have been so good to approve it, and acknowledge me for your wife, I shall make it my whole study and ambition to deserve that title, and never think of my past misfortunes, but to enhance my present happiness.

Thus Emilia ended her narration; and received the compliments of Count Aguilar and his lady, who both expressed the highest joy at her good fortune.

Polydore, on his side, endeavoured to persuade the countess to follow the example of Emilia, and be reconciled to her husband. She answered him coldly, That she had too much experience of the temper of the count to truit to a sudden fit of fondness, which would wear itself out in a few months. That she was neither so young, nor so handsome now, as before their separation; how then could she flatter herself, that he would like her better when she was really less amiable; that what she had done for him might secure her his esteem, but she had received abundant proof that his esteem could but ill secure his love. 'I know,' said she, 'the weakness of my heart: were I to live with him again, I should be jealous of him, even though he did not give me cause; and that would certainly make us both unhappy. It is better for me to leave him to his pleasures, and endeavour to secure my own tranquillity, by retiring from a world which I am unfit for.'

Polydore, finding it in vain to argue with her, and admiring the greatness of her mind, took his leave of the count, and returned to Brussels, where his marriage with Emilia was consummated almost twenty years after it was contracted!

## LETTER XXXII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Went yesterday with one of my acquaintance to see a friend of his who has a house about twenty miles from London. He had formerly been a citizen and tradesman, but growing rich on a sudden by some lucky hit in the more profitable trade of stock-jobbing, he as suddenly set up for a judge in architecture, painting, and all the arts which men of quality would be thought to understand, and built this house as a specimen of his learning. When we came in, though it was in the midst of winter, we were carried into a room without a fire-place; and which *looked*, if possible, still colder than it *felt*. 'I suppose,' said I, 'this *stone-vault* that we are in is designed to be the *burying-place* of the family: but I should be glad to see the rooms in which they *live*, for the chiltness of these walls is insupportable to a Persian constitution.'

'I see,' said my companion, 'that you have *no taste*, or else you could not be so cold in a *saloon* so beautiful as this.'

Before I had time to make him any answer, the master of the house came in; but, instead of carrying us to a fire, as I hoped he would, he walked us about all his vast apartments, then down into the offices under ground, and last into a garden, where a north-east wind, that blew very keen from off a *beach* to which it was laid open, finished what the *saloon* had begun, and gave me a cold, which took away my voice in the very instant that I was going to complain of what he made me suffer. At length we ended our observations, and sat down to dinner in a room where, by good fortune, the rules of architecture allowed us to be warm: but when the meat was served, I was in great confusion not to know how to ask for any dish of all I saw before me; for it seems the gentleman ate in the *French way*, and nothing came up to his table in its natural form: my uneasiness was still greater when, upon tasting of five or six different compositions, I found they were all mixed with the flesh of larded hogs, which I could not touch without pollution.

After losing my dinner in this man-

ner, I was entertained all the evening with a conversation between the gentleman of the house and another man, (who they told me was an architect) so stuffed with hard words and terms of art, that I could not understand one part in five of it. They talked much of certain men called *virtuosi*, whom, by the near relation their title bore to *virtue*, I took at first to be a *set of rigid moralists*: but, upon enquiry, I discovered that they were a company of *fiddlers, eunuchs, painters, builders, gardeners*, and, above all, gentlemen that had *travelled into Italy*, who immediately came home perfect *virtuosi*, though they went out *the dullest fellows* in the world. This order of men, which is pretty numerous, (as I could collect from the discourse of *these two adepts*) assume a sort of *legislative authority* over the body of their countrymen: they bid one man pull down his house, and build another, which he can neither pay for nor inhabit; they take a dislike to the furniture of a second, and command him to change it for a different one more expensive and less commodious; they order a third to go and languish at an *opera*, when he had rather be hallooing in a bear-garden: it is even feared they will take upon them to decide what sort of woman every man shall be *in love with*, and prescribe a particular colour of eyes and hair for the only object of *universal inclination*.

I desired to be informed whether *this jurisdiction* had been *ancient* in this kingdom, having met with no traces of it in history.

'No,' said he, 'it is so *modern*, that all the laws of it are changed once in every seven years; and that which before was the only thing *right*, becomes at once a *high crime and misdemeanour*.'

Upon the whole, it appears to me to be a kind of *epidemical madness*; and I am afraid to return to my own country, for fear I should carry it with me thither, as those who have been in Italy bring the infection along with them into England.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

HERE is a lady's house where I often pass my time, though I have little intimacy with her, because it is being in a *public place*, and making visit to half the town. The first I went thither, I congratulated her prodigious number of her friends; told her that she must certainly be fed of most extraordinary perfection to attract such a variety of people, leave them all alike. But I soon that, in all that crowd of visitants, was hardly one who came thither on account; but that their reasoning was the same as her's for regarding them, because they had nothing to do.

The last time I was there, I met a man, whose character I was still a stranger to, though I was very well acquainted with his face.

I want to know," said I to a lady that sat next me, "what is the merit of that gentleman over-against us, which recommends him so much to all the world? It seems to me that he does nothing, says nothing, means nothing, is nothing; yet I always see him in good company!"

"His character," said she, "may be comprehended in very few words; he is a *good-natured man*."

"I am mighty glad to hear it," replied I; "for I want such a man very much: there is a friend of mine in great distress, and it lies in his power to do him service."

"No," said she, "he is of too indolent a temper to give himself the trouble of serving any body."

"Then what signifies his *good-nature*?" answered I; "or, how do you know that he *has any*?"

During this dialogue between us, the rest of the company had turned their discourse wholly upon scandal; and few reputations were spared by them, that were good enough to be thought *worth attacking*.

The *good-natured* man sat silently attentive, and with great humanity let them abuse his absent friends as much as they thought fit.

When that was over, he began to entertain us with his sorrow for the death of a noble person, who, he said, had been his patron and benefactor: but, methought, he talked of it mightily *at his ease*; and the lady who had given me his character, whispered me, that notwithstanding his obligations and love to *the deceased*, he was now making court to *his worst enemy*, as obsequiously as he ever had to *him*.

At that instant there came in a certain colonel, who, as soon as he saw my gentleman, ran up to him; and, embracing him very tenderly—"My dear Jack," said he, "thou shalt be *drunk* with me to-night!"

"You know I have been ill," said the other gently; "and *drinking* does not agree with me."

"No matter for that," replied the colonel; "you must positively be *drunk* before you sleep, for I am disappointed of my company, and will not be reduced either to drink by myself, or to go to bed sober."

The *good-natured* man could not resist such obliging solicitations: he kindly agreed to the proposal; and all the room expressed their apprehensions, that his *good-nature* would be the death of him some time or other.

## LETTER XXXIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE last night so extraordinary a dream, and it made such an impression on my mind, that I cannot forbear giving thee an account of it.

I thought I was transported, on a sudden, to the palace of Isfahan. Our mighty lord was sitting on a throne, the splendor of which my eyes could hardly bear.



bear: at the foot of it were his emirs, and great officers, all prostrate on the ground in adorations, and expecting their fate from his commands. Around him stood a multitude of his guards, ready to execute any orders he should give, and striking terror into the hearts of all his subjects. My soul was awed with the majesty of the scene; and I said to myself—'Can a king of England compare himself to this? Can he whose authority is confined within the narrow bounds of law, pretend to an equality with a monarch whose power has no limits but his will?'

I had scarce made this reflection, when, turning my eyes a second time towards the throne, instead of the *sopbi*, I saw an *eunuch* seated there, who seemed to govern more despotically than he. The *eunuch* was soon changed into a woman, who also took the *tiara* and the sword; to her succeeded another, and then a third: but before she was well established in her seat, the captain of

the guards that stood around us marched up to the throne, and seized upon it. In that moment I looked, and beheld the *sopbi* lying strangled on the floor with his *vizir*, and three of his *sulanas*. Struck with horror at the spectacle, I left the palace; and, going out into the city, saw it abandoned to the fury of the soldiers, who pillaged all its riches, and cut the throats of the defenceless inhabitants. From thence I made my escape into the country, which was a waste, uncultivated desert, where I found nothing but idleness and want.

'O,' said I, 'how much happier is England, and how much greater are its kings! Their throne is established upon justice, and therefore cannot be overturned. They are guarded by the affections of their people, and have no military violence to fear. They are the most to be honoured of all princes, because their government is best framed to make their subjects rich, happy, and safe.'

## LETTER XXXV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Had some discourse to-day with an English gentleman, who has an affectation of being thought a great *philosopher*: his pretensions to it consist in nothing else but refining away all the happiness of his life. By a great force of reasoning, he is arrived at a total *disrelish* of himself, and as compleat an *indifference* to others. 'I am quite weary of living,' said he to me. 'I have gone through every thing that bears the name of pleasure, and am absolutely disgusted with it all. I have no taste for the common amusements of wine, women, or play, because I have experienced the foily of pursuing them; and as for business, it appears

'to me to be more *ridiculous* than any of the three. The bustle of the town disturbs my quiet, and in the country I am dying of the spleen. I believe I shall go with you into *Peria*, only to change the scene a little; and when I am tired of being there, take a dose of *opium*, and remove to the other world.'

I hope, *Mirza*, that thou and I shall never know what it is to be *so wise*; but make the best of those comforts and delights which nature has kindly bestowed upon us, and endeavour to diffuse them as wide as possible, by the practice of those virtues from which they flow.

## LETTER XXXVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THERE is another gentleman of my acquaintance, who is a *philosopher*, but of a species very different from him I described to thee in my last.

He is possessed of a considerable estate, which his friends are as much masters of as he: his children love him out of a principle of *gratitude*, by far more en-  
dearing

than that of *duty*; and his consideration of him as a *father*, whom it is *unnatural* for them not to *obey*. Slaves are never hurt by drought because the goodness of their masters amends for the inclemency of the weather.

The whole country looks *gay* about the capital, and you may trace all his bounty by his bounties.

It is not strange, I have often heard, that men should be so delicate, not to bear a *disagreeable picture* in their houses, and yet force a *face* they see about them to wear a *mask* of uneasiness and discontent.

Is there any object so pleasing to the eye, as the sight of a man whom we are obliged to? or any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of a benefactor? Is there also a deep sense of religion; so far from casting a gloom over

his mind, that it is to *that* chiefly he owes his constant serenity. 'Were there no reward,' said he to me in our last conversation, 'for virtue after this life, a wise man would practise it for its own beauty and reasonableness *here*; yet the wisest man, in that case, might be unhappy from the perversity of accidents: but he who adds to the pleasures of virtue the hopes of religion, has no excuse for sinking under any misfortune; and, without the extravagance of philosophical pride, may always find a resource in his mind, as much superior to all human events, as the infinite extent of eternity is beyond the short bounds of human duration.'

Such are the notions of this man concerning *happiness*; and it is probable they are not very *wrong*, for he himself is never *out of humour*, nor is it possible to be so in *his company*.\*

## LETTER XXXVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

At last night with my friend to a lady whose house is the favourite of the most agreeable people of the city. The lady herself renews with a good breeding, which was the result of good sense: treated me as a *stranger* that came not like a *monster* that came to; and seemed more desirous to put me in a good light herself to me, a Persian, than to set me in a bad one to her company. The conversation turned upon various subjects, all which she bore a consideration not a petulant or over-bearing mind with modesty shewed herself a possessor of most of the living languages, unacquainted with ancient and modern history.

The rest of the company had their due share of the conversation, which was carried on with spirit and good manners. A gentleman in particular distinguished himself by the superiority of his wit, adorned with so much delicacy and grace, that none who heard him felt

themselves hurt by that *pre-eminence* which he alone seemed not to be conscious of.

His wit was all founded on good sense; it was wit which a Persian could comprehend as easily as an Englishman; whereas most that I have met with from other men, who are ambitious of being admired for that accomplishment, is confined not only to the taste of their own countrymen, but to that of their own peculiar set of friends. When this gentleman had entertained us for an hour or two, with the justest, as well as liveliest remarks, both on persons and things, that I ever heard, he went away; and, to comfort us for losing him, there came in *the man of great good-nature*, whom I described to thee in one of my former letters.

This *courteous person* hearing all of us very warm in praise of the *other's* wit, joined in with us, but ended his panegyric with a plain, though indirect insinuation, that there was a *satirical turn* in it, which rendered it very

\* This is evidently the portrait of our noble author's father.

*dangerous*, and that the gentleman could not possibly be so witty but at the expense of his good-nature.

I could not help being quite angry at so impertinent and ill-grounded a reflection, on a man for whom I had conceived a great esteem, and desired to know why he supposed him to be *ill-natured*, only because he was not *dull*. 'Has he abused,' said I, 'any worthy man? has he defamed any woman of good character? If all the edge of his wit is turned on those who are justly the objects of ridicule, his wit is as great a benefit to *private life*, as the sword of the magistrate is to *the public*.' 'lick.'

My gentleman, fearing to be drawn into a dispute which he could not carry on without exposing the secret envy of his heart, changed the discourse; and for the rest of his stay among us, which was not very long, kept a most strict silence, and gave no other indications of life, but that of laughing whenever any body laughed, and nods and gestures of approbation to whoever spoke.

The moment he was gone, I told my friend, that I did not much wonder to see that gentleman in *mixed company*, where it was enough that he gave no offence; but that, in a select society as this was, he should be received only from a general notion of his *good-nature*, which was supported by no one action of his life, seemed to me entirely unaccountable. For, even allowing his pretensions to that title, I was surprized that such a character should be so *scarce*, as to make it so very valuable.

'I can easily conceive,' continued I, 'that the notorious reverse of that virtue would be a good reason to *turn a man out of company*; but I cannot think that the possession of that virtue, destitute of all others, is a reason for *letting him into it*.'

'If you will keep my secret,' replied my friend, 'I will tell you the whole truth; but if you discover me, I shall pass for *ill-natured* myself. You must know then, that there are about this town ten thousand such fellows

as this, who, without a grain of sense or merit, make their way by reciprocally complimenting one another. Their numbers make them formidable, especially supported, as they are, by the fair-sex. They sneak into good company, like *dogs*, after some man of sense, whom they seem to belong to; where they neither *bark* nor *bite*, but *cringe* and *fawn*; so that neither good manners nor humanity will allow one to kick them out, till at last they acquire a sort of *right by sufferance*. They preserve their character by having no will of their own, which in reality is owing to their having no distinguishing judgment: they are all possessed of some degree of cunning; and their passions are too low and dull to break in upon it, or hurry them into the indiscretions of men of parts. Besides, they know that they are in a constant state of probation, where the least transgression damns them: they carry no compensation about them; for *active* faults will not be borne, where there are at best but *negative* virtues. The small number of people of sense are forced to submit in this, as in many other silly customs, to a tyrannical majority, and lavish undeservedly the valuable character of good-nature, to avoid being as unjustly branded with that of ill-nature themselves.'

'Might not another reason be given for it?' answered I. 'Are not *vanity* and *self-love* the great causes of not only the toleration, but the privilege these people enjoy? and does not security from censure, certainty of applause, or the discovery of an eminent superiority, prevail with those of the best parts to really like, what they only pretend to suffer, the conversation of those of the worst?'—'Very possibly,' replied my friend: 'at least the *vanity* of the wisest is certainly the *comfort* of the weakest, and seems to be given as an allay to superior understandings, like cares to superior passions, to preserve a certain degree of equality that Providence intended among mankind.'

## LETTER XXXVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Had yesterday the pleasure of a spectacle, than which nothing is more striking to a foreigner, because he can have a right idea of it no where else: I saw the three estates of the kingdom assembled in parliament. The king was on his throne in all his majesty; around him sat the peers in their different robes; at the bar stood the speaker of the commons, attended by the house. Accustomed as I am to the sublime court of our great emperor, I beheld this scene with much more reverence, but it was reverence mixed with love. Now, and never till now, did I see a true image of *civil government*, the support and perfection of human society. A tyrant's court is no more worthy to be compared with this assembly, than a lion's den with a temple. Here such laws as, after mature and free deliberation, have obtained the concurrence of the *nobles* and *commons*, receive the *royal assent*;

nor can any bind the people, which have not the authority of that *triple sanction*. A gentleman who came with me made me observe, that when the commons sent up the subsidies granted to the king, he *thanked them* for them, as an acknowledgment that he had no power to raise them without their consent. 'Anciently,' added he, 'supplies of money and redress of grievances went together; but such is the present happiness of our condition, that we have *more* money than ever to bestow, and *no* grievances at all to be redressed.'

'I have heard,' said I, 'that when these gifts are most liberal, they have a natural tendency, like plentiful exhalations drawn from the earth, to fall again upon the place from whence they came.'

He was going to answer me, when the house rose, and put an end to my enquiries.

## LETTER XXXIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THIS morning I received a visit from the gentleman under whose conduct I had been at the house of lords. After some general discourse upon that subject, he asked me what I thought of their nobility.

'I am too great a stranger,' answered I, 'to have formed a right opinion of what they are; but, if you please, I will tell you freely what I think they should be.'

'An English nobleman should be a strenuous asserter of the privileges of the people, because he is perpetually entrusted with the care of them; and at the same time desirous to preserve the just rights of the crown, because it is the source from which his honour is derived.'

'He should have an estate that might set him above dependance; and employ the superfluities, if such there were,

not in improving luxury, but in extending charity.'

'He should make his dignity easy to his inferiors by the modesty and simplicity of his behaviour; nor ever think himself too great for the lowest offices of friendship and humanity.'

'He should claim no *privilege* that might exempt him from the strictest rules of justice; and afford his *protection*, not to men *obnoxious to the law*, but to every modest virtue and useful art.'

'The character you have drawn,' replied my friend, 'though it be *rare*, yet is not *imaginary*: some there are to whom still it may belong; and it eminently exists in a young nobleman, *grandson and heir* to a late illustrious commander\*, whose name, even in Persia, is *not unknown*.'

\* Duke of Marlborough,

## LETTER XL.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE English are blest with some privileges which no other nation now in the world enjoys in so high a degree. One is, that they cannot be long deprived of their liberty upon suspicion of any crime, not even of treason itself, without being brought to a trial: another is, that they cannot be *tortured*, either to force a confession of what is laid to their charge, or a discovery of their accomplices. It is a wonderful thing, that even in many free states, these two essential rights of human nature have not been secured: for can any thing be more repugnant to natural justice, than to punish without proof of a crime? Or is there a greater punishment than long imprisonment and the infliction of violent pain, either of which is worse than death to an innocent man? From both these evils the English are guarded by their excellent laws; which have also provided, that none shall undergo the vexation and shame of a trial in a criminal cause without the consent of twelve of their countrymen, who are called the *grand jury*; nor can sentence be passed upon them, but by the unanimous voice of twelve more of their equals, with as strong provisions (in trials for treason especially) against any influence of fear or corruption, as human laws are able to frame. To these glorious privileges is added the right of being taxed by none but their represen-

tatives, of advising the king in a parliamentary manner upon all matters of government, of enquiring into the conduct of ministers, of arraigning the guilty, and taking them out of the shelter of the throne, liberty of speech in parliament, and liberty of writing and publishing with all decent freedom what every man thinks upon publick affairs.

When I consider all these advantages, and reflect on the state I am in when in my own country, exposed upon the lightest suspicion to be shut up in a prison, to be tortured there, and, if ever brought out from thence, to be tried by a partial judge, possibly by my accuser himself, to have my estate taken from me at the emperor's pleasure, having no means of redress against him or his ministers, and deprived of the power even to complain; when I reflect on all this, I cannot but look upon the lowest subject of England with envy, and with respect, as I should on a being of an order superior to mine.

But, on the other hand, were there an Englishman wicked and foolish enough, to give up the least of these rights for any temptation of fortune or power, I should look down upon him, however exalted by titles or wealth, with more contempt than upon the lowest slave in my seraglio: for, if *unwilling slavery* be the worst of misfortunes, *voluntary servitude* is the basest of crimes.

## LETTER XLI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

ABOUT a fortnight ago, I went, in company with one of my acquaintance, to see a place in this city, called the *Exchange*, which is the general rendezvous of all the merchants, not only of England, but the whole trading world. I never yet came into an assembly with so much respect as into this. 'These,' said I to my friend, 'are the most useful, and therefore the most honourable, of mankind. They are

' met here to carry on the common happiness; their *gains* are the *advantage* of the publick; and their *labour* makes the *ease* of human life.'

I had scarce spoke these words, when he carried me out into a *neighbouring alley*, where I also saw some busy faces, but which looked, methought, very different from the *others*. 'These,' said he, 'are a sort of *traders*, whose whole business is confined within the com-

‘ pass of this alley, where they create a kind of ebb and flow, which they know how to turn to good account; but which is destructive to all trade, except *their own*. Nay, they have sometimes raised such violent *tempests* *here*, that half the wealth of the nation has been sunk by it.’

‘ They are then a sort of *magicians*,’ answered I.

‘ A most *diabolical* one truly,’ replied he; ‘ and, what is most wonderful, the *masters of the art* have the secret to render themselves *invisible*: though

‘ they are always *virtually present here*, they never appear to vulgar eyes; but some of their *imps* are frequently discovered, and by their motions the skilful in this traffick steer their course and regulate their ventures.’

While he was saying this to me, there came up to us an ill-looking fellow, and asked if we had any *stock* to sell.

My friend whispered me in the ear, that this was an *imp*: I started; called on Mahomet to protect me, and made the best of my way out of the alley.

## LETTER XLII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THAT Abdallah, whom I mentioned in a former letter, is gone from England. Thou wilt be affected with the virtue of the man, when I tell thee the cause of his departure. He sent last week to desire I would come to him; I came, and found him oppressed with the deepest sorrow. ‘ Ah, Selim,’ said he to me, ‘ I must leave thee: I must go, and discharge my duty to the best of fathers; I must give my all for him to whom I owe it.’ At these words, he put a letter into my hand, which he had just received the day before: I found by it, that his father, who was a merchant, in a voyage from Grand Cairo to Aleppo, was taken by a cruizer of the isle of Malta; and, being unable himself to pay his ransom, had written to his son to do it for him. ‘ Thou knowest,’ said he to me, ‘ that I am not rich; to raise the sum demanded for my father’s liberty, I must sell all my effects, and leave myself without the means of a subsistence, except what my labour can procure me. But my own distress is not what concerns me most; the fear of poverty cannot fright me from my duty; I only grieve for the fate of my poor wife, whom the ruin of my fortune will expose to indigence and shame. It is for her sake that I have sent for you; and I conjure you, by all our friendship, by the prophet and the God whom we adore, not to refuse me the first favour I ever asked.’ When he had said this, he opened the door of another

room, where I saw a beautiful woman in the Turkish habit, who, with a modesty peculiar to our eastern ladies, endeavoured to conceal herself from my regards. ‘ Come hither, Zelis,’ said my friend, ‘ and see the man whom I have chosen to protect you: see him who must shortly be your husband, in the room of the unfortunate Abdallah.’ Then, turning to me, and weeping bitterly—‘ This,’ cried he, ‘ O Selim! is the grace for which I am a suppliant: permit me to give her to a man who I know will use her well; I am resolved to divorce her this very instant, according to the power allowed me by our law, if you will consent to take her for your wife; nor could the sopher himself make you a present of greater value. If the charms of her person are not sufficient to recommend her to you, know that her mind is still fairer and more accomplished. I brought her with me into England three years ago, in all which time she has hardly stirred out of my house, nor desired any company but mine. It is impossible to be happier with a wife than I have been with her; nothing should ever have prevailed on me to part with her, but the desire to separate her from my misfortunes, and to procure her a maintenance agreeable to her birth and merit, which I am no longer able to provide for her myself.’

He had scarce ended, when the lady, tearing her hair, and beating the whitest breast I ever saw, implored him not to

think of a separation, more painful to her than any misery that poverty could reduce her to.

After many passionate expressions of her love, she declared that she would accompany him to Malta, and beg her bread with him afterwards if it was necessary, rather than stay behind in the most affluent condition. But he positively refused to let her go, and insisted upon giving her to me, as the only expedient to make him easy. 'To carry her with me,' said he, 'would be exposing her to such dangers and wants, as I cannot endure even to think of: but I less can I bear the thought of leaving her here, in a nation of infidels, among women *who have given up modesty*, and men who profess to *make war upon it* wherever it is to be found. Your house is the only asylum to which her virtue can safely retire. As your wife, she will be protected from any insult, even in *this land of licentiousness*.' To these words of Abdallah, Zelis replied with many arguments, but with more tears. I continued some time a silent witness of this extraordinary dispute; but at

last, seeing him determined to divorce her, I told him, I would accept her as a treasure committed to my hands, not for my own use, but to secure it for my friend: that she should remain with me under the character of my wife, but I would always be a stranger to her bed; and if at his return he found himself in circumstances sufficient to maintain her, I would restore her back again to him untouched; or, in case they should mutually desire it, carry her with me to my seraglio in the east. They were both much comforted with this assurance; and Zelis consented to stay with me, since Abdallah commanded it. The poor man embarked for Malta the following week, with his whole fortune on board for his father's ransom, and left me so touched at his filial piety, that I made an offer to pay part of it myself; but he told me I had done enough for him in taking care of what was dearest to him upon earth, and refused any further succour from me.

N. B. This story is resumed in Letter LXXVI.

## LETTER XLIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Lately fell into discourse with an Englishman, who has well examined the constitution of his country. I begged him to tell me what he thought of the present state of it. 'Two principal evils,' answered he, 'are making way for arbitrary power, if the court should ever be inclined to take advantage of them, viz. the abuse of our wealth and the abuse of our eloquence: the last is, if possible, more mischievous than the first; for it seduces those whom money could not corrupt: it is the most pernicious of all our refinements, and the most to be dreaded in a free country. To speak truth is the privilege of a freeman; to do it roundly and plainly, is his glory: thus it was that the ancient Romans debated every thing that concerned the commonwealth, at a time when they best knew how to govern, before Greece had infected them with rhetoric. As nothing was propounded to them with disguise, they easily judged what was

most for their honour and interest. But the thing called Eloquence here is of another kind: it is less the talent of enforcing truth, than of imposing falsehood; it does not depend on a true knowledge of the matter in debate, for generally it aims at nothing more than a specious appearance: nor is wisdom a necessary quality in the composition of an orator; he can do without it very well, provided he has the happy facility of discoursing smoothly, and asserting boldly.' I own to thee, Mirza, this account surprised me: we have no knowledge in the east of such an eloquence as this man described; it is our custom to speak naturally and pertinently, without ever imagining that there was an art in it, or that it was possible to talk finely upon a subject which we do not understand.

'Pray, Sir,' said I, 'when these orators you tell me of have been caught two or three times *in a lie*, do not you treat them with the utmost contempt?'

— Ques

— 'Quite the contrary,' answered he; 'the whole merit and pride of their profession is to *deceive*: they are to lay false colours upon every thing; and the greater the imposition is, the greater their reputation. The orator who can only persuade us to act against some of our lesser interests, is *but a genius of the second rate*; but he who can compel us by his eloquence to violate the most essential, is *an ableman indeed*, and will certainly *rise very high*. I suppose it may be your custom in Persia to bestow employments on such persons as have particularly qualified themselves for them: you put the care of the army and the marine into the hands of soldiers and seamen; you make one man secretary of state, because he has been bred in foreign courts, and understands the interests of your neighbouring princes; to another you trust the revenue, because he is skilful in œconomy, and has proved himself above the temptation of embezzling what passes through his hands.'— 'Yes,' replied I, 'this is surely the right method; and I conclude it must be yours.'— 'No,' said he; 'we are above those vulgar prejudices; such qualifications are not requisite among us: to be fit for any or all of these posts, one must be a *good speaker in parliament*.'— 'How!' said I; 'because I make a fine harangue

upon a treaty of peace, am I therefore fit to superintend an army?'— 'We think so,' answered he: 'And if I can plausibly defend a minister of state from a reasonable charge brought against him, have I thereby a title to be taken into the administration?'— 'Beyond dispute, in this country,' answered he. 'Why then, by Mahomet!' said I, 'your government may well be sick: what a distempered body must that be whose members are so monstrously out of joint, that there is no one part in it's proper place! If my tongue should undertake to do the office of my head and arms, the absurdity and the impotency would be just the same.'

'Yet thus,' said he, 'we go on; lamely enough I must confess; but still admiring our own wise policy, and laughing at the rest of the world.'

'You may laugh,' replied I, 'as you think fit: but if the sultan my master had among his counsellors such an orator as you describe, a fellow that would prate away truth, equity, and common-sense; by the tomb of our holy prophet! he would make a *mule* of him, and set him to watch over the *seraglio* instead of the *state*.'

At these words I was obliged to take my leave, and our discourse was broke off till another meeting.

## LETTER XLIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE next day I saw my friend again, and he resumed the subject of eloquence. 'You cannot imagine,' said he to me, 'of what fatal consequence this art of haranguing has been to all free states: good laws have been established by wise men, who were far from being eloquent; and eloquent men, who were far from being wise, have every where destroyed or corrupted them. Look into history, you will find, that the same period which carried eloquence to it's perfection, was almost always mortal to liberty. The republics of Greece, and that of Rome, did not see their most celebrated orators till the very moment that their constitutions were overturned. And how indeed should it be other-

wise? When once it becomes a fashion to advance men to dignity and power, not for the good counsel that they give, but for an agreeable manner of recommending bad ones, it is impossible that a government so administered can long subsist. Is any thing complained of as amiss? Instead of redress, they give you an oration: Have you proposed a good and needful law? In exchange for that you receive an oration. Has your natural reason determined you upon any point? Up gets an orator, and so confounds you, that you are no longer able to reason at all. Is any right measure to be obstructed, or wrong one to be advanced? There is an orator always ready, and it is most charmingly per-

formed



‘formed to the delight of all the hearers.’

‘I do not know,’ said I, ‘what pleasure you may find in being deceived; but I dare say, should these gentlemen undertake to instruct a merchant in his business, or a farmer in his work, without understanding either trade or husbandry, they would only be laughed at for their pains; and yet when they attempt to persuade a nation to commit a thousand senseless faults, they are listened to with great attention, and come off with abundance of applause. But, for my part, I think they deserve nothing but hatred and contempt, for daring to play with such sacred things as truth, justice, and publick good, in so wanton and dissolute a manner.’

‘Most certainly,’ answered he, ‘they are very dangerous to all society; for what is it they profess? Do not they make it their boast that they have the power to soothe or enflame; that is, in proper terms, to make us partial or to make us mad? Are either of these tempers of the mind agreeable to the duty of a judge, or of a counsellor of state? I maintain, that it would be just as proper for us to decide a question of right or wrong after a debauch

of wine or a dose of opium, as after being heated or cooled, to the degree we often are, by the address of one of these skilful speakers.

‘Wifely was it done by the Venetians, to banish a member of their senate, (as I have read they did) only because they thought he had too much eloquence, and gained too great an ascendant in their councils by that bewitching talent. Without such a caution there is no safety; for we are led, when we fancy that we act most freely; and the man who can master our affections will have but little trouble with our reason. But to shew you the power of oratory in it’s strongest light, let us see what it does with religion: in itself it is simple and beneficent, full of charity and humility; and yet, let an eloquent Jesuit get up into a pulpit, what monstrous systems will he draw out of it! What pride, what tyranny, will he make it authorize! How much rancour and malignity will he graft upon it! If then the laws of God may be thus corrupted by the taint of eloquence, do we wonder that the laws of men cannot escape?’—‘No,’ said I; ‘no mischiefs are to be wondered at, where the reason of mankind is so abused.’

## LETTER XLV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE conversation I repeated to thee in my last letter, was heard by a gentleman that sat near us, who, I have been told, has found his account so much in eloquence, as to be interested in the defence of it. Accordingly, he attacked my friend, and told him, he was afraid he had forgot his history, or he would have recollected that Demosthenes and Cicero, the two greatest orators that ever were, employed their rhetoric in the service of their country. ‘I might,’ perhaps,’ answered he, ‘make some objections to the integrity of both; but, allowing what you say, it amounts to no more than this, that eloquence may be of service to mankind in the possession of very good men; and so may arbitrary power, of the greatest service: but yet we say in England, that it is wiser not to trust to it; be-

cause, as it is generally managed, it becomes a most grievous oppression. And, I am sure, I can shew you in history as many orators that have abused their eloquence, as kings that have abused their authority: for, besides the wickedness common to human nature, the vanity of making a bad cause appear a good one is in itself a dangerous temptation. When a man sees he is able to impose on the judgments of others, he must be a very honest and very modest one indeed, if he never does it wrongfully.’—‘Alas, Sir!’ returned his antagonist, ‘the generality of men are too weak to bear truth! They must be cheated into happiness.’—‘I am sure they are often cheated out of it,’ replied my friend: ‘nor can I wholly agree to your proposition in the sense you understand it. It may

necessary for the government of kind, not to tell them the *whole*; something may be proper to be behind the veil of policy; but it is unnecessary to tell them *lies*.

These *pious frauds* are the inventions of very *impious men*; they are the sons of those who make the publick a pretence for serving their privices. Let us consider how man was governed in those ages and where they are known to have the happiest. How was it in Athens, while the laws of Solon prevailed their force? Was it then thought necessary to *lie* for the good of the monwealth? No; the people were informed of every thing that concerned them; and as they judged by natural understanding, their determinations were right, and their actions glorious: but when the orators got the dominion over them, and were *deceived* upon the principle of establish, what was the consequence? Their leaders became factious, corrupt, their government venal, their publick councils uncertain and fluctuating, either too *weakly fearful*,

or too *rashly bold*; till at last, from generous, high-spirited freemen, they sunk into prating, contemptible slaves. In Rome, the case was much the same; as long as they were a great and free people, they understood not these political refinements. All governments in their first institution were founded in truth and justice, and the first rulers of them were generally honest men; but, by length of time, corruption is introduced, and men come to look upon those frauds as necessary to government, which their forefathers abhorred as destructive to it.—‘It does not,’ said I, ‘belong to me to decide in this dispute: but it seems to be highly important, that *this power of deceiving for the publick good* should be lodged in safe hands. And I suppose that such among you as are trusted with it are very *constant* and *uniform* in their principles. Though the *colours* may vary, the *ground* of their conduct is still the same. What with them is the *essential* and *fundamental* interest of the nation *now*, will certainly be so *next year*: disgrace or favour can make no difference.’

## LETTER XLVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

As the other day in company with a clergyman, who has the education of several young noblemen committed to him. A trust of this importance made me regard him as one of the most *valuable* men in England. ‘This,’ said I to myself, ‘has much to answer for: the virtue and happiness he next age will in a great measure end on his capacity.’ I was very desirous to enter into discourse with him, might know if he was equal to his task, and tried all the common topics of conversation; but on none of them was I able to draw a word from him.

At last, upon some point being touched, which gave him occasion to quote in poet, he opened all at once, and poured forth such a deluge of hard words, composed out of all the learned languages, that though I understood but of his meaning, I could not help admiring his elocution.

As his scholars were many of them born to an hereditary share in the legislature, I concluded he must be thoroughly acquainted with the English constitution, and able to instruct them in the knowledge of it: but, upon asking him some questions on that subject, I found, to my very great surprize, that he was more a stranger to it than myself, and had no notions of government, but what he drew from the *imaginary* republic of a Greek philosopher. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘you at least instruct your scholars in Grecian and Roman *virtue*; you light up in them a *spirit of liberty*; you exercise them in *justice* and *magnanimity*; you form them to a resemblance of the *great characters* they meet with in ancient authors.’—‘Far from it,’ said a gentleman in company; ‘they are accustomed to *tremble at a rod*, to tell *lies* in excuse of trifling faults, to betray their compa-

'*nions*, to be *spies and cowards*: the natural vigour of their spirits is broke, the natural ingenuity of their tempers varnished over, the natural bent of their genius curbed and thwarted; the whole purpose of their education is to acquire some Greek and Latin words; by this only they are allowed to try their parts; if they are backward in this, they are pronounced dunces, and often made so from discouragement and despair.'

'I should think,' said I, 'if *words* only are to be taught them, they should learn to speak English with grace and elegance, which is particularly necessary in a government where eloquence has obtained so great a sway.'—'That article is never thought of,' answered he: 'I came myself from the college a perfect master of one or two dead languages; but could neither write nor speak my *own*, till it was taught me by the letters and conversation of a

*lady about the court*, whom, luckily for my education, I fell in love with.'

'I have heard,' said I, 'that it is usual for young gentlemen to finish their studies in other countries; and indeed it seems necessary enough by the account you have given me of them here: but if I may judge by the greatest part of those whom I have seen at their return, the *foreign masters* are no better than the English, and the *foreign mistresses* not so good. Were I to go back to Persia with an English coat, an English footman, and an English *cough*, it would amount to just the improvement made in France by one half of the youth who travel thither.'—'Add to these, a taste for music,' replied the gentleman, 'with two or three terms of building and of painting, and you would want but *one taste more* to be as *accomplished* as some of the finest gentlemen that Italy sends us back.'

## LETTER XLVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

FROM considering the education of English gentlemen, we turned our discourse to that of English ladies. I asked a married man that was in company, to instruct me a little in the course of it, being particularly curious to know the methods which could render a woman in this country so different a creature from one in Persia. 'Indeed, Sir,' said he, 'you must ask *my wife*, not me, that question: these are mysteries I am not allowed to pry into; when I presume to give my advice about it, she tells me the education of a lady is above the capacity of a man, let him be ever so wise in his own affairs.'—'I should think,' said I, 'that as the purpose of womens breeding is nothing else but to teach them to *please men*, a man should be a better judge of *that* than any woman in the world. But pray, Sir, what in general have you observed of this *mysterious institution*? I do not enquire into the secrets *behind the altar*, but only the outward forms of *discipline* which are exposed to the eyes of all the world.'—'Why, Sir,' replied he, 'the first great point

which every mother aims at, is to make her girl a *goddes* if she can.'

'A goddes!' cried I, in great astonishment.

'Yes,' said he; 'you have none of them in the east; but here we have five or six in every street: there never were more *divinities* in Egypt than there are at this time in the town of London. In order therefore to fit them for *that character*, they are made to *throw off human nature* as much as possible in their looks, gestures, words, actions, dress, &c.'—'But is it not apt to return again?' said I. 'Yes,' replied he; 'it returns indeed again, but strangely distorted and deformed. The same thing happens to their *minds* as to their *shapes*; both are *cramped* by a violent confinement, which makes them swell out in the *wrong place*. You cannot conceive the wild tricks that women play from this habitual perversion of their faculties; there is not a single quality belonging to them which they do not apply to other purposes than Providence designed it for: hence it is that they are vain of being *cowards*, and

as *foolish*

'*ashamed of being modest*: hence they *smile* on the man whom they *dislike*, and *look cold* on him they *love*; hence they kill every sentiment of their own, and not only *act with the fashion*, but really *think with it*. All this is taught them carefully from their childhood, or else it would be impossible so to conquer their natural dispositions.'

'I do not know,' said I, 'what the use is of these instructions; but it seems to me, that in a country where the women are admitted to a familiar and constant share in every active scene of life, particular care should be taken in their education, to *cultivate their reason*, and *form their*

*hearts*, that they may be equal to the part they have to act. Where great temptations must occur, great virtues are required; and the *giddy situations* in which they are placed, or love to place themselves, demand a more than ordinary strength of brain. In Persia a woman has no occasion for any thing but beauty, because of the confinement which she lives under, and therefore that only is attended to; but *here*, methinks, good sense is so very necessary, that it is the business of a lady to improve and adorn her understanding with as much application as the other sex, and, generally speaking, *by methods much the same*.'

## LETTER XLVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was this morning with some gentlemen of my acquaintance, who were talking of the attempt that had been made not long ago of setting up a press at Constantinople, and the opposition it had met with from the *Mufti*. They applied to me to know what I thought of it, and whether in Persia also it was our religion that deprived us of so useful an art.

I told them, that policy had more part than religion in that affair; that the press was a very dangerous engine, and the abuses of it made us justly apprehend ill consequences from it.

'You are in the right,' said one of the company, 'for this single reason, *because your government is a despotick one*. But in a free country the press may be very useful, as long as it is under no partial restraint: for it is of great consequence that the people should be informed of every thing that concerns them; and, without printing, such knowledge could not circulate either so easily or so fast. And to argue against any branch of liberty from the ill use that may be made of it, is to argue against liberty itself, since all is capable of being abused. Nor can any part of freedom be more important, or better worth contending for, than that by which the spirit of it is *preserved, supported, and diffused*. By this *appeal to the judgment of the people,*

*we lay some restraint upon those ministers who may have found means to secure themselves from any other less incorruptible tribunal*; and sure they have no reason to complain if the publick exercises a right which cannot be denied without avowing that their conduct will not bear enquiry. For though the best administration may be attacked by calumny, I can hardly believe it would be hurt by it, because I have known a great deal of it employed to very little purpose against gentlemen in opposition to ministers who had nothing to defend them but the force of truth. I do not mean by this to justify any scurrilities upon the *personal characters* either of magistrates or private men, or any *libel properly so called*. Against such abuses of the press the laws have provided a remedy; and let the laws take their course; it is for the interest of liberty they should do so, as well as for the security and honour of government: but let them not be strained into oppression by *forced constructions*, or *extraordinary acts of power*, alike repugnant to natural justice, and to the spirit of a free state. Such arbitrary practices no provocation can justify, no precedents warrant, no danger excuse.'

The gentleman who spoke thus was contradicted by another of the company, who, with great warmth, and many arguments,

arguments, maintained, that the licentiousness of the press was grown of late to such a dangerous height, as to require *extraordinary remedies*; and that, if it were put under the inspection of some discreet and judicious person, it would be far more beneficial to the publick.

'I agree to it,' answered he, 'upon one condition, viz. That there may

'be likewise an *inspector* for THE PEOPLE, as well as one for the court; but if *nothing* is to be licensed on one side, and *every thing* on the other, it would be vastly better for us to adopt the eastern policy, and allow *no printing* *hers at all*, than to leave it under such a *partial direction*.'

## LETTER XLIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE same gentleman, who, as I told thee in my last, argued so strongly for the liberty of the press, went on with his discourse in the following manner.

'If we have so much reason to be unwilling, that what we *print* should be under the *inspection* of the court, how much more may we complain of a new power assumed within these last fifty years by all the courts in Europe, of *inspecting private letters*, and invading the *liberty of the post*? The secrecy and safety of correspondence is a point of such consequence to mankind, that the least interruption of it would be criminal, without an evident *necessity*; but that of course, from one year to another, there should be a constant breach of it publicly avowed, is such a violation of the rights of society, as one cannot but wonder at *even in this age*.'

'You may well wonder,' said I to him, 'when I myself am quite amazed to hear of such a thing; the like of which was never practised among us, whom you English reproach with being *slaves*. But I beg you to inform me what it was that could induce a free people to give up all the secrets of their business, and private thoughts, to the curiosity and discretion of a minister, or his inferior tools in office?'

'They never gave them up,' answered he; 'but those gentlemen have exercised this power by their own authority, under pretence of discovering plots against the state.'—'No doubt,' said one of the company, 'it is a great advantage and ease to the government, to be acquainted at all times with the sentiments of considerable persons, because it is possible they may have some ill intent.'—'It is very true,' replied the other; 'and it might be still a greater ease and advantage to the government to have a *licensed spy* in every house, who should report the most private conversations, and let the minister thoroughly into the secrets of every family in the kingdom. This would effectually detect and prevent conspiracies: but would any body come into it on that account?'

'Is it not making a bad compliment to a government, to suppose that it could not be secured without such measures as are inconsistent with the end for which it is designed?'

'But such in general is the wretched turn of modern policy; the most sacred ties of society are often infringed to promote some present interest, without considering how fatal it may prove in it's remoter consequences, and how greatly we may want those useful barriers we have so lightly broken down.'

## LETTER L.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Had lately the pleasure of seeing a sight which filled my mind beyond all the magnificence that our eastern

monarchs can show; I saw a British fleet under full sail. Nothing can be imagined more pompous, or more u-

gust! The vast size of the ships, and the skill of the sailors, exceed any others now in the universe; nor are they less renowned for their intrepidity. The whole spectacle gave me the highest ideas of the strength of this nation; a strength not confined to their own coasts, but equally formidable to the most distant parts of the globe.

Were I a king of England, I would never receive an ambassador with any solemnity but in the cabin of a *first-rate man of war*. There is the true seat of his empire; and from *that throne* he might awe the whole world, if he understood how to exert his *maritime power* in it's full strength, and was wise enough to aim at *no other*. But, by an unaccountable mistake in their policy, many kings of England have seemed to forget that their dominions had the advantage of being an *island*: they have been as deeply engaged in the affairs of the *continent* as the most *exposed* of the states there; and neglected the sea, to give all their attention to expensive and ruinous wars undertaken at land. Nay,

what is stranger still, they have been fond of *acquisitions* made upon the continent; not considering that all *such acquisitions*, instead of encreasing their real strength, are only so many *weak* and *vulnerable* parts, in which they are liable to be hurt by those enemies who could not possibly hurt them in their natural state, as the sovereigns of a powerful island. Their case is the reverse of that expressed by the poets of Greece in the fable of Antæus. He was (say those poets) *the son of the earth*; and as long as he fought upon her surface, even Hercules, the strongest of heroes, could not overcome him; but being drawn from thence, he was easily vanquished: the English (in the same poetical style) are *the sons of the sea*, and while they *adhere to their mother*, they are invincible; but if they can once be drawn out of *that situation*, their strength forsakes them, and they are not only in danger of being *crushed* by their *enemies*, but may be *bugged to death* even by their *friends*.

## LETTER II.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Am returned to this city, from which I have made a long excursion, and am going to give thee an account how I have passed my time. A friend of mine, who lives in a part of England distant from the capital, invited me to spend the summer at his house: my curiosity to see something new, and a natural love to fields and groves at this season of the year, made me glad to accept of his proposal.

The first thing that struck me in leaving London, was to find all the country cultivated like one great garden. This is the genuine effect of that happy liberty which the English enjoy: where property is secure, industry will exert itself; and such is the force of industry, that, without any particular advantages of soil or climate, the lands about this city are of a hundred times greater profit to their owners, than the best-tempered and most fertile spots of Asia to the subjects of the Sophi or the Turk.

Another circumstance, which engaged my attention throughout all my

journey, was the vast number of fine seats that adorned the way as I travelled along, and seemed to express a certain *rural greatness* extremely becoming a free people. It looked to me as if men who were possessed of such magnificent retreats were above depending on a court, and had wisely fixed the scene of their pride and pleasure in the centre of their own estates, where they could really make themselves most considerable. And, indeed, this notion is true in fact; for it has always been the policy of princes that wanted to be absolute, to draw gentlemen away from their country-seats, and place them about a court, as well to deprive them of the popularity which hospitality might acquire, as to render them cold to the interest of the country, and wholly devoted to themselves. Thus we have often been told by our friend Usbec, that the court and capital of France is crowded with nobility, while in the provinces there is scarcely a mansion-house that is not falling to ruin; an infallible sign of the decay

decay and downfall of the nobility itself. Those who remember what England was forty years ago, speak with much uneasiness of the change they observe in this particular; and complain, that their countrymen are making haste to copy

the French, by abandoning their family seats, and living too constantly in town: but this is not yet sensible to a foreigner.

Thou mayest expect the sequel of my journey in other letters.

## LETTER LII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

IT happened when I set out from London, that the parliament, which had sat seven years, was just dissolved, and elections for a new one were carrying on all over England. My first day's stage had nothing in it remarkable, more than what I observed to thee in my last. But when I came to the town where I was to lodge, I found the streets all crowded with men and women, who gave me a lively idea of what I have read of the ancient Bacchanals. Instead of ivy, they carried oaken boughs, were exceeding drunk and mutinous, but at the same time mighty zealous for religion. My Persian habit drew them all about me, and I found they were much puzzled what to make of me. Some said I was a German minister, sent by the court to corrupt the electors; upon which suggestion, I had like to have been torn to pieces: others fancied me a Jesuit; but at last they agreed I was a *mountebank*, and, as such, conducted me to my inn with great respect. When I was safely delivered from this danger, I took a resolution to lay aside my foreign dress, that I might travel with less disturbance; and fell into discourse upon what had passed with a gentleman that accompanied me in my journey. It

seemed to me very strange, that in an affair of so great importance as the choice of a guardian for their liberties, men should drink themselves out of their reason. I asked, whether riots of this kind were common at these times. He answered, that the whole business of the candidates was to pervert and confound the understandings of those that chose them, by all imaginable ways: that from the day they began to make their interest, there was nothing but idleness and debauchery among the common people: the care of their families is neglected; trades and manufactures are at a stand; and such a habit of disorder is brought upon them, that it requires the best part of *seven* years to settle them again. 'And yet,' continued he, 'this evil, great as it is, may be reckoned one of the *least* attending these affairs. Could we bring our electors to content themselves with being made drunk for a year together, we might hope to preserve our constitution; but it is the *sober, considerate corruption*, the cool bargaining for a sale of their liberties, that will be the certain undoing of this nation, whenever a wicked minister shall be the purchaser.'

## LETTER LIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE next day brought us into a county town, where the election for the city and the shire were carrying on together. It was with some difficulty that we made our way through two or three mobs of different parties, that obliged us by turns to declare ourselves for their respective factions. Some of them wore in their hats tobacco leaves,

and seemed principally concerned for the honour of that noble plant, which they said had been attacked by the ministry; and in this I heartily joined with them, being myself a great admirer of its virtues, like most of my countrymen. When we came to our inn, I entertained myself with asking my fellow-traveller questions about elections.

thing was so new to me, that in points I could not believe him. In instance, it seems very odd, that vocation should take such a sudden ; to a man's face, whom they never before, as to prefer him to a family and served them time out of mind : this, I was assured, very often happens ; and, what was stranger still, on commendation of another person, was no better known to them than self. My instructor added, that was in England *ONE MAN* so *exactly popular, though he never affect- bularity*, that a line from him, accompanied with two or three bits of a vulgar sort of paper, was enough to half the nation in the choice of representatives.

would be endless to repeat to thee the tricks which he told me other men were forced to use, to get themselves elected. One way of being with a corporation (which a Persian would hardly conceive) is to *kiss all wives*. My companion confessed, that he himself had formerly been seduced to go through this laborious fiction, and had met with some old man in his way, who made him pay for their interest. 'But these methods,' said he, 'and other arts of popularity, are growing out of fashion every day. We now court our electors, as we do our mistresses, by sending a notary to them with a proposal; they like the settlement, it is no matter how they like the man that makes it; but if we disagree about it, other pretensions are of very

little use. And to make the comparison the juster, the members thus chosen have no more regard to their venal constituents, than husbands so married to their wives.' I asked, if they had no laws against corruption. 'Yes,' said he, 'very strong ones; but corruption is stronger than the laws. If the magistrates in Persia were to sell wine, it would signify very little that your law forbids the drinking it. How is it possible,' said I, 'to bribe a whole nation to the undoing itself?' 'It is not possible,' answered he; 'but the misfortune of our government is, that the majority of the representative body is chosen, not by the whole nation, but by a *small and very mean part of it*. There are a number of boroughs, which have at present no other trade than *sending members to parliament*, and whose inhabitants think the right of *selling themselves and their country* the only valuable privilege of Englishmen. Time has produced this evil, which was quite unforeseen in the original frame of our constitution; and time alone can furnish occasions and means of applying an adequate remedy. Before it can be thoroughly cured, one of two very unlikely things must come to pass: either a court must be so disinterested as to exert all its power for the redressing an evil advantageous to itself; or a popular party, so strong as to give laws to the court, must have virtue enough to venture *disgusting the people*, as well as *offending the crown*, for the sake of *reforming the CONSTITUTION*.'

## LETTER LIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

ON the third day our travels were at an end, and I arrived at my friend's : with all the pleasure which we receive from retirement and repose, after a year of tumult and fatigue. I was as weary of elections as if I had been a date myself, and could not help feeling my surprize that the general neglect on these occasions had not brought some fatal mischief upon the nation. 'That we are not undone by it,' said my friend, 'is entirely owing to

the happy circumstance of our being on an island. Were we seated on the continent, every election of a new parliament would infallibly draw on an invasion.'—'It is not only from enemies abroad that you are in danger,' answered I; 'one would think that the violence of domestick feuds should of itself overturn your constitution, as it has so many others: and how you have been able to escape so long, is the wonder of all who have been



been bred up under absolute monarchies; for they are taught, that the superior advantage of their form of government consists in the strength of union; and that in other states, where power is more divided, a pernicious confusion must ensue. — 'They argue rightly enough,' said the gentleman who came along with me; 'but they carry the argument too far. No doubt, factions are the natural inconveniences of all free governments, as oppression is too apt to attend on arbitrary power. But the difference lies here, that in an absolute monarchy, a tyrant has nothing to restrain him; whereas parties are not only a controul on those that govern, but on each other; nay, they are even a controul upon themselves, as the leaders of them dare not give a loose to their own particular passions and designs, for fear of hurting their credit with those whom it is their interest to manage and please. Besides, that it is easier to infect a prince with a spirit of tyranny, than a nation with a spirit of faction; and where the discontent is not general, the mischief will be light. To engage a whole people in a revolt, the highest provocations must be given; in such a case, the disorder is not chargeable on those that defend their liberties, but on the aggressor that invades them. Parties in society are like tempests in the natural world; they cause, indeed, a very great disturbance; and, when violent, tear up every thing that opposes them; but then they purge away many noxious qualities, and prevent a stagnation which would be fatal. All nations that

live in a quiet slavery may be properly said to stagnate; and happy would it be for them, if they were roused and put in motion by that spirit of faction they dread so much; for, let the consequences of resistance be what they would, they can produce nothing worse than a confirmed and established servitude: but, generally, such a ferment in a nation throws off what is most oppressive to it, and settles by degrees into a better and more eligible state. Of this we have received abundant proof; for there is hardly a privilege belonging to us which has not been gained by popular discontent, and preserved by frequent opposition. I may add, that we have known many instances, where parties, though ever so enflamed against each other, have united, from a sense of common danger, and joined in securing their common happiness. And this is more easily done, when the points that were once the great subjects of heat and division are either worn out by time, or changed by the clearer and more temperate medium through which they are seen: for in that case, parties, which thought that they stood at a very great distance from one another, may find themselves brought very near; and the only separation remaining would be the essential and everlasting one, between *brave men* and *knaves*, *wise men* and *fools*. That this may happen, experience shews; and this, I think, ought to free us from the reproach of sacrificing our country to our divisions, and make those despair of success, that hope by dividing to destroy us.'

## LETTER LV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

FOR the first month of my being in the country, we did nothing from morning till night, but dispute about the government. The natural beauties round about us were little attended to, so much were we taken up with our enquiries into political defects. My two companions disagreed in many points; though I am persuaded they both meant the same thing, and were almost equally good subjects and good citizens. I sometimes fancied, that I had learned a

great deal in these debates; but when I came to put my learning together, I found myself not much wiser than before. The master of the house was inclined to the side of the court, not from any interested or ambitious views, but, as he said, from a principle of *uchiyyism*: this word is one of those distinctions which, for little less than a century, have divided and perplexed this nation. The opposite party are called *tories*. They have as strong an antipathy to each other,

followers of Hali to those of Oxford desired my friend to give me a certain mark by which I might distinguish from the other. 'The *whigs*,' said he, 'are they that are *now in place*, the *tories* are they that are *out*.'—'I stand you,' returned I; 'the place is only *there*; so that if they are now *tories*, were *employed*, they would instantly become *whigs*, the *whigs* were removed, they become *tories*.'—'Not so,' answered my friend with some warmth; 'there is a great difference in their principles and their conduct.'—'Ay,' said I, 'let me hear and then I shall be able to chuse my party.'—'The *tories*,' said he, 'are advancing the *power* of the *crown*, making the *clergy* the tools of their ambition. When they were in power, they *weakened* our ancient allies, *disarmed* our *arms*, *burt* our *trade*, *lost* our *glory*, and were *assiduous* to the interests of France.'

'Surprize me!' replied I; 'for I have heard *all this* imputed to *some*, you assure me are *good whigs*; the *very pillars* of *whiggism*. Let me explain that matter to you presently,' said the gentleman that came with me. 'Whiggism is an

'*indelible character*, like *episcopacy*; for as he who has once been a *bishop*, though he no longer perform any of the offices and duties of his function, *is a bishop* nevertheless; so he who has once been a *whig*, let him act never so contrary to his principles, *is nevertheless a whig*; and as all true churchmen are obliged in conscience to *acknowledge* the first, so all true whigs are in duty bound to *support* the last.'

'Very well,' said I; 'but are there none who differ from this *orthodox belief*?'—'Yes,' said he, '*certain obnoxious people*; but, like other *dissenters*, they are punished for their *separation*, by being excluded from *all places of trust and profit*.'

'A heavy punishment indeed!' answered I, 'and more likely to *diminish* the *zeal* than any other kind of *persecution*. But if you will allow a stranger to give any advice in your affairs, I think you should pull down at once these *ensigns of party*, which are, indeed, *false colours* hung out by *faction*; and set up, instead of them, *one national standard*, which all who leave, by whatever name they may call themselves, should be considered and used as *deserters*.'

## LETTER LVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

With my country friend, some time ago, to make a visit in a neighbouring county, to the prelate of that diocese. His character is so extraordinary that I cannot give it to thee, would I might find from the rule I have laid down, let nothing that is *singular* escape my notice. In the first place, he is attached to his diocese, and has spent many years: he asks nothing but for himself or family; he possesses no wealth for his relations; but the revenues of his see in a hospital, and a charity void of ostentation. At his first entrance into the diocese, he distinguished himself by a free liberty of his country, and a considerable share in bringing on a revolution that preserved it. His character never altered by his prefer-

ment: he never prostituted his pen, nor debased his character, by party disputes or blind compliance. Though he is warmly serious in the belief of his religion, he is moderate to all who differ from him: he knows no distinction of party, but extends his good offices alike to whig and tory; a friend to virtue under any denomination; an enemy to vice under any colours. His health and old age are the effects of a temperate life and a quiet conscience: though he is now some years above fourscore, nobody ever thought he lived too long, unless it was out of an impatience to *surpass him*.

This excellent person entertained me with the greatest humanity, and seemed to take a particular delight in being useful and instructive to a stranger. To tell thee

thee the truth, Mirza, I was so affected with the piety and virtue of this teacher\*; the Christian religion appeared to me so amiable in his character and manners,

that, if the force of education had not rooted Mahometism in my heart, he would certainly have made a convert of me.

## LETTER LVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

MY long stay in the country gave me leisure to read a good deal: I applied myself to history, particularly that of England, for rightly to understand what a nation is, one should previously learn what it *has been*. If I complained of the different accounts which are given by the English of themselves in their present circumstances, I have no less reason to complain of their historians: past transactions are so variously related, and with such a mixture of prejudice on both sides, that it is as hard to know truth from their relations, as religion from the comments of divines. The great article in which they differ most, is the ancient power of the crown, and that of the parliament: according to some, the latter is no more than an encroachment on the former; but, according to others, it is as old as the monarchy itself.

This point is debated with great warmth, and a multitude of proofs alleged by either party: yet the importance of the controversy is not so great as some may conceive it. For many hundred years, the point is out of dispute; but suppose it were otherwise, would it follow from thence, that the parliamentary powers are usurpations? No, Mirza, no; if liberty were but a year old, the English would have just as good a right to claim and to preserve it, as if it had been handed down to them from many ages; for, allowing that their ancestors were slaves through weakness or want of spirit, is *slavery* so *valuable* an

*inheritance*, that it never must be parted with? Is a long prescription necessary to give force to the natural rights of mankind? If the privileges of the people of England be *concessions* from the crown, is not the power of the crown itself a *concession* from the people? However, it must be confessed, that though a long possession of absolute power can give no right to continue it against the natural claim of the people in behalf of their liberties, whenever that claim shall be made; yet a long possession of freedom serves to establish and strengthen original right, or, at least, makes it more shameful to give it up. I will therefore sketch out to thee, as short as I can, in my next letters, the result of what I have read, and what I have thought on this subject, not with the minute exactness of a political critick, who of all criticks would tire thee most, but by such a general view of the several changes this government has undergone, as may set the true state of it pretty clearly before thee. Further than this it would be almost impossible for a stranger to go upon that subject, or for one so distant as thou art either to receive or desire information: nor, indeed, were it more feasible, should I think it of use to engage in a much larger detail. It is with enquiries into the constitutions of nations, as with enquiries into the constitution of the universe; those who are most nicely curious about particular and trifling parts, are often those who see least of the whole.

\* The translator supposes that the author means Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester. [This venerable prelate died March 8, 1743, aged ninety-three; having been a bishop almost fifty-three years.]

## LETTER LVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

as been an usual piece of vanity the writers of every nation, to recollect the original constitutions of their five states as founded on deep-laid and plans of policy, in which imagine that they discover the utmost talents of human wisdom; where-ruth, they are often the effects of right chance, and produced by the of certain circumstances, or the dictates of nature itself, out of a to some present expediency, and the providence to the future.

It was the original of the celebrated government, that was for-spread all over Europe. It was ed, not in a cabinet, but a camp; es much less to the prudence of a or, than to the necessity of the which gave it birth.

people that introduced it into , and every where else, were a ide of soldiers, unacquainted with ng but war: their leader, for the carrying it on, was invested with of regal power; and when it hap-that the war continued long, he ad a prescriptive authority over who had been accustomed to obey ers; but this authority was direct-the advice of the other officers, pendant on the good liking of the from which alone it was derived: manner, the first revenues of this ere nothing more than a title to r share in the common booty, or untary contributions of the sol-ut of the wealth acquired under nmand: but had he attempted to horse or cow, or any part of the r, from the meanest soldier, with-s free consent, a mutiny would ly have ensued, and the violation erty been revenged. From these les, we may naturally draw the form of the Saxon or Gothick ment. When these invaders be-masters of kingdoms, and not only d them, but settled there, the l was changed into a king, the into nobles, the council of war

into a council of state, and the body of the soldiery itself into a general assembly of all the freemen. A principal share of the conquests, as it had been of the spoils, was freely allotted to the prince, and the rest by him distributed according to rank and merit among his troops and followers, under certain conditions agreeable to the Saxon customs. Hence the different tenures, and the services founded upon them; hence the vassalage, or rather servitude, of the conquered, who were obliged to till the lands which they had lost, for the conquerors who had gained them, or at best to hold them of those new proprietors on such hard and slavish terms as they thought fit to impose. Hence likewise the riches of the clergy, and their early authority in the state: for those people, being ignorant and superstitious in the same degree, and heated with the zeal of a new conversion, thought they could not do too much for their teachers, but, with a considerable share of the conquered lands, admitted them to a large participation of dominion itself. Thus, without any settled design, or speculative skill, this constitution in a manner formed itself; and it was *the better* for that reason, as there was more of nature in it, and little of *political mystery*, which, wherever it prevails, is the bane of publick good. A government so established could admit of no pretence of a *power* in the king *transcendent to law*, or an *unalterable right* in the succession. It could never come into the heads of such a people, that they were to submit to a *tyranny for conscience sake*; or, that their liberties were not every way as *sacred* as the prerogative of their prince. They could never be brought to understand, that there was such a thing as *reason of state* distinct from the common reason of mankind; much less would they allow pernicious measures to pass unquestioned, or unpunished, under the ridiculous sanction of that name.

## LETTER LIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Gave thee in my last a short account of the first rise and construction of the Saxon government, on very plain and simple foundations. It was, perhaps, the *most free* of all the limited monarchies that have been known in the world. The nobles and people had such a share in the legislature, and such a weight in the government, that the king could do nothing but with their assistance, and by their advice. He could not oppress them by force, because they were *armed* and he *was not*, unless when they employed *their arms* in his service for the defence of the kingdom. He could not corrupt them; for all offices of power or judicature were then *decline*, the estate of the crown was held unalienable, and only sufficed to maintain the expence of the royal household and civil government. No causes were tried but by juries, even in spiritual matters; so that the lives and properties of the people could not be touched *without their own co-operation*, either by the king, the nobles, or clergy. To all this was joined the best *police* that any nation ever enjoyed, except the Chinese, among whom many of the same regulations have been established with a *conformity* very *surprizing*, as it is certain that neither copied the other. Such was the Saxon constitution, when by the wisdom and virtue of two or three great kings it had received it's final perfection. The only essential defect of it was, the *excessive immunities* granted to churchmen, which made them too independent upon the civil authority, and very burthensome to the state. This form of government continued unaltered in it's principal parts, till the Norman invasion, which, like a foreign weight roughly laid upon the springs, disturbed and obstructed it's

proper motions: yet, by degrees, it recovered itself again; and, how ill soever the Saxon *people* might be treated, under the notion of a *conquest*, the Saxon *constitution* was never wholly subdued. The new comers relished slavery no better than the old inhabitants; and gladly joined with them, upon a sense of mutual interest, to force a confirmation of their freedom and the ancient laws. Indeed, there was so great a conformity between the government of Normandy and that of England, the customs of both nations were so much the same, that, unless the Normans by conquering this island had lost their original rights, and fought on purpose to degrade themselves and their posterity, it was impossible their kings could have a right to absolute power. So far was that nation from owning any such right, that, in conjunction with the English, they demanded and obtained of their kings *charters* declaring their liberties, not as *grants* derived from the *favour*, or *immunities* forced from the *weakness*, but as *acknowledgments* due from the *justice*, of the crown. As such the best and greatest princes considered those charters; as such they confirmed and observed them: and when they were disputed, or broken by others of a different character, civil wars ensued, which ended to the disadvantage of the crown. But the misfortune was, that, in all these struggles, the *bishops* and *nobles treated for the people*, not the people *for themselves*; and therefore their interests were much neglected, and the advantages gained from the king were much more beneficial to the church and nobility than to those who were under their patronage.

I will say more on this head when I write next.

## LETTER LX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

YOU will be surprized to hear that the period when the English nation had the greatest happiness, after the invasion, was under the influence of *a woman*. As much as we should despise a female ruler, not till the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the government came to an *balance*, which is its true state of union.

Through the commons of England gained, *by degrees*, and in a *dis-shape*, that share of the legislation which was in a great measure lost under the first Norman kings, its power was not so great as it had in the Saxon witenagemote, or assembly, nor their condition so in many respects; for the chief of the government resided in great lords and the clergy, who singly directed all publick affairs. Proceedings of the commons could free in their *representative body*, in their *collective body* they were not oppressed. The laws of vassalage, the authority of the church, the dependency in which they hung heavy upon them; so that they were obliged to act in subservency to nobles and bishops, even when they met most vigour against the crown, giving the passions of both upon many occasions in the parliament and in the making or unmaking kings as their *immediate masters* desired. In return for their services, they obtained a redress of their grievances, revenged themselves upon bad rulers, and obtained good laws for the commonwealth. To whatever uses their strength might be used, to the purposes of faction, *by used it increased*. The crown at length assisted the growth of it, in opposition to that of the church and the nobility. The bonds of vassalage were loosened; the barons were by new laws encouraged and enabled to attach their lands; the weight of power was transferred to the side of the commons. Many accidents concurred to this effect. A reformation in religion was begun, by which that mighty rock of church power, erected on the ruins of publick liberty, and adorned

with the spoils of the crown itself, was happily attacked and overturned. A great part of the immense possessions of the clergy was taken away, and most of it sold to the commons upon easy terms. They had now a very considerable share of the lands of England, and a still greater treasure in their commerce, which they were beginning to extend and improve. Their riches secured their independency; the clergy feared them, and the nobles could not hurt them. In this state Queen Elizabeth found the *parliament*: the lords and commons were nigh upon a level, and the church in a decent subordination. She was the head of this well-proportioned body, and supremely directed all its motions. Thus, what in mixed forms of government seldom happens, there was no contest for power in the legislature; because no part was so high as to be uncontrollable, or so low as to be oppressed. A reformation of religion was completely established by this excellent princess; which entirely rescued the nation from that *foreign yoke* the pope had imposed upon it for so many centuries, and from the dominion of superstition, *the worst of all slavery*. The next great benefits that she conferred upon her subjects, were the extension of commerce into all parts of the world, and the foundation of their *maritime power*, which is *their true, natural greatness*. Under her it began; and she lived to carry it to such a height, as to make them really *lords of the sea*, an empire more glorious than that of the Sophi our master, and *richer* than that of the Mogul. In doing this, she did more for England than her greatest predecessors had ever done; far more than those who conquered France, though they could have secured it to their posterity. These were the *arts* by which she ruled, and by these she was able to preserve her authority; nay, and to extend it further upon certain occasions than very absolute princes could do, even while she assisted her people in the corroborating and confirming their liberty. The strength of her power was *their satisfaction*; and every other happiness followed that, as every misfortune and disgrace is sure to attend on their discontent.

## LETTER LXI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Ended my last letter with the felicity of Elizabeth's reign. Very different was that of her successor James the First: for his character and conduct were the reverse of her's. He endeavoured to break the balance of the government, by her so wisely fixed; and wanted to be *greater than her*, without one quality that could render him capable of filling her place. He had neither courage, ability, nor address: he was contemned both at home and abroad; his very favourites did not love him, though he was governed by them in every thing; nor did they maintain their dominion by his affections so much as by his fears. Yet this *means of kings* made great advances towards *absolute power*; and would have compleatly obtained it, if he could have found means to have introduced the *same luxury* into the nation as he did into the court, with the constant attendant of luxury, the *same corruption*. But the virtue infused by Elizabeth into the mass of the people, and the indigence of the crown, kept the contagion from spreading so fast: the commons resisted it, though the lords and the bishops did not; and some check was given to the designs of the king, yet not enough for the securing of liberty, or preventing the evils *his conduct* prepared for the following reign. The clergy, whom he attached to his interests by favouring theirs, or what they took to be theirs, more than a *wise prince would*, or a *good prince ought* to have done, were very assiduous to him, by preaching up notions which he and they seem to have borrowed from *our religion*, of a right divine in kings, neither derived from human laws, nor to be limited by them; and other such Mahometan tenets, that had never been heard of before in this country: yet there were many who disliked these innovations, and their opposition hindered them from taking deep root in any part but those of the royal family. These obstinate protestants and patriots were branded with the name of Puritans, and much hated by James, and Charles his son, who, upon the decease of the

former, succeeded to his kingdoms, his notions, and his designs.

He had many better qualifications than his father, but as wrong a judgment, and greater obstinacy. He carried his affection for the clergy, and abhorrence of the Puritans, to an excess of bigotry and rage. He agreed to sit with his parliaments, that he soon grew weary of them, and resolved to be troubled with no more; none were called for twelve years together, and all that time he governed as despotically as the Sophi of Persia. The laws were either openly infringed, or explained in the manner he directed: he levied money upon his subjects against privileges expressly confirmed by himself. In short, his passion for power might have been fully gratified, if his more prevailing one to bigotry had not engaged him in a senseless undertaking, of forcing the same form of worship upon his subjects in Scotland, as he had declared himself so warmly for in England. It is safer to attack men in their civil rights, than their religious opinions: the Scots, who had acquiesced under tyranny, took up arms against persecution. Their insurrection made it necessary to call a parliament; it met, but was instantly dissolved by the intemperate folly of the court. All hopes of better measures were put an end to by this last provocation. The Scots marched into England, and were received by the English, not as enemies, but as brothers and allies: the king, unable to oppose them, was compelled to ask the aid of another parliament. A parliament met, exasperated with the oppressions of fifteen years: the principal members were men of the greatest capacity, courage, and virtue, firmly united among themselves, and whom the court could neither *corrupt* nor *intimidate*. They resolved to make use of the opportunity, to *redress their grievances*, and *secure their liberty*; the king granted every thing that was necessary to either of those ends, except such *securities* as might have been turned *against himself*: but what, perhaps, was really *concession*, had the appearance of *constraint*, and there-

fore gained neither *gratitude* nor *confidence*: the nation could no longer trust the king; or, if it might, *particular men* could not; and the support of those particular men was become a *national concern*: they had exposed themselves by serving the publick; the publick therefore judged that it was bound in justice to defend them. Nor indeed was it possible, when the work of reformation was begun, after so long a denial of justice, to keep a people, sore with the remembrance of injuries received and satisfaction refused, within the bounds of a proper moderation. Such a sobriety is much easier in speculation than it ever was in practice. Thus, partly for the safety of their leaders, and partly from a jealousy of his intentions too justly conceived, the parliament drew the sword against the king: but the sword, when drawn, was no longer theirs; it was quickly turned against them by those to whose hands they trusted it: the honestest and wisest of both parties were out-witted and overpowered by villains; the king perished, and the constitution perished with him.

A private man, whose genius was called forth by the troubles of his country, and formed in the exercise of faction, usurped the government. His character was as extraordinary as his fortune: he had an air of enthusiasm, which gained all those who were real enthusiasts, (the number of whom was great in those days) and put him at their head. That he was one himself in some degree may be supposed, notwithstanding the prudence with which he conducted all his designs; because the same spark of enthusiasm which makes common men *mad*, may, in certain conjunctures, only capacitate others of superior abilities to undertake and perform *extraordinary things*. Whether Cromwell was one of these, or acted entirely from political cunning, the times he lived in could not discover; and much less can the present. Thus far is certain, that, by an uncommon appearance of zeal, by great address, and great valour, he first *enflamed* the spirit of liberty into *extravagance*, and afterwards duped and awed it into *submission*. He trampled on the laws of the nation, but he raised the glory of it; and it is hard to say which he deserved most, a *halter* or a *crown*.

If the enthusiasts of his own party

would have permitted him to have taken the title of king as well as the power, it is probable the royalty might have been fixed in his family by a well-modelled and lasting establishment. He shewed a great desire to carry that point; and I have heard him compared in this instance to Julius Cæsar, a great Roman general, who, like him, having mastered his country by it's own arms, and being possessed of more than the *power of a king*, was so fond of adding the *name* to it, that it cost him his life. But the two cases were totally different. What in the Roman was a weak vanity, and below the rest of his character, was in the Englishman solid good sense. The one could not take that name without destroying *the forms of the Roman constitution*; the other could not preserve *the forms of the English constitution* without taking that name. He therefore did wisely in seeking it; but not being able to bring his own friends to consent to it, or to do it against their opposition, he could make no settlement of the government to out-last his own life: for it is hardly possible, from the nature of things, that a dominion newly acquired should long be maintained in any country, if the ancient forms and names are not kept up. Immediately after the death of this great man, all order was lost in the state: various tyrannies were set up, and destroyed each other; but all shewed *a republick to be impracticable*. At last the nation, growing weary of such wild confusion, agreed to recall the banished son of their murdered king, not for *his sake*, but for *the sake of the monarchy*, which all the nation desired to *restore*; and so inconsiderate was the zeal of those times, that they restored it without any limitations, or any conditions made for the publick. Thus the fruits of a tedious civil war were lightly and carelessly thrown away by too hasty a passion for repose. The constitution revived indeed again, but revived *as sickly as before*: the ill humours, which ought to have been purged away by the violent remedies that had been used, continued as prevalent as ever, and naturally broke out in the same distempers. The king wanted to sit himself above the law; wicked men encouraged this disposition; and many good men were weak enough to comply with it, out of aversion to those principles of resistance which they had seen so fatally abused.



## LETTER LXII.

BELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE methods pursued by Charles the Second, in the conduct of his government, were in many respects different from his father's, though the purpose of both was much the same. The father always *bullied* his parliaments; the son endeavoured to *corrupt* them: the father obstinately refused to change his ministers, because he really esteemed them as honest men; the son very easily changed *his*, because he thought they were all *alike* dishonest, and that his designs might as well be carried on by one *knave* as by another: the father was a tool of the clergy, and a persecutor, out of zeal for his religion; the son was almost indifferent to religion, but served the passions of his clergy against the dissenters from motives of policy: the father desired to be absolute at home, but to make the nation respectable abroad; the son assisted the King of France in his invasions on the liberties of Europe, that, by his help, he might master those of England; nay, he was even a pensioner to France, and, by so vile a prostitution of his dignity, set an example to the nobility of his realm, to sell *their honour likewise for a pension*; an example, the ill effects of which have been felt too sensibly ever since.

Yet, with all these vices and imperfections in the character of Charles the Second, there was something so bewitching in his behaviour, that the charms of it prevailed on many to connive at the faults of his government: and, indeed, nothing can be so hurtful to a country, which has liberties to defend, as a prince who knows how at the same time to make himself *despotic* and *agreeable*: this was eminently the talent of Charles the Second; and what is most surprising, he possessed it without any great depth of understanding.

But the principal instrument of his bad intentions, was a general depravity of manners, with which he took pains to infect his court, and thence the nation. All virtues, both publick and private, were openly ridiculed; and none were allowed to have any talents for wit or

business, who pretended to any sense of honour, or regard to decency.

The king made great use of these new notions; and they proved very pernicious to the freedom, as well as morals, of his subjects: but an indolence, natural to his temper, was some check to his designs; and, fond as he was of arbitrary power, he did not pursue it any farther than was consistent with his *pleasure and repose*.

His brother, who bore a great sway in his government, had changed his religion abroad, as the king himself had also done: but with this difference, that the latter retained almost as little of that which he embraced, as of that which he forsook; whereas the former was a bigot to popery, and known to be such, while the change of the king was a secret to most of his subjects. The fear of a *popish successor* raised great discontent, and great disorders in the nation: the House of Commons passed a bill for excluding that prince from the crown, founded undoubtedly in justice and reason; but the firmness of the king in *that single point*, the complaisance of the lords, the jealousy the church entertained of the dissenters, the scruples of those who thought hereditary right *divine and indefeasible*, and, above all, the fear of being involved in a new civil war, which alarmed many well-meaning people, from a mixture of *faction* that had discovered itself in some of the *characters*, and in some of the *measures*, by which the national cause was then carried on, frustrated the attempt to *change the succession*, as the obstinacy of those engaged in that attempt did all expedients to *limit the successor*. The unhappy advantages all this gave to the king made him a great deal more absolute in the last years of his reign than in all the foregoing ones; and, upon his demise, brought his brother in *peace and triumph* to the throne. He had not been long seated there, before he convinced the most attached to his party, that the apprehensions conceived of him, and the design of excluding him, had been too just: All  
that

spirit of bigotry could add to a nation itself *barb* and *violent*, upon his government: all that *understanding*, *madly conducted*, *undertake*, was *undertaken*: *ar*-*rower* was the means used, and designed was a change of religion. Happy was it for England that so plainly declared itself: it even those whom no danger to could have ever alarmed, and he preachers of *non-resistance* to

*ress*. A revolution was evidently necessary to save the whole, and that necessity produced one.

King James the Second lost his crown, and the nation gave it to their deliverer the Prince of Orange: the government was settled on a firmer foundation, agreeable to the ancient Saxon principles from which it had declined; and, by a *happiness* peculiar to itself, grew stronger from the *shocks* it had sustained.

# LETTER LXIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

The first advantage gained by the English nation, in the change of government, was the utter extinction of those vain and empty phantoms of *hereditary indefeasible right*, *power superior to law*, which since the First had conjured up, great disturbance and terror of his

James the Second they were; nor can they ever be brought again with any prospect of success by *that family* alone, which *from him*: for which reason, it naturally be the interest of the people of England, not to suffer such a prevail; but to maintain an estate, which is founded on the basis of liberty, and from which their cannot be separated unless the both are destroyed.

The parliament plainly disposed of in altering the succession, the who have reigned since that time extend to none but a *parliamentary* and the same force as the legislature could give to that, it also gave to illegals of the subject.

The word *loyalty*, which had long supplanted, recovered its original sense: it was now understood in no more than a due obedience to the authority of the king, in conformity to the laws; instead of a bigotted obedience to the will of the king, in conformity to the laws.

It is a great advantage this would appear, by reflecting on the changes that have been brought upon the country in particular, from the interpretation of *certain names*.

But this is not the only benefit that ensued from that happy revolution. The prerogative of the crown had been till then so ill defined, that the full extent of it was rather stopped by the degree of *prudence* in the government, or of *impatience* in the people, than by the letter of the law: nay, it seemed as if in many instances the law allowed a power to the king, entirely destructive to itself. Thus princes had been often made to believe, that what their subjects complained of as oppression, was a legal exercise of the rights of the crown: and no wonder if, in disputable points, they decided the question in favour of their own authority.

But now the bounds of prerogative were marked out by express restrictions; the course of it became regular and fixed; and could no longer move obliquely, to the danger of the general system.

Let me also observe to thee, that whereas before, *to govern by parliaments* was the policy only of good and wise princes; after this period, it may be considered in a different light, because all expedients of *governing otherwise* are plainly impracticable, and it may not always imply *a conforming the government to the sense of the people*. I will explain this to thee more distinctly when I write again. In the mean while, let me a little recal thy thoughts from past events, and the *history of England*, to the remembrance and love of thy faithful Selim, who is not become so much an Englishman as to forget his native Persia; but perpetually sighs for his friends and country, amidst all that engages his attention in a foreign land.

LETTER

## LETTER LXIV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE ancient revenues of the kings of England consisted chiefly in a large demesne of lands, and certain rights and powers reserved to them over the lands held of the crown; by means of which, they supported the royal dignity without the immediate assistance of the people, except upon extraordinary occasions. But, in process of time, the extravagance of princes and the rapaciousness of favourites having wasted the best part of this estate, and their successors endeavouring to repair it by a tyrannical abuse of those rights and powers, some of them which were found to be most grievous, were bought off by the parliament, with a fixed establishment for the maintenance of the household, composed of certain taxes yearly raised, and appropriated thereto.

But, after the *expulsion of the Stuarts*, the expence of the government being augmented for the defence of the succession, the crown was constrained to apply to parliament, not only for the maintenance of its household, which was settled at the beginning of every reign,

and in every reign *considerably increased*, not only for extraordinary supplies, to which end parliaments anciently were called; but for the ordinary service of the year.

Thus a continual dependance on the people became necessary to kings; and they were so truly the *servants* of the publick, that they received the *wages* of it in form, and were obliged to the parliament for the means of exercising the royalty, as well as for the right they had to claim it. Nor can this salutary dependance ever cease, except the parliament itself should give it up, by empowering the king to raise money, without *limiting the sum, or specifying the services*. Such concessions are absurd in their own nature; for if a prince is afraid to trust his people with a power of supplying his necessities, upon a thorough knowledge of them, the people have no encouragement to trust their prince, or, to speak more properly, his minister, with so blind and undetermined an authority.

## LETTER LXV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

YOU have seen in my last, that, from the time of King James's expulsion, annual meetings of parliament were become necessary to the carrying on of the government. But that the representatives of the people, from too long a delegation of their authority, might not forget *by whom*, and *for what*, it was given them; and that the people might be enabled to correct a *bad choice*, which experience should prove to be such; it was thought expedient not long after to pass a law for the chusing a *new parliament* at the end of every *three years*. This term has been since prolonged to *seven*, I think for very good reasons; because the country interest could not support the redoubled expence of contesting with court-corruption so

much oftener than now, and there are no good grounds to suppose that the efforts on that side would be much less for a triennial than a septennial parliament, a majority in *that* being equally necessary to a court as in *this*; so that the attacks would be the same, or near the same, and the resistance much weaker on the side of the people. If then the good proposed by shortening the term be very uncertain, it must be considered that very great and certain evils attend upon frequent elections, viz. the enflaming of party divisions, depraving the morals of the people, and many other inconveniences of no little weight. However, this is a point about which I have found the best men differ, and which thou wilt therefore consider as more problematical.

than others I have mentioned now return to my history.

Other advantages gained to it's happy reformation, a free their religion was allowed to differ from the rites of the English which has been continued to them ever since, with some prisons, which even the party them is now ashamed of. This thing contributed more than peace and happiness of the , by gaining it the affection bjects, and taking from the on a pretence, and a strength, has often made a very bad

to observe to thee, that from different temper has shewn clergy of England. They better friends to liberty, better Englishmen, than usually been either before or reformation. Some among written in defence of the civil rights of mankind, with spirit, and as much force of argument, as any layman ; a merit peculiar to them- to which no other clergy in world can pretend. The gentlemen are now very moderate, useful members of the community in due submission to the law, and desiring nothing but, deserve, the protection of government, the enjoyment of their just they who would deny them themselves persecutors, disgovernment, and every bad the commonwealth.

Rebellion was facilitated and the union of Scotland with Great Britain became easier, by being undivided, wholly an island.

Reformation of that union was, the twelve Scotch peers, chosen the body of the peerage, into the House of Lords, but upon very different from the rest, because only for the duration of parliament, at the end of which a new must be made. If those free and uninfluenced, this

alteration in the English constitution may prove very much to it's advantage, because such a number of independent votes will balance any part of the House of Peers over which the court may have obtained too great an influence; but if they should ever be chosen by corruption, and have no hopes of sitting there again except by an unconstitutional dependence on the favour of a court, then such a number added to the others would grievously endanger the constitution; and the House of Lords, instead of being, as it ought, a mediating power between the crown and the people, would become a sort of antichamber to the court, a mere office for executing and authorizing the purposes of a minister.

I have now, my dear Mirza, traced thee out a general plan of the English constitution: and I believe thou wilt agree with me, upon the whole, that a better can hardly be contrived; the only misfortune is, that so good a one can hardly be preserved.

The great distinction between the ancient plan of it and that which has taken place since the expulsion of the Stuarts is this, that the first was less perfect; but better secured, because the nobility and people had the sword in their hands; whereas the last is more regular, subject to fewer disorders, and in the frame of it more free, but ill secured, the sword being only in the hands of the king: to which is added a vast increase of the wealth of the crown, and a mighty influence gained to it by the debts of the publick, which have brought on new taxes, new powers for the raising those taxes, of a very dangerous nature, and a prodigious multiplication of officers wholly dependent upon the court; from all which the court has acquired new means of corruption, without any new effectual securities against that corruption being yet gained on the side of the people. And this sort of power is so much more to be feared than any other, as it cannot be exercised without depraving the morals, and debasing the spirit, of the whole people; which in the end would not only enslave them, but render their servitude voluntary, deserved, and remediless.

## LETTER LXVI.

SEIJM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

**I**N former reigns, when parliaments were laid aside for any length of time, the whole authority of the state was lodged in a privy council, by the advice and direction of which all affairs were carried on. But these counsellors, being *chosen* by the king, and *depending* on his favour, were too apt to advise such things only as they knew would be most agreeable; and thus the interests of the nation were often sacrificed to the profit and expectations of a few particulars. Yet still, as on extraordinary occasions the king might be forced to call a parliament, the fear of it was some check to their proceedings; and a degree of caution was natural to men who foresaw they should sooner or later be called to an account. But let us suppose, that any future prince could wholly influence the election of a parliament, and make the members of it dependent on himself, what would be the difference between *that parliament* and a privy council? Would it speak the sense of the nation, or of the court? Would the interest of the people be considered in it, or that of their representatives? They would only differ in this respect, that *one*, having no power above it, *might be absolutely free from all restraint*, which, with the terror of a parliament hanging over it, the *other never could*.

This is the only imaginable method, by which the liberty of the English nation can be attacked with any success. But thou wilt ask, To what end should an attack of this nature be made? Why should a king of England go about to destroy a constitution, the maintenance of which would render him both great and happy?

I reply, that a king indeed can have no reasonable inducement to make such an experiment; but a minister may find it necessary for his own support: and happy would it have been for many countries, if the *master's* interest had

been considered by the *servant* half so warmly as the *servant's* by the *master*.

If a man who travels through Italy was to ask, what advantage all the wealth in religious houses, and all the idolatrous worship paid there, are to the saints they are dedicated to; the answer must be, *Of none at all*. But the priests, who are really gainers by them, know that they abuse the people to very good purpose; and make use of a *venerable name*, not from any regard they have to it, but to raise their own greatness, swell their own pride, and *cover and secure* their own extortion.

It is only therefore by the weakness of princes, the arts of ministers, and the seduction of the people against their own interests, the constitution of England can perish, and probably will perish at last. This will happen sooner or later, as more or less care is taken by those whose duty it is to watch over it. I am not ignorant that there are some visionary men, who dream of schemes to perpetuate it beyond all possibility of future change: but I have always thought the same of political projects to render a government, as of chemical projects to render a man *immortal*. Such a *grand elixir* cannot be found; and those who would tamper with states, in hopes of procuring them that *immortality*, are the most unfit to prescribe to them of all men in the world. But, at the same time that I know this, I also know, that the date of a government may be *prolonged* by proper and salutary remedies, applied by those who understand it's true nature, and join to speculative wisdom *experience and temper*. Nor should I think it as all a better excuse for assisting to ruin the constitution of my country, that it *must come to an end*, and perhaps *begins to decay*, than for joining in the murder of my father, that he *must die at last*, and *begins to grow old*.

## LETTER LXVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE other morning, a friend of mine came to me, and told me, with the air of one who brings an agreeable piece of news, that there was a lady who most passionately desired the pleasure of my acquaintance, and had commissioned him to carry me to see her. I will not deny to thee, that my vanity was a little flattered with this message: I fancied she had seen me in some publick place, and had taken a liking to my person; not being able to comprehend what other motive could make her send for a man she was a stranger to, in so free and extraordinary a manner. I painted her in my own imagination very young and very handsome, and set out, with most pleasing expectations, to see the conquest I had made: but when I arrived at the place of assignation, I found a little old woman, very dirty, encircled by four or five strange fellows, one of whom had a paper in his hand, which he was reading to her with all the emphasis of an author.

My coming in obliged him to break off, which put him a good deal out of humour; but the lady, understanding who I was, received me with great satisfaction, and told me, she had long had a curiosity to be acquainted with a Mahometan: 'For you must know,' said she, 'that I have applied myself particularly to the study of *theology*, and by profound meditation and enquiry have formed a religion of my own, much better than the vulgar one in all respects. I never admit any-body to my house, who is not distinguished

'from the common herd of Christians by some extraordinary notion in divinity: all these gentlemen are eminently heretical, each in a way peculiar to himself; they are so good to do me the honour of instructing me in their several points of faith, and submit their opinions to my judgment. Thus, Sir, I have composed a private system, which must necessarily be perfecter than any, because it is collected out of all, but to complete it, I want a little of the *Koran*, a book which I have heard spoken of mighty handsomely by many learned men of my acquaintance: and I assure you, Sir, I should have a very good opinion of Mahomet himself, if he were not a little too hard upon the ladies. Be so kind therefore to initiate me in your mysteries, and you shall find me very docile and very grateful.'

'Madam,' replied I in great confusion, 'I did not come to England as a missionary, and was never versed in religious disputation. But if a Persian tale would entertain you, I could tell you one that the eastern ladies are mighty fond of.'

'A Persian tale!' cried she; 'have you the insolence to offer me a Persian tale? Really, Sir, I am not used to be so affronted.'

At these words, she retired into her closet, with her whole train of metaphysicians; and left my friend and me to go away, as unworthy of any further communion with her.

## LETTER LXVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

WOULDEST thou know, Mirza, the present state of Europe? I will give it thee in a very few words.

There is one nation in it, which thinks of nothing but how to prey upon the others, while the others are entirely taken up with preying upon themselves.

There is one nation where particulars take a pride in the glory of their country; while in the others no glory is considered, but that of raising or improving a vast estate.

There is one nation which, though able in negotiation, puts its principal confidence

confidence in *the sword*; while *the others* trust wholly to *the pen*, though much less capable of using it with advantage.

There is *one nation* which invariably pursues a *great plan of general dominion*, while *the others* are pursuing *little interests*, through a labyrinth of *changes and contradictions*.

What, Mirza, dost thou think will

be the consequence? Is it not probable that *this nation* will in the end be lord of all the rest? It certainly must. One thing only can hinder it, which is, that the fear of falling under that yoke, when the peril appears to be imminent, may raise a different spirit in *all those nations*, and work out their safety from their danger itself.

## LETTER LXIX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was the other day in a coffee-house, where I found a man declaiming upon the present state of Persia, and so warm for the interests of Tamas Kouli Kan, our invincible general\*, that, if it had not been for his language and dress, I should have taken him for a Persian.

'Sir,' said I, 'are you acquainted with Tamas Kouli Kan, that you concern yourself thus about him?'

'No,' said he, 'I was never out of England; but I love the Persians, for being enemies to the Turks.'

'What hurt have the Turks done you,' answered I, 'that you bear such enmity against them?'

'Sir,' replied he, 'I am afraid they should hurt the emperor, whose friend I have always declared myself.'

I enquired of a gentleman that sat by me, who this FRIEND OF THE EMPEROR might be; and was told that he was a *dancing-master* in St. James's Street.

'For my part,' said a young gentleman finely dressed, that stood sipping a dish of tea by the fire-side, 'I do not care if Tamas Kouli Kan, and the great Turk, and all the Persians and emperors in Europe, were at the bottom of the sea, provided Farinelli be but safe.'

The indifference of this gentleman surprised me more than the importance of the other.

'If you are concerned for Farinelli,' said a third, (who they told me was a chemist) 'persuade him to take my *drop*; and that will secure him from the humidity of the English air, which may very much prejudice his voice.'

'Will it not also make a *man* of him again?' said a gentleman to the doctor. 'After the miracles we have been told it has performed, there is nothing more wanting but *such a cure* to complement its reputation.'

## LETTER LXX.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

A Friend of mine was talking to me, some days ago, of the spirit of enthusiasm, which appeared so strongly in the first professors of our religion; and, as he pretended, in the prophet himself: to that chiefly he ascribed their mighty conquests; and observed, that there needed nothing more to render them invincible, such a spirit being constantly attended with a contempt of pleasure and of ease, of danger and of pain.

'If,' said he, 'the enthusiasts of this country, in the reign of Charles the First, had been united among themselves, like the Arabians under Mahomet and his successors, I make no doubt but they might have conquered all Europe: but unhappily their enthusiasm was directed to different points; some were bigots to the Church of England; some to Calvin; some to particular whimsies of their own; one

\* By these words it appears, that these Letters were written before Tamas Kouli Kan *surped* the throne.

them ran mad for a republick, were no less out of their wits love of monarchy; so that, in making themselves formidable to neighbours, they turned the fury against each other, destroyed all peace and order here. Yet, as much as our sufferer then by the wrong of their zeal, I wish the preze may not suffer more by the want of it among us. There is and lifeless an unconcern to him but a narrow, private in- we are so little in earnest about

religion, virtue, honour, or the good of our country; that, unless some spark of the ancient fire should revive, I am afraid we shall jest away our liberties, and all that is serious to our happiness. If the great Mr. Hampden had conversed with our modern race of wits, he would have been told; that it was a *ridiculous enthusiasm*, to trouble himself about a trifling sum of money, because it was raised against the privileges of the people; and that he might get a thousand times more than he disputed for, by a *prudent submission*.

## LETTER LXXI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

RE is a new science produced Europe of late years, entirely new to any former age, or to any part of the world, which is called LEARNING. I have been let into a general idea of it by a very ingenious friend of mine, who has acquired considerable talent in it, having served apprenticeship of twenty years under masters in foreign courts, and in a political sense, *the tour of* He tells me, it is a very extensive; for not only the rights of nations, but *their inclinations to the one or the other*, are therein set forth comprehended. This has branched into an infinity of *separate articles, engagements, counter-engagements, memorials, remonstrances, &c.* all which the learned in science are required to know perfectly, that they may be ready to apply them, or elude application, as the interest of their hall demand.

I have seen ten or twelve volumes published, consisting only of the which have been made since the beginning of this century, four or five were quite filled with those of

,' said I, 'this huge heap of nations could never have been settled about the business of this spot of earth for so small a space as *thirty years*! No—the affairs of all Europe must be settled in *for the next century at least*.'—

'For the next session of parliament,' answered he; 'these political machines are seldom mounted to go longer than *that period*, without being taken to pieces, or new wound-up.'

'But how,' said I, 'could England, which is an island, be enough concerned in what passes on the continent, to undergo all this labour in adjusting it?'

'O,' replied he, 'we grow weary of being confined *within the narrow verge of our own interests*; we thought it looked more considerable, to *expand*, and give our talents room to play. But this was not the only end of our continual and restless agitation: it may frequently be the interest of a minister, if he finds things in a calm, to *trouble the waters*, and work up a storm about him; if not to perplex and confound those *above him*, yet to embarrass and intimidate the *competitors or rivals* of his power.

'Perhaps too there might be a still deeper motive: these engagements are for the most part pretty chargeable; and those who are obliged to make them good, complain that they are *much the poorer for them*; but it is not sure, that *those who form them* are so too.'

'As far,' said I, 'as my little observation can enable me to judge of these affairs, the multiplicity of your treaties is as hurtful as the multiplicity of your laws. In Asia, a few plain words are found sufficient to settle the differences



' differences of particulars in a state, or  
' of one state with another. But here  
' you run into volumes upon both: and  
' what is the effect of it? Why, after  
' great trouble and great expence, you  
' are as far from *decision* as before; nay,  
' often more puzzled and confounded.  
' The only distinction seems to be, that  
' in your law-suits, perplexing as they

' are, there is at last a *rule of equity* to  
' resort to; but in the other disputes, the  
' last appeal is to *the iniquitous rule of*  
' *force*; and princes treat by the mouths  
' of *their great guns*, which soon de-  
' molish all the *paper* on both sides,  
' and tear to pieces every *cobweb of ac-*  
' *gociation*.'

## LETTER LXXII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Was lately at a tavern with a sett of  
company very oddly put together :  
there was a country gentleman, a man  
of honest principles, but extremely a  
bigot to his religion, which was that of  
the Church of Rome; there was a law-  
yer, who was a very good Protestant,  
moderate to those who differed from him  
in points of belief, but zealous in the  
cause of civil liberty; there was a cour-  
tier, who seemed not to believe any  
thing, and to be angry with every body  
that did.

This last very rudely attacked the  
faith of the poor country gentleman,  
and laid open to him the frauds of the  
Roman priesthood, who, by slow but  
regular degrees, had erected such a ty-  
ranny over the minds and spirits of the  
people, that nothing was too gross for  
them to impose, or too arrogant to as-  
sume. He set forth the vast difference  
between a *bishop* in the primitive ages of  
Christianity, and a *pope*, with a triple  
crown upon his head, and half the  
wealth of Christendom in his treasury.  
He lamented the simplicity of those  
who, without looking back to the *ori-*  
*ginal* of things, imagine that all is *right*  
which they find *established*; and mistake  
the *corruptions of a system* for the *system*  
*itself*: he inveighed against the pusillani-  
mity of others, who though they *see* the  
corruptions, and *detest* them, yet suffer  
them to continue *unreformed*, only be-  
cause they *have been tolerated so long*;  
as if any *evil was less dangerous*, by  
being grown *habitual*.

He concluded by declaiming very  
eloquently on the use and advantage of  
*free-thinking*, that is, of doubting and  
examining every article proposed to our  
belief, which alone could detect these  
impositions, and confound the ill pur-

poses of their authors; mixing, in the  
course of his talk, with these just re-  
flexions, many licentious *quitticisms*  
against what *all religion* and *all philoso-*  
*phy* have ever accounted sacred and ve-  
nerable.

His antagonist had little to reply; but  
entrenched himself in the necessity of  
*submitting to the authority of the church*,  
and the danger of allowing private  
*judgment* to call in question *her* deci-  
sions.

The dispute would have been turned  
into a quarrel, by the zeal of *one* and  
the asperity of the *other*, had not the  
lawyer very seasonably interposed, who,  
addressing himself to the advocate for  
freedom, desired to know whether *li-*  
*berly in temporals* was not of import-  
ance to mankind, as well as *liberty in*  
*spirituals*. 'How then comes it, that  
' you, who are so warm for the main-  
' tenance of *the last*, are so notoriously  
' indifferent to the first? To what shall  
' we ascribe the mighty difference be-  
' tween your *POLITICAL* and *RELI-*  
*GIUS FAITH*? and whence is it that  
' the former is so *easy*, and the latter so  
' *intractable*? Can *those* who are thus  
' quick-sighted in the frauds of *ecclesi-*  
*astical dominion*, see no juggling at all  
' in their *civil rulers*? Are the *imposi-*  
*tions* less glaring, or more tolerable,  
' which they both acquiesce in and sup-  
' port, than those which they so violent-  
' ly oppose? Let us take the very in-  
' stance you have given. Is a *pope*  
' more *unlike* to a *christian bishop*, than  
' a *sole minister* to an *officer of a free*  
*state*? If you look back to the *original*  
' of things, what traces will you find  
' of *such an office*? In what ancient  
' constitution can you discover the foun-  
' dations of such a power? Let us take

' a most manifest corruption, growing out of ten thousand corruptions, and naturally productive of ten thousand more? If you say, these are *mysteries of state*, and therefore *not to be examined*; I am sure the *mysteries* you attack have yet a better title to your respect, and less mischief will attend on their remaining not subject to *enquiry*.

' Or will you borrow the arguments of your adversary, and plead the *necessity of submission*, and the *danger of setting up reason against authority*? If so, I would only put you in mind, that *all authority flows from reason*, and ought to lose it's force in proportion as it deviates from it's source.

' It is a jest to say, that mankind cannot be governed without *these impositions*; they were governed happily before *these* were *invented*, much more happily than they have been ever since: as well it may be said, that Christian piety, which was established in plain-dealing and simplicity, must be supported by the knavery and pageantry introduced in late ages by the Church of Rome. But the truth is, that most men do in the state just what you say has been done in the Church; they *maintain abuses by prescription*, and make the *bad condition things are in* an argument for letting them *grow worse*.

' I cannot,' said I, ' debate with the gentleman who has attacked the abuses of ecclesiastical power upon the parti-

' cular facts he has asserted; nor will I wholly deny the conclusions he draws from those facts. But it seems to me, that he has often confounded two things entirely different; a just regard to religion, without which no society can long subsist, and a weak attachment to what either folly or knavery may have grafted upon religion, and sanctified under that name. To distinguish these, is the part of a man of sense, and a good man; but to attack both without any distinction, to attack the first because of the last, is at least as far from true wisdom as superstition itself. Can a worse corruption, or a more dreadful disorder, arise in any government, than an open contempt of religion, avowed and professed? A nation where *that* prevails, is on the brink of destruction. What degree of respect or submission is due to particular religious opinions, even to those which are not *essential*, I will not take upon me now to dispute; but this I am sure of, that a *blind confidence in temporal affairs* agrees very ill with *doubt in spirituals*. A free enquirer into points of speculation should, beyond all others, be ashamed of a tame compliance in points of action.

' The *unthinking* may be passive from delusion, or, at least, from inadvertency; but the *greatest monster* and *worst criminal* in society is a FREE-THINKING SLAVE.'

## LETTER LXXII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

EVERY nation has some peculiar excellence, by which it is distinguished from it's neighbours, and of which without vanity it may boast. Thus Italy produces the finest *singers*; England the stoutest *boxers*; Germany the profoundest *theologians*; and France is incomparable for it's *COOKS*. This last advantage carries the palm from all the rest; and that nation has great reason to be proud of it, as a talent of universal currency, and for which all other countries do them homage: on this single perfection depends the pleasure, the magnificence, the pride, nay the re-

putation, of every court in Europe; without a good French *cook*, there is no ambassador can possibly do his master's business, no secretary of state can hold his office, no man of quality can support his rank and dignity. A friend of mine, who frequently has the honour to dine at the tables of the *great*, for which he pays no higher price than *his vote in parliament*, has sometimes obliged me with a bill of fare, and (as near as he could) an estimate of the charge which these genteel entertainments are attended with. I told him, that their dinners put me in mind of

what I had heard about their politicks : they are *artificial, unsubstantial, and unwholesome*, but at the same time most *minutely expensive*. 'Sure,' said I, 'your great men must have *digestions* prodigiously sharp and strong, to carry off such a load of various meats as are served up to them every day! they must not only be made with *beads* and *bearts*, but with *stomachs*, very *different* from other people!'

'Not in the least,' answered he. 'They seldom touch any of the dainties that are before them : those dainties, like the women in your seraglios, are more intended for *ornament* than *use*. There is always a plain dish set in a corner, a homely joint of English beef or mutton, on which the master of the feast makes his dinner, and two or three choice friends, who are allowed to have a cut with him out of special grace and favour; while the rest are languishing in vain for such a happiness, and piddling upon ortolans and truffles.'

'I have seen a poor country gentleman sit down to one of these fine dinners with an extreme dislike to the French cookery; yet, for fear of being counted unpolite, not daring to refuse any thing that was offered him, but cramming and sweating with the struggle between his aversion and civility.'

'Why then,' said I, 'this continual extravagance? Why this number of victims daily sacrificed to the demon of luxury? How is it worth a man's while to undo himself, perhaps to undo his country, that his board may be graced with *patés* of perigord, when his guests had rather have the fowl from his barn-door? Your comparison of the seraglio will not hold; for though indeed there is an unnecessary variety, yet they are not *all* served up to us *together*; we content ourselves with *one* or *two* of them at a meal, and reserve the rest for future entertainments.'

I concluded, with repeating to him a story, which is taken out of the annals of our kings.

'Schah Abbas, at the beginning of his reign, was more luxurious than became so great a prince. One might have judged of the vastness of his empire by the variety of dishes at his

table: some were sent him from the Euphrates and Persian Gulph, others from the Oxus and Caspian Sea. One day, when he gave a dinner to his nobles, Mahomet Ali, keeper of the Three Tombs, was placed next to the best dish of all the feast, out of respect for the sanctity of his office: but instead of falling-to, and eating heartily, as *holy men* are wont to do, he fetched a dismal groan, and fell a weeping. Schah Abbas, surprized at his behaviour, desired him to explain it to the company: he would fain have been excused; but the sophi ordered him, on pain of his displeasure, to acquaint them with the cause of his disorder.

"Know, then," said he, "O monarch of the earth! that when I saw thy table covered in this manner, it brought to my mind a dream, or rather vision, which was sent me from the prophet whom I serve. On the seventh night of the moon Rhamazan, I was sleeping under the shade of the sacred tombs, when, methought, the holy ravens of the sanctuary bore me up on their wings into the air, and in a few moments conveyed me to the lowest heaven, where the messenger of God, on whom be peace! was sitting in his luminous tribunal, to receive petitions from the earth. Around him stood an infinite throng of animals, of every species and quality, which all joined in preferring a complaint against thee, Schah Abbas, for destroying them wantonly and tyrannically, beyond what any necessity could justify, or any natural appetite demand."

"It was alledged by them, that ten or twelve of them were often murdered, to compose one dish for the niceness of thy palate; some gave their tongues only, some their bowels, some their fat, and others their brains or blood. In short, they declared, such constant waste was made of them, that, unless a stop was put to it in time, they should perish entirely by thy gluttony. The prophet, hearing this, bent his brows, and ordered six vultures to fetch thee alive before him: they instantly brought thee to his tribunal, where he commanded thy stomach to be opened, and examined whether it was bigger or more  
"capacious"

“capacious than those of other men :  
 “when it was found to be just of the  
 “common size, he permitted all the ani-  
 “mals to make reprisals on the body  
 “of their destroyer; but, before one in  
 “ten thousand could get at thee, every  
 “particle of it was devoured; so ill-

“proportioned was the offender to the  
 “offence.”

‘This story made such an impression  
 ‘on the sophi, that he would not suffer  
 ‘above one dish of meat to be brought  
 ‘to his table ever after.’

## LETTER LXXIV.

TO IBRAHIM MOLLAC, AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

YES, holy Mollac, I am more and more convinced of it; infidelity is certainly attended with a spirit of infatuation. The prophet hurts the understandings of those who refuse to receive his holy law; he punishes the hardness of their hearts, by the depravation of their judgments. How can we otherwise account for what I have seen since my arrival among Christians?

I have seen a people, whose very being depends on commerce, suffer *luxury* and the *heavy load of taxes* to ruin their manufactures at home, and turn the balance against them in foreign trade!

I have seen them glory in the greatness of their wealth, when they are reduced every year to carry on the expences of government by robbing the very *fund* which is to ease them of a debt of *fifty millions*!

I have seen them *fit out fleets*, *augment their forces*, express continual *fears* of an *invasion*, and suffer continual depredations upon their merchants from a contemptible enemy; yet all the while hug themselves in the notion of being blest with a *profound and lasting peace*!

I have seen them wrapped up in full

security, upon the flourishing state of *publick credit*, only because they had a *prodigious stock of paper*, which now, indeed, they circulate as money; but which the first alarm of a calamity may, in an instant, make *mere paper* of again!

I have seen them constantly busied in *passing laws* for the better regulation of their *police*, and never taking any care of their *execution*; loudly declaring the abuses of their government, and quietly allowing them to encrease!

I have seen them distressed for *want of hands* to carry on their husbandry and manufactures; yet permitting thousands of their people to be destroyed, or rendered useless and hurtful to society, by the abominable use of *spirituous liquors*!

I have seen them make such a *provision for their poor*, as would relieve all their wants if well applied; and suffer a third part of them to *starve*, from the roguery and riot of those entrusted with the care of them!

But the *greatest* of all the *wonders* I have seen, and which most of all proves their *infatuation*, is, that *they profess TO MAINTAIN LIBERTY BY CORRUPTION*.

## LETTER LXXV.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Felicitate thee, Mirza, on thy new dignity; I bow myself reverently before thee, not with the heart of a flatterer, but a friend; the favour of thy master shines upon thee; he has raised thee to the right-hand of his throne; the treasures of Persia are committed to thy custody: if thou behavest thy-

self honestly and wisely, I shall think thee much *greater* from thy *advancement*; if otherwise, much *lower* than before. Thou hast undertaken a charge very important to thy prince and to his people; both are equally concerned in thy administration, both have equally a right to thy fidelity. If ever thou shalt  
 separate

separate their interests, if thou shalt set up the one against the other, know, it will end in the ruin of *both*. Do not imagine that thy master will be richer by draining his subjects of their wealth: such gains are *irreparable losses*; they may serve a present sordid purpose, but dry up the sources of opulence for futurity.

I would recommend to thy attention and remembrance, the saying of a famous English *treasurer* in the happy reign of Queen Elizabeth. 'I do not love,' said that truly able minister, 'to see the treasury swell like a distempered spleen, when the other parts of the state are in a consumption.' Be it thy care to prevent such a decay; and, to that end, not only save the publick all unnecessary expence, but so *digest and order* what is needful, that *perplexity* may not serve to cover *fraud*, nor *incapacity* lurk behind *confusion*. Rather submit to any difficulty and distress in the conduct of thy ministry, than *anticipate* the revenues of the government without an absolute necessity; for such expedients are a *temporary ease*, but a *permanent destruction*.

In relieving the people from their taxes, let it also be thy glory to relieve them from the infinite number of *tax-gatherers*, which, far worse than the Turkish or Russian armies, have *barraged and plundered* our poor country.

As thou art the distributor of the bounties of the crown, make them the reward of service and merit; not the hire of parasites and flatterers to thy master or *thyself*. But, above all, as thou art now a *publick person*, elevate thy mind beyond any *private view*; try to enrich the publick before thyself; and think less of establishing thy family at the head of thy country, than of setting thy country at the head of Asia.

If thou canst steadily persevere in such a conduct, thy prince will want thee more than thou dost him: if thou buildest thy fortune on *any other basis*, how high soever it may rise, it will be tottering from the *weakness of its foundation*.

He alone is a *minister of state*, whose services are *necessary to the publick*; the rest are the *creatures of caprice*, and feel *their slavery even in their power*.

## LETTER LXXVI.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

THE virtuous Abdallah is returned to England, after having been absent fourteen moons. I yesterday restored to him his lovely Zelis, the *wife* whom he had given me at his departure, and whom I had treated like a *sister*. Nothing ever was so moving as the scene, when I joined their hands again after a separation which they had feared would prove eternal\*. The possession of the finest woman in the world could not give me so much pleasure as this act of humanity and justice: I made two people happy, who deserved it; and am secured of the affections of both to the last moment of their lives.

When the transports of their joy were a little over, Abdallah gave me the following relation of all that had happened to him since he left us.

### THE HISTORY OF ABDALLAH.

YOU know that I sailed from England with an intent to redeem my father from captivity. As soon as I came to Malta, I went and threw myself at the feet of the grand master, beseeching him to take the ransom I had brought, and set my father free.

He answered me, that the person for whom I sued was no longer in a condition to be ransomed, being condemned to die the next day. I was ready to die myself at this account; and, desiring to know his offence, was informed, that, being unable to redeem himself, he was put to the oar like a common slave, without any regard to his innocence or age: that during an engagement with a Turk-

\* See Page 45.

ish ship, he had persuaded the other slaves to quit their oars, and fight against the Christians; but that, being overpowered, he was brought to Malta, and condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as an example to the other captives in the galleys: that this dreadful sentence was to be executed upon him the morning after my arrival, and no ransom could be accepted for his life.

‘O Heaven!’ said I, ‘did I come so far to no other purpose, but to be witness of the death of my wretched father, and a death so full of horror! Would the waves of the sea had swallowed me up, before I reached this fatal and accursed shore!—O Abderamen! O my father! what avails to thee the piety of thy son? How shall I bear to take my leave of thee for ever, at our first meeting, after an absence which seemed so long? Can I stand by, and give thee up to torments, when I flattered myself that I arrived to bring thee liberty? Alas! my presence will only aggravate thy sufferings, and make the bitterness of death more insupportable!’

In this extremity, I offered the grand master, not only to pay down all the ransom I had promised before, but to yield myself a voluntary slave, and serve in the galleys all my life, if Abderamen’s might be spared.

He seemed touched with my proposal, and inclined to pity me; but was told by a Jesuit, who was his confessor, that an example of severity was necessary; and that he ought to pardon my father on no other terms but renouncing Mahometism, and being converted immediately to the *Church of Rome*.

‘No,’ cried I, ‘if that is to be the price of a few unhappy years, it is better both of us should perish than accept them. But can you,’ said I to the priest, ‘who profess an holiness superior to other men, can you obstruct the mercy of your prince, and compel him to destroy a wretched man, whose only crime was the natural love of liberty? Is this your way of making converts to your faith, by the terror of racks and wheels, instead of reason?’

My reproaches signified nothing but to incense him, and I quitted the palace in despair. I was going to the prison, to see my father, for the first and last

time, when a Turkish slave accosted me, and bade me follow him. I refused to do it; but he assured me it was of moment to the life of Abderamen. I followed him, and he led me by a back way to a woman’s apartment in the palace. I continued there till past midnight without seeing any body, in agitations not to be conceived: at last there came to me a lady richly dressed in the habit of my own country. After looking at me attentively some time—‘O Abdallah!’ said she, ‘have you forgot Zoraide, the sister of Zelis?’

These words soon brought her to my remembrance, though I had not seen her for many years: I embraced her tenderly, and desired to hear what fortune had carried her to Malta.

‘You know,’ said she, ‘that my family is of the island of Cyprus, and that I was married young to a rich merchant of Aleppo. I had by him two children, a son and daughter; and lived very happily some years, till my husband’s business carrying him to Cyprus, I persuaded him to let me go, and make a visit to my relations in that island. In our passage a violent storm arose, which drove us westward beyond the isle of Candia; and before we could put into any harbour, a Maltese pirate attacked us, killed my husband, and carried me to Malta. My beauty touched the heart of the grand master; which is the more surprising, as I took no pains to set it off, thinking of nothing but the loss I had sustained: he bought me of the knight whose prize I was; and I thought it some comfort in my captivity, that I was delivered from the hands that had been stained in my husband’s blood. The passion of my new lord was so excessive, that he used me more like a princess than a slave. He could deny me nothing I asked him, and was so liberal, that he never approached me without a present. You see the pomp and magnificence in which I live: my wealth is great, and my power in this place superior to any-body’s. Hear then, Abdallah, what my friendship has done for you, and remember the obligation you have to me. I have employed all my interest with my lover to save the life of Abderamen: he has consented to it; and, moreover, to set him free upon the payment of the ran-

'som you proposed. But, in recompence for the aid which I have given you, you must promise to assist me in an affair that will probably be attended with some danger.' I assured her, there was nothing I would not risque, to do the sister of Zelis any service.

'You shall know,' said she, 'what it is I require of you, when the time comes to put it in execution; till then, remain at Malta, and wait my orders.'

At these words, she delivered to me a pardon under the seal of the grand master, and bid me carry it instantly to my father. I was so transported that I could not stay to thank her: I ran, I flew, to the prison of Abderamen; and, shewing the order I brought with me to his guards, was admitted to the dungeon where he lay.

The poor old man, expecting nothing but death, and believing I was the officer that came to carry him to the place of execution, fainted away before I had time to discover to him either my person or my errand. While he lay in that state of insensibility, I unbound his chains, and bore him into the open air, where with a good deal of difficulty he recovered. 'O my father!' said I to him, when I perceived that his senses were returned, 'do you not know your son Abdallah, who is come hither to save your life, who has obtained your pardon, and redeemed you from captivity?' The surprize of joy that seized him in that instant, at my sight and words, was too sudden and violent for his age and weakness to support. He struggled some time to make an answer; but at last, straining me in his arms, and muttering some half-formed sounds, he sunk down, and expired on my bosom.

When I saw that he was dead, I lost all patience; and, covering myself with dust, bewailed my folly, in not telling him my good tidings by degrees.

By this time it was broad day; and the whole town, being informed of my affliction, was gathered about me in great crowds. The grand master himself, taking pity of me, sent to tell me, that he would permit me to bear away my father's body to Aleppo, and excuse me the ransom I had offered, since death had delivered him without it. This indulgence comforted me a little; and I

would have embarked immediately for the Levant, if I had not been stopped by my promise to Zoraide. Several days passed without my hearing any news of her. I had already hired a small vessel, and put on board the remains of Abderamen; when, late one night, I was waked out of my sleep by Zoraide in the habit of a man, who told me, that she was come to claim my promise. I asked what she required me to do. 'To carry me to Aleppo,' answered she, 'that I may see my dear children once again, and enrich them with the treasures which I have gained from the bounty of my lover. Those treasures are useless to me without them; in the midst of all my pomp and outward pleasure, I am perpetually pining for their loss; *the mother's heart* is unsatisfied within; nor will it let me enjoy a moment's peace, till I am restored to them in my happy native land.' As she said this, she shewed me some bags of gold, and a casket filled with jewels of great value. 'I must insist, Abdallah,' continued she, 'that you set sail this very night, and take me along with you. The weather is tempestuous, but that circumstance will favour my escape; and I had rather venture to perish in the sea, than live any longer from my family.'

The sense of the obligation I had to her made me consent to do what she desired, how perilous soever it appeared to me. As I had a permission from the grand master to go away as soon as I thought fit, I put to sea that night without any hindrance; and the wind blowing hard off the shore, in a little while we were out of sight of Malta. The water was so rough for two or three days, that we thought it impossible our barque could weather it out; but at length, the storms abating, we pursued our voyage with a very fair wind, and arrived safe in the port of Scanderoon. Zoraide was transported with the thought of being so near Aleppo and her children; she embraced me in the most affectionate manner, and expressed a gratitude for the service I had done her far beyond what it deserved. But how great was her disappointment and affliction, when we were told by the people of Scanderoon, that the plague was at Aleppo, and had destroyed a third part of the inhabitants!

'Ah, wretched Zoraide!' cried she, weeping, 'where are now all thy hopes of being blest in the sight of thy two children? Perhaps those two children are no more; or, if they still live, it is in hourly expectation of dying with the rest of their fellow-citizens. Perhaps at this moment they begin to sicken, and want the care of their mother to tend upon them, when they are abandoned by every other friend.'

Thus did she torture herself with dreadful apprehensions; and, often turning her eyes towards Aleppo, gave herself up to all the agonies of grief.

I said every thing I could think of to relieve her, but she would not be comforted.

The next morning the servants I had put about her came and told me that she was not to be found: they also brought me a letter, which informed me, that, not being able to endure the uncertainty she was in about her children, she had stolen away by night, and gone to Aleppo to share their danger with them; that, if she and her family escaped the sickness, I should hear from her again; but that, if they died, she was resolved not to survive them. She added, that she had left me a box of diamonds worth two thousand pistoles, being a fourth part of the jewels which she had brought from Malta by my assistance.

You may imagine how deeply I was affected at reading this letter. I resolved to stay at Scanderoon till I had some news of her, notwithstanding my passionate desire to return to Zelis. I had waited five weeks with great impatience, when we received accounts that the infection was ceased, and the commerce with Aleppo restored again. I immediately went to visit my native town; but, alas! I had little pleasure in the sight of it, after so dismal a calamity. My first enquiry was about Zoraide and her children. They carried me to her house, where I found her son, a youth of sixteen. When I made myself known to him, he fell a weeping, and told me his mother and sister were both dead. I very sincerely joined with him in his grief, and offered to restore to him the jewels she had given me. 'No,

'Abdallah,' said he, 'I am rich enough in what I inherit from my father and Zoraide. But these riches cannot comfort me for her death, nor any time wear out of my remembrance the uncommon affection which occasioned it. O, Abdallah! what a mother have I lost, and what a friend are you deprived of! When she came hither,' continued he, 'from Scanderoon, my sister and I believed we had seen a spirit: but when we found it was really Zoraide, our hearts melted with tenderness and joy. That joy was soon over; for, the third day after her arrival at Aleppo, I found myself seized with the distemper. She never quitted my bedside during my illness; and to the care she took of me I owed my life: but it proved fatal to her and my poor sister, who both caught the infection by nursing me; and, having weaker constitutions, were not able to struggle with it so well. My sister died first, and Zoraide quickly followed: when she perceived herself just expiring, she called me to her, and bade me endeavour to find you out at Scanderoon, and let you know, that she bequeathed to you the portion she had intended for my sister, amounting to five thousand pieces of gold, as to the man in the world she most esteemed: she added, that to you she recommended me with her latest breath, imploring you to take care of me for her sake, and the sake of her sister Zelis.'

The poor boy was not able to go on with his story any further. I accepted the legacy, and did my utmost to discharge worthily the trust conferred upon me: but my first care was, to bury Abderramen with all the pomp that our custom will admit. After some time spent in settling the affairs of my pupil, and my own, I took a passage on board an English ship, and arrived happily in London.

I am now possessor of a fortune that is sufficient to maintain Zelis in the manner I desire; and have nothing more to ask of Heaven but an opportunity of repaying you, O Selim, the friendship and goodness you have shewn me.



## LETTER LXXVII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Am going, in the confidence of friendship, to give thee a proof of the weakness of human nature, and the unaccountable capriciousness of our passions. Since I delivered up Zelis to her husband, I have not enjoyed a moment's peace. Her beauty, which I saw without emotion while she continued in my power, now she is out of it, has fired me to that degree that I have almost lost my reason. I cannot bear to see her in the possession of the man to whom I gave her: if I could, I should rather hinder it, I should go to look for her again. In this uneasiness and disorder of my mind, there remains but one part for me to seek: I must fly from her charms and my own weakness; I must retire into Persia, and endeavour, by abstinence and different objects, to efface the impressions she has made. Alas! what shall I find there? a fragrant composed of beautiful slaves; the mercenary prostitutes, or reluctant victims, to gross and tyrannical lust! What rational commerce can I hope for with these, what true affection, what solid peace, what heart-felt delight? But, were Zelis my wife, in such a wife I should find the most endeared, most pleasing, most faithful friend. All the precautions of eastern jealousy would then be unnecessary; those wretched precautions, which, while they bar the door against dishonour, shut out affection, the life of friendship; and condemn me, the fool of love.

Thou wilt be surpris'd at my talking thus: but what I feel for Zelis, and

what I have seen in England, has overcome my native prejudices: I have seen here wives, over whose conduct, though perfectly free, religion, honour, and love, are stricter guards than legions of eunuchs, or walls of brass: I have seen, by consequence, much happier husbands than any Persian can possibly be. We will discourse on this subject more fully when I am with thee: and it will be my greatest pleasure, to try to remove out of thy mind all those prepossessions of which my own has been cured by my abode in this country. If I bring thee home truth, I am sure thou wilt think that I have travelled to better purpose, than if I came back fraught with the gold of Peru, or the diamonds of Golconda.

I have more than completed the four years stay I propos'd making in England; and am now determin'd to pass through France as far as Marseilles, and embark from thence for the Levant, as soon as the business with which I am charged on the part of some of my friends, with the Turkey merchants there, will permit. It is my fixed resolution to go away without giving Zelis the least intimation of the cause of my departure. Abdallah shall never know that I am his rival; it would take too much from the character of a friend. Thou art the only one to whom I dare confide my folly; and since it has hurt nobody but myself, I hope thou wilt rather pity than blame me for it.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

SELIM, TO MIRZA AT ISPAHAN.

FROM LONDON.

I Am just on the point of leaving England: Abdallah and Zelis have received my adieu. Thy combats pass; my resolutions strengthen, and thou may'st expect ere long to see thy friend, with a mind a good deal purged by his travels; but a heart, which to thee, to his country, and to his duty, is all the same.

It would be unkind and ungrateful in me to quit this island, without expressing a very high esteem of the good sense, sincerity, and good nature, I have found among the English: to these qualities I might also add politeness, which certainly they have as well, and a title to as any of their neighbours; but I am afraid that this acknowledgment has been acquired too

at the expence of other vir-  
tue solid and essential. Of their  
their commerce is a proof; and  
valour, let their enemies de-

Of their faults I will at pre-  
sent more, but that many of them  
ly introduced, and so contrary to  
as of the people, that one would  
y might be easily rooted out.  
re undoubtedly, all circum-  
considered, a very great, a very  
l and happy nation; but how  
y shall continue so, depends en-  
tirely on the preservation of their liberty.  
constitution of their government  
e attached all these blessings and  
ges: should that ever be deprav-  
rupted, they must expect to be-  
come most contemptible and most un-  
favourable to mankind. For what can so  
aggravate the wretchedness of an

oppressed and ruined people, as the re-  
membrance of former freedom and pro-  
sperity? All the images and traces of  
their liberty, which it is probable no  
change will quite destroy, must be a  
perpetual reproach and torment to them,  
for having so degenerately parted with  
their birth-right. And, if slavery is to  
be endured, where is the man that would  
not rather chuse it under the warm sun  
of Agra or Ispahan, than in the north-  
ern climate of England?

I have therefore taken my leave of my  
friends here, with this affectionate, well-  
meant advice, That they should vigilant-  
ly watch over their constitution, and  
guard it by those strong bulwarks which  
alone are able to secure it, a firm union  
of all honest men, justice upon publick  
offenders, national and private fru-  
gality.

F I N I S.









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